

# SILAS E. ROSS: RECOLLECTIONS OF LIFE AT GLENDALE, NEVADA, WORK AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA, AND WESTERN FUNERAL PRACTICE

Interviewee: Silas E. Ross

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## Description

Born in 1887 at Glendale, Truckee Meadows, Silas Earl Ross was the son of a pioneer rancher and farmer. Following his public schooling at Glendale and Reno, Mr. Ross entered the University of Nevada, where he received his degree in mining engineering. After graduation in 1909, he remained at the university to teach chemistry, and at that time he worked in food, drug, and soil analysis for the state.

In 1914 he found a new career, that of funeral director. As a partner in the Ross-Burke Mortuary, he remained active until his retirement in 1966. The promotion of the community and education claimed as much of his attention as did his business. For eight years he was a member of the Reno City Council, serving also as mayor *pro tempore* and as a member of the committees on streets and finance. From 1932 to 1957 he was on the University of Nevada Board of Regents, and served as its chairman for most of the period. Mr. Ross was a charter member of the Reno Chamber of Commerce, the Nevada Children's Foundation, and the Reno Rotary Club. He has also written and lectured widely on the history of his profession, the state, and Masonry. His role in Masonry, nationally as well as in Nevada, was conspicuous. Mr. Ross became the state's Grand Master in 1923, and was a dedicated member of a multitude of the order's branches.

In his oral history Silas Ross gives much detail on student life in the school at rural Glendale and at the University of Nevada at a time when the university was emerging from its status as little more than a preparatory school and becoming a true institution of higher learning. Relying on his good memory and the written record, Ross offers a close look at the university from the highest levels.

Mr. Ross entered the mortuary business when it was becoming professionalized; when the undertaker was being transformed into the funeral director or funeral service operator. He played a major role in this transition by working for higher educational standards, more scientific approaches, and humane innovations in funeral services. Despite the refinements he and his colleagues promoted, he clearly shows that the funeral business in Nevada often required ruggedness and resourcefulness even in the twentieth century. His fascination with the burial practices of Nevada's many ethnic groups shows him to be a man of understanding and sympathy.



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An Oral History Conducted by Mary Ellen Glass

University of Nevada Oral History Program

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## PREFACE TO THE DIGITAL EDITION

Established in 1964, the University of Nevada Oral History Program (UNOHP) explores the remembered past through rigorous oral history interviewing, creating a record for present and future researchers. The program's collection of primary source oral histories is an important body of information about significant events, people, places, and activities in twentieth and twenty-first century Nevada and the West.

The UNOHP wishes to make the information in its oral histories accessible to a broad range of patrons. To achieve this goal, its transcripts must speak with an intelligible voice. However, no type font contains symbols for physical gestures and vocal modulations which are integral parts of verbal communication. When human speech is represented in print, stripped of these signals, the result can be a morass of seemingly tangled syntax and incomplete sentences—totally verbatim transcripts sometimes verge on incoherence. Therefore, this transcript has been lightly edited.

While taking great pains not to alter meaning in any way, the editor may have removed false starts, redundancies, and the “uhs,” “ahs,” and other noises with which speech is often liberally sprinkled; compressed some passages which, in unaltered form, misrepresent the chronicler's meaning; and relocated some material to place information in its intended context. Laughter is represented with [laughter] at the end of a sentence in which it occurs, and ellipses are used to indicate that a statement has been interrupted or is incomplete...or that there is a pause for dramatic effect.

As with all of our oral histories, while we can vouch for the authenticity of the interviews in the UNOHP collection, we advise readers to keep in mind that these are remembered pasts, and we do not claim that the recollections are entirely free of error. We can state, however, that the transcripts accurately reflect the oral history recordings on which they were based. Accordingly, each transcript should be approached with the

same prudence that the intelligent reader exercises when consulting government records, newspaper accounts, diaries, and other sources of historical information. All statements made here constitute the remembrance or opinions of the individuals who were interviewed, and not the opinions of the UNOHP.

In order to standardize the design of all UNOHP transcripts for the online database, most have been reformatted, a process that was completed in 2012. This document may therefore differ in appearance and pagination from earlier printed versions. Rather than compile entirely new indexes for each volume, the UNOHP has made each transcript fully searchable electronically. If a previous version of this volume existed, its original index has been appended to this document for reference only. A link to the entire catalog can be found online at <http://oralhistory.unr.edu/>.

For more information on the UNOHP or any of its publications, please contact the University of Nevada Oral History Program at Mail Stop 0324, University of Nevada, Reno, NV, 89557-0324 or by calling 775/784-6932.

Alicia Barber  
Director, UNOHP  
July 2012

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## INTRODUCTION

Silas Earl Ross was born in western Nevada in 1887. He has compiled a record of useful accomplishments in his native state. Professor Michael Brodhead's introduction to this volume outlines and evaluates Mr. Ross's many contributions to local education, business, and society.

When invited to participate in the Oral History Project, Mr. Ross accepted graciously, although indicating knowledge that this endeavor would consume large amounts of time in an already full schedule. Two taping sessions were held at Mr. Ross's home in Reno in August, 1965; two more followed a year later. After another hiatus of many months—again, the busy schedule—twenty-two more sessions completed the work, these between March, 1968, and September, 1969, at Mr. Ross's office in the Reno Masonic Temple. Silas Ross cooperated fully with the aims of the Oral History Project during these recording sessions, answering questions both from memory and from his own research notes. Not every activity of Mr. Ross's busy civic career is included; nevertheless, the researcher will

find a great volume of useful material for the history of the University of Nevada and in the discussion of Nevada funeral practice. Certainly, no future writing on either of these topics will be complete without reference to the Ross memoir. Mr. Ross's review of his oral history script resulted in few significant changes in language or content; his editing was mainly confined to clarifying a number of sentences. Mr. Ross has generously assigned his literary rights in the oral history to the University of Nevada, Reno.

The Oral History Project of the university of Nevada, Reno, Library preserves the past and the present for future research by tape recording the memoirs of persons who have figured prominently in the development of Nevada and the West. Scripts resulting from the interviews are deposited in the Special Collections departments of the University libraries at Reno and Las Vegas. Silas E. Ross's oral history is designated as open for research.

Mary Ellen Glass  
University of Nevada, Reno, 1970



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## SPECIAL INTRODUCTION

Few Nevadans could equal the record of Silas Ross for service to the state, the Reno community, and the University of Nevada. The narrative that follows, full as it is, emphasizes only some of his many endeavors—his educational background, his long tenure as a regent of the University, and his experiences as a funeral director. Yet there were many other satisfying pursuits and contributions, some of which, perhaps out of modesty, are only touched upon here.

Born in 1887 at Glendale, Truckee Meadows, Silas Earl Ross was the son of a pioneer rancher and farmer. Following his public schooling at Glendale and Reno, Mr. Ross entered the University, where he received his degree in mining engineering. After graduation in 1909, he remained at the University to teach chemistry and at the same time he worked in food, drug, and soil analysis for the state.

In 1914 he found a new career, that of funeral director. As a partner in the Ross-Burke Mortuary, he remained active until his retirement in 1966. For Mr. Ross, however, the

promotion of the community and education claimed at least as much of his attention as did his business. For eight years he was a member of the Reno City Council, serving also as mayor pro tem and as a member of the committees on streets and finance. From 1932 to 1957 he was on the University's board of regents and was the chairman of this body for most of the period.

Among his many other activities were charter membership in the Reno Chamber of Commerce, the Nevada Children's Foundation, and the Reno Rotary Club. He has also written and lectured widely on the history of his profession, the state, and Masonry.

His role in Masonry, nationally as well as in Nevada, was conspicuous. Mr. Ross became the state's Grand Master in 1923 and was a dedicated member of a multitude of the order's branches.

Again, the emphasis here is upon education and professional matters. The account which follows gives much detail on life as a student in the school of rural

Glendale and at the University of Nevada at a time when the University was emerging from its status as a little more than a preparatory school and becoming a true institution of higher learning. Relying on both his good memory and the written record, Mr. Ross' remarks on his many years as a regent offer a close look at the University from the highest administrative levels.

Perhaps of more interest to the general reader are his recollections of life in the mortuary business in Nevada. Mr. Ross entered the business when it was becoming professionalized; when the "undertaker" was being transformed into the "funeral director" or "funeral service operator." As is evident in his reminiscences, Mr. Ross played a major role in the transition by working for higher educational standards, more scientific approaches, and humane innovations in funeral services. Despite the refinements he and his colleagues promoted, he clearly shows that the funeral business in Nevada often required ruggedness and resourcefulness even in the twentieth century. His fascination with the burial practices of Nevada's many ethnic groups shows him to be a man of understanding and sympathy.

Here, then, is a record of an energetic, community-minded Nevadan. The selection of Silas Ross as a subject for an oral history interview was a happy one.

Michael J. Brodhead  
Associate Professor of History  
University of Nevada, Reno  
1971

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## ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Dedicated to Mervylle, my wife, who never gives less than her best.

Silas E. Ross





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## THE ROSS FAMILY OF THE TRUCKEE MEADOWS

My father, Orrin Charles Ross, was born in Massachusetts, just across the Vermont border, on October 5, 1838, and he was of Scotch-Irish descent. His ancestors were immigrants to New England long prior to the Revolutionary War. His paternal grandfather was born in Vermont and followed the merchandising business. His father, Silas Ross, also born in Vermont, moved to Massachusetts in his early majority but later returned to Ludlow, Vermont, and engaged in merchandising business until 1849, when his family moved to Illinois for a short time and settled in northeastern Iowa. He took up merchandising and then farming. He was married to Parnell Densmore, also a native of Vermont. [There were] five children, Emily Parnell Messenger, Orrin C. Ross, Calvin T. Ross, Allan Ross, and another daughter, who died in infancy.

Orrin C. spent his first eleven years in Vermont, then emigrated with his parents to Illinois, and then Iowa. He spent ten years in Iowa. He was raised amidst the pioneer surroundings. His home was ten miles from

school, and such an education as he received was during the winter months when there wasn't too much to do on the farm. They rode or walked that distance. His education was very definitely limited by the country school. But he wanted more education, and there was no opportunity to do it there, so he became an avid reader and read everything he could find. That education was limited, but, in helping develop the farm, he did this reading and became, in my judgment, one of the most best informed men that ever breathed. (Of course, I'm prejudiced, but I'd put him up against any of 'em.) Between observation and reading, he became well informed upon all topics of general interest.

When he was twenty-one years of age, he didn't see any opportunity for him in Iowa, and he decided he'd like to be a farmer. He picked out, or chose, a piece of land in northeastern Iowa in the area of what is now Strawberry Point, or Lamont, and said that he was going west to make his stake, and he said he'd send his surplus home to his father to buy this piece of land for him. Tie started out for

Pike's Peak. He had a partner by the name of Folsom, Hiram Folsom. He, too, was on his way to Pike's Peak. They hooked up with a wagon train that was on its way clear west to Downieville, California. When they arrived at Pike's Peak, they rested there for awhile, and they looked around, and things didn't look good to them. While their finances were somewhat limited, they decided they'd go on. When they got out around the Humboldt River, they were broke and they didn't have any food, but they did have a span of young oxen. They borrowed fifty dollars from the head of a wagon train and bought a sack of flour. And with the alkali of the desert and the Humboldt River water, they made hardtack, and that's all they had, until they arrived in Downieville.

One of the interesting highlights of that was this: my father said to me that when he left Iowa, his mother and father were "deep water" Baptists and raised the children that way. They thought everybody in the West were atheists. His parents fitted him up with such clothing as they could afford—his suit his mother made for him. But more, he had more literature to convert the heathen out here than he had the other things! He said when he left Iowa and arrived on the plains, it looked desert-like, and he said, "You could find my knee tracks every hundred yards. But as I began to observe God's work in a country that I had never seen before, or couldn't even imagine—you see, being born in Vermont and that area, of timber and all of those things, and then into Illinois, then Iowa and that area, I had begun to think that God is everywhere." And then he concluded, "He was everywhere because such things couldn't grow without the help of an all-wise Father of us all." And he told me, "Son, I observed that no matter where we were—it could be in the alkali area, it could be in a dirty, desert prairie layout

with just a few brush, and even above the timberline, you'd find a flower—God's gift. A lovely thing." He loved flowers. (I have a slip out here [in my yard] of a rose bush that he planted on the farm in the early '70's, and when we were married, I took a slip off and planted it at 1043 North Virginia (my home). When my son was married, I gave him a root off it; he has it. And I brought one over here to my present residence. That rose bush burned down, clear down, when the house was burned down in '79. In the spring that rose grew again and blossomed.) Then he said, "Son, I observed that all the way, as we came through the Rockies, and even above the timberline, there were flowers. And I decided that I could commune with my God whether I was walking, lying down, sitting down, or on my knees." He further said, "I have an incredible love for Him because He had it for me and all of us."

The wagon train continued through Nevada, and when they arrived in the area this side of Fallon, Nevada (that was a station), Ben Plummer, who joined them and became very friendly with them, was one of three or four assigned by the wagon train master to go afoot from there across into Placerville to pick up the mail and bring the mail across the mountains to Downieville. So they came on, and Father said that even the stock could smell the Truckee River water as they came in around the Wadsworth area. He said the old-time wagon train master cautioned them before they arrived at the river (and even the stock, even though they were sore-footed, picked up speed), "Now, don't drink too much water. Cautiously belly-bump your desire."\* They rested on the Truckee River a short time and then came into Glendale, Nevada.

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\*belly-bump: to lie prone, as on a sled.

Inasmuch as they were going to Downieville, they didn't take the cutoff down Truckee Canyon to go across by Carson into Genoa. They came straight ahead towards Truckee and thence took the path, or wagon trail, towards Sierra City and Downieville. Others that wanted to go into the Sacramento area went over to what is now Dog Valley. At Glendale, they rested their stock. (This was known as Stone and Gates Crossing, not the Jamison Crossing. Jamison was further down the river at what was called the tollhouse, and that's near the reef in Truckee Canyon, east of Vista.) [Jamison] engaged in that endeavor for many years or until he was called back by the Mormons. In Glendale, some of the people traded their weaker stock for stronger stock and paid the difference. During the rest period, Father and Hiram Folsom had plenty of time to walk over Truckee Meadows. The wagon train left Glendale in time to arrive at Downieville by early fall.

When they arrived in Downieville, California, the caravan disbanded. Father and Folsom had a debt of fifty dollars and some hardtack. Now, they're mining. So Father said to his partner, "Folsom, you go out and do your prospecting and see what you can find. We'll sell the oxen and put it on our debt, and then I'll split wood behind the saloons until I earn the money to liquidate the balance of our debt." They accepted twenty-five dollars for their oxen, and it took Father practically all winter to earn the balance due on their obligation.

They fooled around Downieville awhile, prospecting, and did find a pretty good development. But Father said money wasn't coming in fast enough, and he took a contract driving oxen from Downieville to Virginia City en route by Glendale. He did that for a period of time. He was hurt in Glendale, thrown off a wagon seat, and he had to give up

freighting during convalescence. He remained in Glendale during convalescence. He liked the area so much he remained in Glendale. That was in 1863.

He said Downieville was a typical mining camp and post office, and there was some agriculture around the particular area. It was also a mining center for the entire area. Freighting went from there to all mining areas.

I here desire to mention an incident that impressed me greatly. In 1910, a man by the name of Hiram Folsom, then living in Marysville, California, read my father's name in an article from Reno, Nevada, that was published in *The Sacramento Bee*. Folsom addressed a letter to Orrin C. Ross in Reno, Nevada and asked if he was the Orrin C. Ross that crossed the plains in 1859. Father replied immediately and said he was, and, "If you are the Hiram Folsom that crossed with me, come over and see me. But give me a little notice, because I know where there's one of that party that's living. His name is Ben Plummer of Eureka, Nevada. If you give me a little time, I can probably get him to come

Folsom wrote that he would be over on a particular date in the future, and Father got in touch with Ben Plummer. They joined each other in the middle of the specified week in Reno and drove out to the farm. Plummer had to leave early for Eureka. (In passing, Plummer was one of the three or four men from this wagon train that left the party out near the Fallon area and went to pick up the mail for the party from Placerville and carried it across country to Downieville.) Plummer remained a day or so and then left for Eureka. I had the privilege of going down to the farm on Sunday to meet Mr. Folsom and hear the two old-timers reminisce. I laid on the lawn where they sat—each had a comfortable

chair, a rocker— and listened to them relate their experiences over the plains. They each seemed to be quite eager to tell his story, and one would just about get through with what he had to say and the other one'd say, "Do you remember..." and so on. And there I heard a lot about the experiences they had crossing the plains and something about what they had done since they drifted apart. I was so intrigued that I didn't take a note, and I have to depend upon my memory.

Among the stories that they discussed was the first Indian, who appeared—the apparent first Indian trouble. The Indians were coming towards the caravan. They looked like a warring tribe because they were armed with bows and arrows and some guns and had their war paint on. The wagon master had the train form in the protective position with the wagons on the outside. The master alone went out to meet a representative of the Indians. The chief came out and met the wagon master. Each understood the sign language. The Indians were not particularly interested in the white caravan at all; they wanted to know whether the people of this caravan had seen a certain band of Indians going south with which these were at war.

Another time, further on, they were again stopped by Indians, and, when the head of the wagon train and the Indian identified each other, the Indians were friendly. They asked the white men where they were going, and the master of the caravan explained. The Indian chief told the wagon master that there was a tribe of Indians ahead that were marauders and they were dangerous. The chief voluntarily gave them a guide and three or four others to lead the caravan by or around this group of Indians. And then the Indians left on their way.

They traded trinkets, according to these two people, but the thing that the Indians

liked best was tobacco, which was interesting to me. Gosh, tobacco wouldn't grow out in this area. You could buy a quantity of it. But I've been told that they've traded trinkets for, oh, furs or blankets, and so on.

Did they tell me about where this was? Well, the first one was somewhere in Nebraska. So that wasn't too far from home. And the other one was out in Colorado somewhere because they were approaching the Rockies. Indians were supposed to be holed up somewhere in the area.

I said in my earlier remarks Father left Iowa to come to Pike's Peak because of the mining boom in that area, thinking that he could make his fortune there. But when he arrived at Pike's Peak, the boom had ended, and all available claims seemed to be located. He made up his mind to go further west to Downieville and seek their fortune. They had a little success in mining. It didn't amount to much. While they were residing in Glendale in the early '60's, the district of what is now known as Ely was discovered and called the Robinson district. In the fall, Father put a pack on a burro and walked out to the Ely area to look over the district. When he arrived there, it seemed that every available prospect was located. He liked the country, and particularly that area which would be east and southeast of Ely. He said, "It looked like good cow country." He traveled over the area and discovered a spring and the little creek and water. He squatted on the land and made up his mind to remain there the rest of the winter, or until he knew how far north the new Central Pacific Railroad would be, in the hopes that he could raise cattle in the Ely area and herd them that distance to the railroad. When he found out the distance, he gave up the idea and came by way of Elko and back to the Glendale area. As near as I can picture it, this spring of water that he squatted on is

near the site of the mill, or smelter. I went out to Ely in 1910 and around in that area. I visited a day with my parents before making the trip. rather asked me to observe certain localities. He said about as follows: "I think that the mines are in the low junipers on the west side of the valley, up the canyon. I think Ely is at the foot of the canyon towards the east, and it is in junipers—East Ely. And the railroad town would be further to the east on a little higher ground." He said, "I think this mill and smelter is across the valley about east, and about where I squatted." He further said, "I think it's about fifteen miles between the smelter and mill and the first mines.

When I got off the train, I thought Father was mistaken in his directions. I arose the next morning and looked about. I found that Father was correct. Upon making inquiry, the air line distance between the smelter and the lower mines was fourteen and some-tenths miles.

Did he mention any of the people that were there? Oh, no. He said that he thought that most of the people that were in there and who founded, or located, these mines were Mormons. And I think they were the forbears of the Robinsons that are here in Reno today, because I've talked to them. I talked to Dave Bartley, who was one of the early pioneers of the Ely district and was locator of one of those big mines, and he told me a story that corresponded somewhat to what Father had said, that these first prospects were located by men or a man by the name of Robinson, who was from Mormon people.

In 1867, Father still had the idea that he'd like to go into the cattle business. He wasn't sure that he would like the Iowa farming, so he entered into an agreement with John F. Stone of Stone and Gates Crossing. This agreement was a purchase contract for the Red Rock property, twenty-five miles north of Reno.

About the fall of 1915, Mrs. Ross and I took Father and Mother, via auto, to Red Rock. I went down to the ranch and picked them up at the home farm after he did the chores in the morning. We toured way up on the summit so that he could see the summit range and then came back to the Red Rock farmhouse for an early dinner. Father laid down for a while; he was an older man, of course. And then I drove him down across the flat and around a spring (the schoolhouse spring, I guess it is), came back and picked up Mother, and we drove them back to the ranch in Truckee Meadows in time to do his chores that evening. He said, "My grief, Mother, the first time I took that round trip, it took me three and a half days."

He held onto that contract purchase, but when the railroad came through, he decided to go back to Iowa to see the land that had been purchased. He had been operating a commission business to Virginia City, baling hay and hauling other supplies, oxen, and finally horses. He liquidated this business, and he went back to visit his folks. Now, his father did not buy the piece of land that Father wanted, because in his father's judgment, this other was better. And Father never questioned it. He didn't like the area anyhow. He stayed two weeks, and at breakfast one morning, he said, "Now, Mother and Father, I'm going back West. The farm is yours." Father's farmland in Iowa was recorded in the name of his parents so that if anything had happened to Father out here, they wouldn't have a probate.

Father went to Chicago, and there he purchased a registered roan Durham bull calf with the idea of getting a good sire and coming back to Truckee Meadows. The man and the calf came West together, the bull in the express car and Father on the same train. Reno was on the map then. He took the young bull off and put him in a stockyard in Reno



'til the bull's legs were good again, and then he took him to Glendale in a spring wagon, tied him down. He sold that animal to a man by the name of George Alt, who had a farm just across the river where the old Manogue School used to be. He sold the bull for enough to pay for the bull and the transportation out and all of Father's expenses, and reserved three years of service on the bull after the first year. He started buying up heifer calves. This was the first sire for the beginning of a cattle ranch at Red Rock.

He bought this roan Durham because this breed was large and made good beef, had a lot of weight, and because they gave a great deal of milk, and at the same time, could travel. They'd be good for the range. So he had some for dairy and some for the range. But he concluded that maybe he ought to get something a little smaller for the range. He then crossed the roan Durham herd with the shorthorn red Durham. But he finally eliminated most of his roan Durhams, and then he went into whitefaces. And he found using a whiteface bull with a Durham gave him some whiteface cattle.

Then he found that most of the heifers had trouble with their first calf. Father didn't have much education, but, boy, he was observant. Father had read about the Angus cattle and their small heads, and [how they] also produced heavy beef. So he brought in, then, an Angus bull to breed his heifers. His theory was this: if he could breed these heifers to a bull that had a small head, that head might reflect on the calf, and she wouldn't have such difficulty. His theory proved to be a success. He crossed the Angus with the whitefaces. He first did that on the home ranch. And that was fine—where you could have corrals and the girls would come to see the boys.

Then he decided to put the bull on the range. This idea was not a success. The

cattle were on the range. The bull would stay around the ranch, not on the range. When cows wanted a bull, they'd have to come to him. Father said the bull would make better bologna than a bull for the range. No more Angus bulls for the range. And that's what they're doing today. When you go out and drive over the country and you see a black animal with a white face, it is a calf of an Angus bull with a Hereford cow. Father finally wound up with a cross between a shorthorn and a whiteface. That's the type cattle he had when he sold out. They were good range cattle.

Getting back to my story, when Father came back from Iowa, he decided that he was going into the cattle business and he was going to make his home here. He met and married Demelda N. Moore, who was one of four sisters. They were born over in California. Their father died quite young, and their mother married again, a man by the name of Hasland, Nels Hasland, and there were three children there. Ben Shafer married the oldest girl; a man by the name of Alfred Longley married the next one; a man by the name of Hoy the third girl; and Father married the young one. She was born in Petaluma, California in 1854. They had four children: my sister, Emma; brother, Orrin Charles, Jr.; another little girl, Annie; and a brother, Irvin Calvin. When Irvin was quite small, Father's first wife died. (And an interesting thing—every one of those sisters died of tuberculosis.) That left Father alone, and then his little daughter, Annie, died of typhoid fever and left him with three children. My mother's twin sister went down to the ranch to help out. My aunt had to leave to go out to Fort Halleck where her husband was soldiering. Mother went down to relieve Aunt Mary, and in due time, Father married Mother in '84. They had five children. Only

two of them lived, my sister and me. And we start from there.

Something about my little mother: My mother was a Canadian of English and Irish parentage, and her mother and father had a son, a daughter, the twins, and another daughter. The father died, and times were tough. So the mother placed the children in an orphan's home. She married again and had a son, and then she died. So that left the children in Peterboro, an orphan's home.

Uncle Eddie, the oldest, learned the plumbing trade, and he went over into Ohio. The second one, a daughter, became a nun, and Mother and Aunt Mary were brought out here by two Irish families. Their husbands were out here, but they were related. In other words, the man that was out here, Patrick Hogan, was the brother of the lady who was married to John Shaw, who was also out here. And the Shaws brought Mother and the Hogans brought Aunt Mary. The twins were a little bit older than the older children of Hogan and Shaw. The Shaws had a station down in Truckee canyon. It was called Toll Station. Mother attended the Glendale School and walked to and from the school. The Shaws moved to Reno. The twins, when they attained their maturity, hired out as domestics. They lived to help the Hogans and Shaws in their old age.

Mother and that family were born Roman Catholic, and they were in a Roman Catholic orphanage, but they were never adopted by the Hogans and Shaws. And Mother, every night of her life and every morning of her life, thanked God for the blessings she had. So she then married Father and we came in the picture. And she buckled in and she helped raise the others.

(I waited on a family today and told them two stories about their ancestors. Mrs. Laking was pregnant, and Mother was also

pregnant—in those days people helped out each other. Mrs. Laking's baby was coming, so they sent for Mother. Mother went over and helped deliver this girl. Just a week or so after that, Mrs. Laking came over to help Mother deliver me. And then that same family, on the men's side, I can remember Mr. Baker coming up the road to beat the band on his way to get a doctor. He lived a quarter of a mile below us. His wife was going to have a baby, and he asked Mother to go down. Mother went down. Babies were born in the home. Mrs. Baker had known the baby was coming and she had the kettles and everything ready, so Mother sterilized the sheets and all the towels. Soon the baby came. Mother delivered him. Mother said to Mrs. Baker—Mother was witty, sod bless her—"Well, So-and-So, another little Pete." And that boy is called Pete today—Pete Baker of the Baker ranch down in Truckee Meadows.)

At one time when I was quite small (the neighbors used to help each other), there were two cases of diphtheria—not at the same time—one in the Van Meter family, and the other in the Frazier family. Mother left me in charge of my older sister (with Father's consent) and went over and took care of those people. And one-half of the Van Meter family died, and they raised a second family. And she did' the same thing for the Fraziers. How, that's the way people lived. They were an inspiration to me.

Mother would never join a fraternal group when she was on the ranch because her duty—it was a home to her family. So when they moved to Reno, Father said, "Nellie, why don't you do it now?" Mother still protested. After Father passed on, we urged her to go into the Eastern Star. She enjoyed this association. She later joined the Golden Age Club. You know, this club always had a program—well, they'd have current events,

somebody'd speak, somebody'd sing, someone with a little history, and Mother always had to tell a little twangy story at the end.

She lived right across from the University and she was a friend of all the University students. They all called her Mother Ross. If she'd see anyone going in the dining hall, whether it was an adult or a student that was crippled or otherwise injured, she never rested until she could help them out. And when she got the story, she made it her business to be out on the porch and called to them and asked if there was anything she could do, or if they'd like to come over and sit on her porch. That was the kind of person she was. She was appreciative of everything that was done. Like Father, not much of an education, but she was pretty darn smart. And the two of them together were philosophers. And thank God for them. No matter what I could do, I couldn't leave the heritage to my children that they left to me.

Now, getting back to Father. Shortly after he came back from Iowa and was married and living in—oh, by the way, that building, that home that he built, was Coffin and Larcombe's store, and it's still standing in Glendale. The upper doors—the upper area, as they used to call it, the upstairs—instead of having a window in the gable, they had a door which opened on a porch. When they'd have high water in the Glendale area, they'd move upstairs and use this door as an exit to the barges. That building's still standing, plus the Stone and Gates building.

Father went into politics. Father was an ardent Republican; he cast his first vote for Lincoln. (He became an independent during the "free silver" issue.) So he ran for county commissioner of Washoe County in 1874. Father won by about fifty votes. He was elected from the Truckee Meadows as a county commissioner on November 3, 1874 and

served until 1878. And at the same time that he was elected from the Truckee Meadows area, a gentleman by the name of E. Owens was elected from the south end of the county. And Mr. T. K. Hymers was the holdover. (After that time, Father did not aspire to public office because he had his family to look after, and he also had a debt.)

During these four years (and by the way, if you want the exact dates you can go over the county records in Reno and get them), the Central Pacific had refused to pay their taxes. There were objections, and so the county brought suit against them and also got judgment against them for the tax as levied by the assessor. The case was decided in favor of the county commissioners, but the railroad company was given a certain period of time to file further objection.

Father had a pretty good memory; or he might have made a note on it. But the day or the time given for settlement, Father came to Reno and went over to the county treasurer to see if the railroad had paid its taxes. He found that the taxes hadn't been paid. He then consulted with Mr. Hymers, the other commissioner from this end of the county. They were unable to contact the commissioner from the southern end of the county, but the two of them went over to the sheriff and the district attorney and they decided to collect this money and resolved on a method of getting it. The method was to arrest the first freight train and train crew that stopped in Reno for orders.

How, as a side issue to this, the terminals for freight trains were Truckee and Wadsworth. Every train that came through Reno in either direction had to stop and get orders from the telegraph office. In Reno, they had one "through" track and then there was a side track off of this main track that was a siding for the placing of freight cars, and such other



things as that, near the freight station. This was just a one-end track. They had to back in, or chute in, and then pull it out in the same direction.

When the train crew stopped in Reno, the sheriff and some deputies arrested the engineer, fireman, and front brakeman. And the district attorney and some other officers arrested the conductor and the rear brakeman of the train, and the engine was chained to the track, as well as the caboose. The commissioners instructed the conductor to notify his company at their headquarters in Sacramento of what had been done; the train was going to be held until such time as they received their taxes. The conductor telegraphed the officials in Sacramento, and the officials asked for a little time and said that they would telegraph back. In due time, they did telegraph back and directed the conductor to ask the county commissioners to release the train and the crew, that they were putting a check in the mail to cover the total amount of taxes.

The commissioners were not satisfied with this and directed the conductor to wire back and to say, "No check, gold," and to reiterate that the train would be held until such time as they received this money. The proper officials came up with an engine, a car, and a caboose, and paid the county commissioner: this money. They were given a receipt for this amount that they paid.

You'll find no record of this in the county clerk's office. You'll just have the information about the suit being brought, the judgment being rendered, and the time given to the railroad company to provide some sort of an answer. It has nothing to say about what happened to get the money. Many years ago, Mr. [Robert] Trego, who was a reporter and a freelance writer working for the Journal-, wrote up this story, and he entitled it,

"When Washoe County Entered the Railroad Business."

Another instance came up wherein the county commissioners were faced with a genuine problem, and that happened in connection with the causeway from the foot of Jumbo Grade across Washoe Lake to the lumbering camp of Ophir on the west side of the lake. The causeway entered Washoe Lake almost on a direct line from Ophir. That's on the east side. Then it came across the lower end of Washoe and the upper end of Little Washoe and landed in the meadows below what was Ophir. They had to have right-of-way both ways. They freighted through there with their ore from Virginia City to these mills on the west side of the lake. Then they came back and picked up timber, wood, logs at Ophir and hauled them back to Virginia City by ox team, later mules and horses.

In the early days of mining, they had to haul ore to the mills. They had to have water to operate these mills, and the closest place that they could get for that was on the west side of Washoe Valley, meaning that they had to haul the ore down Jumbo Grade and came by way of Washoe City to the mills situated in the area of Bowers Mansion.

Any of you who have, until recently, made the trip to Carson would have observed that a large house, or building, was in the field near the turn where you start to go west towards Bowers. That was the living quarters of the superintendent of the mills and also the office, one of the mills being located a little to the west near the creek that came out of the Sierras. Another one was located still further south and somewhat in the area of Bowers. There has been disagreement as to the exact location of that second mill, but the information given to me by my father and corroborated by statements of the old-timers, such as the Twaddles, the Sauers, the Lewers,

the Heidenreichs, and the Winters, located a second mill east of Bowers, and maybe a little bit east and a little bit north. The old stones laid there for many years at the location of another.

Well, now, when the V and T was being built from Carson to Virginia City, it developed the possibility of erecting the mills on the Carson River in the Brunswick Canyon area and to haul the ore by train from the mines to these mills, which would mean that as soon as the mills were completed, or ready to receive the ore, that the causeway wouldn't need to be used by them any more. And during the time of the construction of the railroad, the mining companies did not maintain the cause any more than just enough to carry things over it, or team over it, without it breaking down.

The result of that was that they abandoned the mills in Washoe Valley. The causeway was there, and the mining companies that owned it tried to sell it to Washoe County as a thoroughfare and a bridge, which would make it possible for the people in Washoe Valley to cross directly over that and go up to Jumbo Grade to Virginia City, rather than to go away over—go around by Carson, or go around by Washoe City and up.

The people in the valley wanted it, and their request, plus the offer of sale, plus the amount of money that they wanted for the causeway, was submitted to the county commissioners. There were only two commissioners present when this question was submitted, and that was Mr. Hymers and my father. After discussing it, the county commissioners refused to purchase it, my father giving the reason that it was pretty well antiquated and broken down, and giving the further reason that there was no necessity for it. And he further objected to having the entire county bonded to pay for this bridge

when it would accommodate only a few people.

Later, another meeting was held on the same subject, when the county commissioner from (I think that was Mr. Owens) the south end of the county was present. The matter was opened up again and the result of that meeting was that two of the county commissioners voted for it. Mr. Hymers changed his vote, and he and Mr. Owens voted for it. My father objected and said that he would file a dissenting opinion on it, and in this opinion he would make the points that he had made before—that it was in a poor state of repair, that it would cost a lot of money to rehabilitate it, that he felt that they would not use it because they could drive by way of Carson or they could come into Reno, or if they wanted to go to Virginia City another way they could go to Washoe City and go up the Jumbo Grade. But he did say this: “As long as you fellows want it, I'll go along with you, providing, in this offer, or in this plan, you will bond the property and people that are being benefited by it, which means those people that are in Washoe Valley, and not bond the entire county.”

That was accepted by them. So they bonded those properties that were benefited by it. I rather think, from the descriptions given to me by Mr. Hymers and Father, that that included the area from and including Washoe City clear down to Mill Station on the southern end. And that Mill Station, for your information, was a siding where they loaded lumber from Mr. Ross Lewers' trill. I do not know—if they told me, I don't remember—the amount of the bond. But maybe the records will show it. But anyhow, they did pay for it. And they didn't use it. So it just disappeared.

I neglected to say that the teamsters that hauled the ore from Virginia City down to these mills, after getting rid of the ore, would

come back to Ophir where they'd pick up timber and haul it back to Virginia City for timbering, and also lumber for the building construction and so on—all of those little things.

I mentioned Mill Station and the Lewers family a moment ago. before I continue with Father, I will interject a little about that situation. Mr. Ross Lewers had a lumber sawmill up around the Susanville area. He disposed of that and came down and took up a lot of land in the southwest area of Washoe Valley and built a mill close to the Virginia and Truckee Railroad. It was called Mill Siding. And there was quite a little community situated back in the hill. It had a grocery store, and such things as that, and a public school called the Mill Station school. There is a remnant of it left. I don't know that I could take you to it, but I could describe in a general way the location. If you recall that road as you go northwest from where the old road used to be, there are a lot of trees on the right-hand side and farm layouts, and this way a little bit, there is an area that is rather open. That would be south and a little bit east. And that was the location of the little townsite and where this school was.

Robert Lewers, who was vice president of the University, attended that school, as did his brother, Albert, and two sisters. His younger brother, Charles Lewers, attended school in Reno, and from there he went to Stanford and studied law and became quite an eminent attorney here and in California. Robert studied on the side. (As long as we're on the subject, Sardis Summerfield, Lester's father, who was an attorney we had here, taught in that school when he first came out from Indiana.)

Now Robert Lewers was a pretty good student, and he took up business methods, office work, and such things as that, and after,

taught two years at Mill Station beginning in 1882, and thence to the Dayton schools where he taught for four years. And then the position was offered him as registrar at the University in 1890. He was also the head of the commercial department and remained there until 1906. They added additional subjects for him to teach, among them being political science, elementary and commercial law, as well as all of the commercial branches. He was appointed by the Regents as vice president of the University in 1906 and served as acting president in 1912, '14, and '17.

In the early days of the settlement of this area, everyone who took up a piece of land would plant an orchard of such fruit as would grow here, such as apples, peaches, pears, cherries, plums, and then also currants and gooseberries of several types, raspberries, blackberries. And their apple orchards would always have trees that would yield apples the year long in these different seasons. And the womenfolk, of course, did all their own canning. The result of it was that in this area, if you start at Susanville and go right straight south to about Walley's Hot Springs, all those ranches had good orchards. And Father told me that in those early days they used to ship fruit to California. But they began to develop the fruit in California, as California could raise it much more cheaply than they could here and ship it down. So many of them were abandoned.

Among the early pioneers to experiment with different types of fruit trees and different kinds of trees was Ross Lewers. Another one that experimented with it was a gentleman by the name of Ervin Crane, who had the property at Steamboat Springs, which is the home that is situated right after you cross Steamboat Creek after turning off of (Highway] 395. He's the one that proved to the people of this area that they could plant trees in the sagebrush land and make a success.

He planted a lot of trees and he would give them to the people. Ross Lewers did a lot of planting and he gave the Mountain View cemetery all of the trees that they first planted in the cemetery [during] 1898-1905. They're not evergreens but they were different types of trees; some of them are still out there.

Well, after closing the mill, Bobby Lewers told me that his father went over and built this home, raised the family there, and he had fruit for sale in due time, and also, he had grazing land, raised hay and grain.

I want to say this to you. You can put it in here if you want to. My father came here, to Truckee Meadows, in 1859 and settled definitely in the valley in 1863. He had been practically all over the area. And in 1914, the first time that I took a trip around the state, he asked me to observe certain things. And that I did. And that is this: that no matter where you'd see a farm, even though it was off the road, if you'd go up to it, you'd find fruit trees and others planted, regular oases. It bore out what he said about this area here.

Now, Father, in addition to that, tried alfalfa for the first time on clay soil, and Peleg Brown, who afterwards was my older sister's father-in-law, tried it on sandy loam ground out near Steamboat. And they were the first ones to grow alfalfa in this area.

My father brought in the first maple trees from Iowa into Truckee Meadows. He got some slips, and he also got some of the little seeds. These were planted around the living area of his ranch.

He drilled the first bored well. The wells in those days were open wells. They excavated a shaft to water, rippapped the shaft and used a block and tackle to raise the water in buckets to the surface. Father had Professor N. E. Wilson of the University of Nevada analyze the water to determine its usefulness as drinking water.

He brought in the first standard bred stallion as a sire for his mares. They had to raise their horses for use on the farm and the road. The type of horses that people used in those days on the farms were not the heavy animals because they couldn't get out on the road. The farmer had to have his horses to go to market, to go out and haul in posts, and for like purposes. And at one time, he used to enter a stock exhibit for trotters—that is, the single and double team. He did not go into thoroughbreds because he felt they were too light for general use, and, of course, he would make a little money out of these extra colts. At one time, they were stealing horses and selling them on foreign markets. When Father heard that they had been in the Red Rock area, he took the train in Reno and rode to Truckee. He went out to the stock pens and found some of his horses with the Circle-R on them.

Eventually, range horses were so plentiful that they were ruining the cattle range. something had to be done. When my brother, Irvin, returned from the Spanish-American War in 1898, he and another fellow entered into a contract with the stockmen of the Red Rock area to kill wild horses. The agreement was that they could shoot anything that wasn't bobtailed or was a mule. There were a few mules on the range at that time. They killed, between the two of them, better than a thousand head of horses that winter. They averaged five dollars and something per hide, mane, and tail.

Brother Irvin wanted to buy an interest in the Red Rock property, but he made a mistake. The Corbett and Fitzsimmons right was in Carson City, and he thought that he could double his money. "Well," Father said to him, "son, I think you're makin' a mistake, but it's your money."

Irvin bought a one-way ticket to Carson City and placed all his money on Corbett.

Fitzsimmons won. My brother was broke. He happened to think of some of Mother's friends who lived in Carson City and went to see them. They gave him a meal and a ticket home. He then went to work on the railroad, and he lost his life there.

My brother, Charlie, stayed with that Red Rock property. Father sold his property in Truckee Meadows in 1917 and moved to Reno. He was seventy-eight then. He purchased the deLaguna and Bardenwerper home on North Virginia. He was so hearty and strong that every Saturday he used to come to town and transact his business, and when I was going to school, I always had lunch with him. And when he came to Reno, we continued our Saturday lunches together.

This day, he was down shopping and he was taken short. He was taken short, and he started for the mortuary. I heard somebody fumbling at the door. It was Father, and he was dragging a foot—had a stroke. He lasted three weeks. He left us at that particular time, and he left quite a heritage.

My father was a fraternal man from the beginning. He said he received his inspiration this way: their wagon train was threatened with attacks several times by Indians, and then also by the Mormons when they got into Mormon territory. But whenever there was a threat, the head of the wagon train would get the wagons around and stock inside and women inside and they were prepared to defend themselves. But this one man would walk out ahead of the train with a white flag and wave it, and when the Indians would see this flag, the chief came out to talk with the wagon master. They communicated in a sign language, and they were never molested. In one case, the wagon master told them where they were going, and the Indian chief said, "We will send guides with you. There's a dangerous tribe up ahead."

And that same thing happened with the Mormons. Father was curious, and he asked this wagon master about it. "Well," he said, "I understand the sign language, and that's what they use."

Sign language didn't mean too much to Father, but by the time that he arrived in California, he found out what sign language was. His man was a Mason, and he could talk to the Indians in the symbols, and they could talk back to him in like manner. And Father said he didn't know how true this was, but it was reported that no wagon train master, after the first few years, that was a Mason, ever had any trouble with Indians. I really don't know whether that's true or not, but Father wanted to know what Masonry was. His father-in-law was a Mason, so Father became a Mason almost immediately when the Reno Lodge No. 13 was started. And it did him a lot of good. In fact, all of his posterity to three generations became Masons.

In the early days in this valley, as well as in other places in the state, money came only once a year. In the meantime, they had to barter. In other words, the farmer would trade butter and eggs, chickens, and other farm products with the merchants in town, and in turn would get such supplies as he needed from the merchant. And there'd be a clothing merchant, or there'd be like—Sunderlands were boot and shoe people, and we supplied them with butter and eggs, and chicken sometimes, and other products. The Nathans had clothing, and we supplied them. A man by the name of Leeter had heavy farm shoes and boots and overalls; we supplied them and others, even an attorney's family, with these things during the year, and we'd keep books on it. And at the same time, why, we would get the clothing and get the boots and shoes, and get all of these things. Well, another was Wells, of S. O. Wells; we used to get farm machinery



from them. Then, at the end of the year, each would present his bill. Then they would pay the difference, whatever it might be. There was no question about it at all, because, you see, the farmer only got money once a year, unless he had these little things, like a little dairy, a few chickens, to keep him going. That's why I talked my father into going into the sheep business and to raise mules on a small scale. I could see where he'd make money faster.

He finally gave me five mares if I ever got a jack. He said, "Son, I just don't like it." He said, "I can't desecrate the beauty of a lovely mare by breeding her to a dirty old jackass like that." But he let me go ahead, and I raised mules. Father could get more from mules than he could from any horses.

The mule experience proved to be a success. I then asked him why we couldn't get some sheep. And he said, "I'm a cattle man, son."

I said, "I know you are, and I know that you've had your morals, but you can get money three times a year from sheep. Let me go out and get some bumper lambs and try it."

And he finally said yes. But I had to take care of 'em and I had to see that they didn't stamp out the pasture. He would give me the pasture after the cattle and horses were off it for a certain amount of grazing, but never let them graze it off or "stink it up." And by virtue of that little herd, we would have Christmas lambs. And we would have the wool, then other lambs. And those Christmas lambs were well worth it. Sometimes the ewes would have their lambs twice a year. And it was a nice little extra piece of money. This proved to be successful.

I learned a lot about merchandising from his handling of the cattle, and what to do with the steers—sell 'em off the range or bring them in and sell pasture and hay, or bring them

off the range and feed them on pasture and then butcher them or sell them, or feed them pasture and hay, depending upon the price of cattle in the market at that particular time. He was quite observant. He watched the market, and he was careful.

In those days, the farm people, just as they do today, would get together every so often and they would meet at Douchy Hall, as it was called, in Glendale, and they would plan a little party. They'd get somebody with cornet and a violin and a piano, and they'd dance the square dances, and such things as that, up to a certain time, and then they'd spread their supper. They'd dance a little bit later and then go home. And then us younger folk they'd bed up downstairs, or they'd put us to sleep in the spring wagon because we were older, you know. And square dancing, boy, I just loved to see that! These farmers and these women would dress up. I can remember the hooped skirt, the bustle, and things like that. They were charming. As a matter of tact, I went to parties at Douchy's Hall and went to political meetings there. But they had their get-togethers regularly. And then, of course, there were always the school affairs that they'd go to. So much for that.

I didn't tell you what we did on our farm and what they must have done on every farm in the state. The first thing that the farmer did was to fence his land. The next thing he did was to dig a well and get a little hole. Then he cleared some land. He would get it under irrigation and seed it.

And then he planted an orchard; I have told of some of those experiments. If you go over this day and look back at all the old areas, you'll see orchards. In this particular area, they had a spring apple, summer apple, fall apple, and winter apple—four different types of apples. They had pears, peaches, cherries; and then in the berries they had two kinds of

gooseberries. The currants—they had black and red currants.

When fall came, they would trim the orchard, but they would save every limb and chop it up, would move it over in piles for the smokehouse. Instead of using the hardwoods that you get in the Midwest or the far East, they used this apple wood or fruit tree wood. They smoked the ham and bacon, and it gives it a good taste. In addition to that, they had a certain kind of grapes.

The farm lady, some of them, never canned any of the summer apples, which they'd use as they went along for cooking and for eating. But when she got to the fall, she'd always set aside a certain number of those, and set aside the winter apples, and she'd use some of them to can. The others would go into pits, like in the potato pits—you've seen those? And they were very careful not to bruise them, and they used those. The canning was used, of course, for that kind of fruit, and then the others, as they needed it, they would use it for cooking or to eat. They did the same thing with the pears, plums, and the cherries, and the peaches. Those were all canned by fall. They didn't attempt to put any of those in pits.

I can remember that those pits were built very carefully. They would excavate down in the ground maybe eight to ten inches. And then they would put in a tee in there, a box, they're ventilators, maybe six inches wide, covered on the top, and then it would extend clear out to the end. And the center of it would have a pipe in it. It was nothing, more or less, than a four-sided affair. They used that, you see, for ventilation and air circulation. When the snow and rain or freeze would come on, they'd close the ventilator up. They would put straw down as a bed in the pit. Then they would put a little straw throughout all of the fruit or vegetables as they would pile up, the same as you would potatoes or carrots or

anything like that, and then a good bed of straw over the top and then cover it with earth deep enough so that it wouldn't freeze. And then they would use this ventilation. That's what they did with their fruit.

They canned the black and red currants and different kinds of gooseberries and made it into sauce—some jelly, jam. And that was what they had for winter use, plus their bacon and their eggs, their jerky. Then, of course, they had other meat for the winter. Most of the farmers would hang their beef. Then they'd corn quite a bit of it, and the rest of it, they'd put in cellars where it's dark and cool.

As far as vegetables are concerned, the potato was the substantial vegetable that they took care of. And as a matter of fact, they used to sell potatoes by the sack on the barter system, also the carrots. Not the parsnip. They'd leave the parsnip in the ground and dig them as they needed them. They were very careful to dig the parsnip all up in the spring.

My father told me that in the early days, that this area, from Susanville down to the lower end, just beyond Genoa, supplied the fruit for California. Fruit was quite an industry. Each farmer knew how to trim his trees. If you travel over this state in particular, you will oftentimes find an orchard. I went down to the Presbyterian Church the other day at a service, and I saw a couple trees growing in front of the building. I said they looked like apples, but what happened to them? Apparently, when they went in there to build, these two trees were there. Upon reflection, I said, "Well, this was the old home, the old farm home, and those fruit trees were left." The church has nursed those trees along; the old trunk is as dead as all outdoors, but new growth started from the bottom and is healing over this trunk, and had apples on it.

When I say bartered, even the soldiers bartered. When my Uncle Jim soldiered in

Fort Halleck, Nevada, the soldiers received government checks, and they would accept elks' teeth as change. The larger the tooth, the more it was worth.

In those days, they'd get plenty of men that'd work for the winter for board and room. And nearly all of the farmers did keep one or two men. During the day and during the winter, all the harnesses had to be mended and oiled and all the machinery put in shape, honed down on the inside. They had their own blacksmith shop and their own punches, and everything like that. The collars had to be shaped up—everything. And then, the last thing they did was to go over to the bench. If anyone would see a nail, no matter how crooked it was, or a screw, they'd pick it up and bring it in and throw it into a box on the bench. They straightened nails. That shows you the thrift of the time.

There's another story that I almost forgot to mention. I was pretty young at the time. Certain Masons came down to the ranch and asked Father if he would attend a lodge meeting that night. It was divided, and they wanted to hear those people who were older in life and more experienced. Finally, he said, "Gentlemen, I appreciate that, but I just can't go." He said, "I have my work to do here, and I have my chores to do in the evening, and by the time I get that done and get my bath and get my supper, why, the meeting would be over."

My older brothers said, "Now, Father, we'll take charge of the chores. We'll take care of everything. You go."

And I was a little fellow and I said, "Yes, Father, I'll shine your boots." He would never leave the farm for Reno without his boots were shined.

Father attended the meeting. At breakfast the next morning, I asked him what he did, and he said he couldn't tell me. I asked him all about it again, and I said, "Who can you tell?"

He said, "Son, we had a meeting of the Masons. We had a common problem. And we got together and discussed that problem, and the only ones that we can talk to about it are each other under the same conditions." That's when they decided to build that Masonic building on its present site, and that was around 1901 or '02.

Why am I interested in Glendale school? Well, to get back to the early history, there was a man by the name of Sessions in the Area, teaching the children in his home. The children would attend when convenience permitted.

In 1864, there were enough children in the Glendale district to obtain an appropriation from the state to help toward the establishing of a school. The people interested—by that, I mean the people that had children of school age, together with friends of the schools, decided to erect a school building at Glendale.

Henry Whistler gave permission to build the school on the northwest corner of his ranch. (Henry Whistler died June 27, 1902, and his wife died September 11, 1909. Both are buried in the Knights of Pythias plot in Reno. His two children, Luella and Elmer, attended the school.) Mr. C. H. Eastman agreed to furnish all the lumber that they needed at absolute cost. The merchants supplied nails, hardware, and such other necessities to build it. The group hired a carpenter to superintend the building of it, and then the farmers in the area that were interested helped to put it together. My father hauled the first load of lumber for that from the Eastman mill by ox team.

It's interesting to note that even after Reno was started, many students from Reno attended the school. If you could look into the history of those people that attended the school, you'd find some of the most successful men we've ever had in Washoe County.



Classes from the first through the eighth grade were taught in the school. My mother attended that school. She walked from Vista to the school. My older brother and sister attended it. After my older brother and sister entered the school, Father moved across the valley, and my next brother attended the North Truckee school and the prep school at the University of Nevada. My sister, Vera, and I attended the Glendale school. Two of my nieces were teachers at the school at a later date.

I had the chance to live at a time when I knew nearly all of the pupils that attended the school at Glendale. I knew even the first teacher, outside of Mr. Sessions, and her name was Miss Anna Henry. When we organized the Glendale School Association to try to preserve the school, we agreed that the oldest teacher that we could find in the area would preside. She sat up there like a schoolteacher and conducted the meeting. We'd sit at the desks. When the meeting concluded, the members recalled a lot of old times. Really, I still feel that that school building and grounds should be preserved. That's my interest now. I've known most of the teachers.

During the last few years that Mrs. Josephine Frugoli was the teacher at Glendale, she invited me to come down at Their exercises in the spring. When a pupil would graduate, I was invited to give the address. You know, I became inspired because those that were graduating, most of them, were children that were misfits in the Reno and the Sparks area; they hadn't adjusted themselves, you see? And the result was that they felt friendless; they didn't apply themselves. School officials sent them to Mrs. Frugoli, and today they are good citizens. Many of them entered high school, and all made excellent records in both Sparks and Reno high schools. I always Thought it was a marvelous record.

I said during the time that I attended the Glendale school, my sister and I attending the same sessions, we only had one teacher, and that was Miss Kate Kinney, a graduate of the University of Nevada, who was afterwards Mrs. Roy Robinson. When we left to go to the Reno schools, she taught one more year.

I remember that Miss Kinney had to go to Reno because she had a toothache. She had an appointment with Dr. Fred Rulison. If the teacher had to leave, she always turned the school over to the oldest pupil in the school. On this particular occasion, the pupil in charge was her own sister. And pupils will cut up, and I guess they had Mae a little bit upset. You know, in those days, if you wanted to leave the room, you'd raise your hand and request permission to leave. And I guess she was a little bit irritated [laughing], so I raised my hand and said, "May I go—?"

She said, "What do you want?"

I said, "May I go out?"

She asked, "What for?"

I slid right down in my seat. And all at once she began to laugh and then said, "Git out" [laughing].

Of course, kids played "Auntie-Over" and touch-ball and all of those games. Then they'd read in the paper what they were doing elsewhere, and we wanted a bar—a crossbar. The teacher inveigled some of the older fellows to put one up between the trees. (Those trees have been destroyed.) We would get up on the bar and try to swing. I was swinging one day, and for some reason or other, I swung out this way and missed the bar with one hand. I went down and just fell flat, flat on my belly, and knocked all the wind out of me, I thought I was killed.

We did have a lot of fun. In those days, too, we would organize little athletic clubs and compete with the other schools and clubs. For example, we had the Hayseeds bicycle team

and the Hayseeds baseball team, skating team, and horseback teams. The one place we could always lick 'em all was the riding. And it was a lot of fun. We learned gracious competition and good sportsmanship.

The experiences of that country school I shall never forget. I don't know where that I ever had better companionship than I did there. We were all farm kids; we all had to do chores; we all wore a certain kind of clothing; there was none of this fuddy-duddy frills. And I think we had mutual respect for each other because of teamwork in competition. But as you go into the larger areas, you see divisions of people and the gangs form, and like social groups, they get into competition for material, personal gain, and they say and do things that they wouldn't say any other time.

Do I remember the names of some of my fellow students and! or anything about them? Oh, yes. Oh, let's see. I think in terms of the Races. Warren Rice was there. He went in the Spanish-American War the same time that my brother, Irvin, did, and he's the only one of the Rice family that's alive now. He's farming, or was farming, up in Oregon.

There's Chris Kiley, who came from the south side of the river. He's now dead. He left farming and went over into California and married somebody on the other side that was in the lumber business. And he had three sisters: Belle, Nellie, and Maidie Kiley. Belle married Warren Rice, and she's dead. Nellie's dead. And Maidie's married and lives somewhere in California, the last I heard of her. And then they had a brother, a young one, Bobby, and he's dead. A boy by the name of Frost, Joe Frost, who lived on the south side of the river there—older than I.

Now, then, the nephews of Warren Rice attended school there. There's Riley and Alvin. And then there's Elizabeth Wills, Mae Kinney, and Bertha and George Curnow. May

and Madge Little, and John Devine. And all the other Devines are dead. Henry Jones, locomotive engineer, now dead. Hannah and Chris Nelson, Hattie and Leilah White and Buzz White, Mattie Madden—she's the mother of this famous paleontologist whose name is Heizer. Her grandparents Steinberger bought out the Eastman mill. The students came all the way from almost to Gould ranch (the old creamery here on Mill Street) clear down to Vista. The Steeles and their family went to Glendale with the Frosts, the Hermans—the Kileys, the Joneses, the Derbys. Veronica Dickie—her mother attended the Glendale school before her. Whistlers, Luella and Elmer, two of them—Lottie Crocker. Now, these are the people that I knew of Glendale School. But the people that did go there before, I can give you a lot of those, if you want them.

There's James Steele and his three sisters. There's Charlie Jones and Emma Jones. A fellow by the name of Derby (he afterwards came to the University), John Kleppe, a chap by the name of Powell—two Powells, the older Devine, Emma, Mattie, and Lawrence Hasland, Charlie Gulling (who afterward lived in Reno), and George Larcombe, Tommy Thomas, Vera Hash, the older Rasmussen boys, fellow by the name of Bagley, another one by the name of Sessions, Sellers, Dennis O'Sullivan, Ben Bryan, the Johnson girls, but I don't remember their name.

A lot of the people came to Reno, and they made good in their different fields. Larcombe had a grocery store and then moved to Reno. His boy, George Larcombe, was the first child born in Glendale. He attended the Glendale School, moved to Reno, and entered the grocery business with a friend, the Coffin and Larcombe Market; they were a group. A man by the name of Frazer ran a butcher shop, and his son finally went on to the University

and graduated as a mining engineer. Oh, let me think now. The Shafer's—let's see, there's Bill, Lottie, and George—all went to school there. George Peckham, Sr. went to school at Glendale. That's when his mother was running the boardinghouse at Eastman's mill. Let me think for just a moment. Lyles—they were the people that had a farm over beyond Hidden Valley in that area. Then there was another family in there—maybe I can think of it—Banta. Miss Banta, the youngest one, died a few years ago. She was a teacher. Oh, yes, there's another one, Walter Ulyatt; his name was really Asher, but he was an orphan, and his grandmother took him and changed his name to Ulyatt.

Now, we were very mischievous, but I can't say that we were any different than any of the country schools. The teacher had several grades to teach, and she set up her program. She budgeted her time, you see. And she would have us read, she made us recite, and she'd have writing and things like that we had to do; and the older people, depending upon the number she had, she'd have them recite, maybe, while we were supposed to study. And when we were reciting, she'd have them working at the board. And I want to tell you, it wasn't an easy thing to take pupils all the way from beginners through the eighth grade—maybe one or two in a class.

The thing that bothered me the most in all that time, and even when I was in high school—they had no library. Now, apparently, my folks had a pretty fair library, but when the farm buildings burned down in '79, everything was destroyed. When I came along at a later date, my reading was confined to the Youth's Companion and the weekly paper. Of course, when I'd go to get my hair cut I'd look at the barber's magazines, and such things as that. We did have a dictionary, we had no encyclopedia, we had the World Almanac.

Another book that was common was the old book on illnesses—I don't know, what'd we used to call it, the homeopathic? Is that it? And we used to read that a lot. And finally, Father subscribed to some sort of a magazine, a farm magazine. And we had that. Now, when I started to high school, we had no public library. We had just a small high school library. But they wouldn't let us take the books out. And I had to leave and get home. So I did say this, that if I ever had children of my own, I was going to have a library. And we did. We started the children out with the Book of Knowledge right off the reel. And we helped them with it. And then we started them with the simpler encyclopedias. Oh, we had a dictionary. And, oh, I don't know how many different sets of encyclopedias we had. And one set of books that I purchased, too, was the Messages and the Papers of the Presidents. I don't know of anybody having them in Reno outside of ourselves. We had all those references, and we had Bancroft's Works; we had a lot of good literature for them. But the reference work is what I thought we ought to have. Mrs. Ross was a great reader, and she would get books that the children could appreciate. I don't know—they told me that we turned over pretty near 1,500 volumes to the University. It's like leaving my own past. But we did have others, and I do know this: that in those early days, there was a lot of those University girls, some of them'd come over and sit and use our library and tell others who would come over and use our books.

My son, Silas, Jr., when he was in junior high school, was required to write about the Lincoln Monument. Mrs. Ross was out, and I came home, changed my clothes. We were going out to dinner. My son was doing his best to find something about the Lincoln Memorial Monument. I said, "Son, it's certainly in the encyclopedias."

And he said, "I can't find it anywhere,"

I sat down on the floor to go through encyclopedias, and I couldn't find it there, either. I said, "Well, son, we'll tell you what we know about it, having visited there."

Then I recalled that I had read something about the Memorial in the *Messages and Papers of the Presidents*. The information that my son sought was found in these books. He traced the history of the Memorial from the time it was first suggested. You know, there was a delay in the construction. The reasons were outlined in the *Messages and Papers of the Presidents*. These papers gave the explanation of the symbolism of the Memorial and other details. His mother and I had visited the Memorial and we related our experience to him. He wrote his paper and handed it in at the required time.

Miss Georgia McNair, a classmate of mine, was his teacher, and she asked, "Where'd you get that?"

He said, "Our library."

So we've always had a good library. Most of the library was given to the University upon the death of Mrs. Ross.

At the Glendale school, it was customary to always have a Christmas party, and then also, at the end of the term, to have the term party, wherein the children demonstrated their progress to their parents and to their friends, made up of dialogues, declamations, piano solos, and singing in unison. And after this was over, they used to give the teacher a present and wish her well. And after that, we would have something to eat and then drive to our respective homes.

Then again, in the spring, the teacher used to always have a picnic, the doggonedest picnic. And then, we thought it was quite a jaunt. And it was, those days. She would hire a bus from Reno, and we would leave the Glendale school at a certain time and drive

from Reno to Lawton Springs, where she and some of the mothers (the mothers would go on ahead, I want you to know), they'd have picnic lunches and such things as that, and we'd swim and play games and swing and then drive back that night. At night, you know, that was a great distance for us kids in the country, and it took some little time to drive that distance.

Here's an interesting item. As far back as I can remember, in talking with people in the Glendale School, every one of them could ride a horse. And most of the pupils either used a horse and cart to come to school if there were more than one or two, or they rode horseback and took care of their horses as it was necessary, and tied them to posts. Looked like a bunch of cowboys leaving, I suppose, going in all directions.

Well, one of the amusing things that we had when I was a youngster—I was invited over to the Rice's to stay all night. And we decided to go out and steal watermelons. Why we did it, I don't know. I had all the watermelons that [I wanted] at home. The Rices lived near the state asylum. The asylum had a lovely melon patch near the road. We boys got together. These other boys knew all about the melon patch. When I came over, we decided we were going to get the melons, and it was decided that Alvin Rice and I were to go way up, almost to the turn, as you go up the Glendale Road, then right to the asylum, where we could get into the ditch. The ditch was dry. And we were to belly down the ditch to near the melon patch. We were then to crawl out and get some melons. We'd work them over towards the fence where the other kids could get them.

We thought we were getting along pretty well, and we finally got out in the patch—[laughing] and this amuses me—first time I ever outran Alvin Rice in my life. Bang!

Bang! We both were off the mark with the gun report. Well, he hit the fence. I saw the fence and hurdled over it. I went over on the run. He hit the fence and it knocked him down. But then, even though it was dark, you could see the dust of the other two fellows going down the road. We never stole any more melons. Now, imagine, doing a thing like that! But we got all the experience we wanted. It was a kid prank.

I don't recall us doing any nasty, dirty little things, though. Maybe it's because of the influence of the teacher. We had a lot of—well, I did get in wrong with a teacher when—they talked in this hog Latin, and we would stop at this lady's house each day, and she and the teacher would talk with each other and go on to something that I wasn't supposed to hear. They'd talk in this hog Latin, "Dig-a-dig-do-do." So this night, they're talking about somebody's going to have a baby and I heard it, and I didn't know. I went home and told Mother about it. "How'd you find that out?"

"They've been talkin' about it."

And Mother happened to be talking to the teacher the next day, and she said, "I understand that Mrs. So-and-So's goin' to have a baby."

Miss Kinney said, "How'd you find that out?"

And she said, "Silas told me."

Miss Kinney says, "Why, that dirty little devil! Didn't think he understood that language."

What did we do to celebrate Halloween? Well, I'll have to tell you a story. There was a farmer on the north side of the valley and he used to come to town on Saturday, and he'd get intoxicated. And he was then mean and nasty. And then he'd sometimes get drunk, and he was very abusive to the young people and he would make a lot of noise. He would drive his horse and use his favorite

buggy. Sometimes he'd abuse the horse. So the older boys knew that they'd get a good cussing if they'd do something to embarrass him. My older brothers and, oh, about six or eight others of the same age decided to do something about it. Now, mind you, we lived way down here. It must've been four or five miles over to Pete Kelly's farm. So the boys waited until very late. They knew he had a dog, so one of the Gaults made friends with the dog so each of the others could sneak in. And they took the wheels off of that buggy and they fixed up a block and tackle and hoisted it, then, to the top of the barn. They then took the shafts off and hoisted the buggy up and put it on the peak of the barn, and then they put the wheels on, and the shaft, and put the harness up there. Well, I—I don't know—all I know is he was—they said you could hear him swearing all over the valley. And he had a dickens of a time getting the buggy from the roof of the barn.

We did live so far apart, you know, that you couldn't get together very often. The neighbors would put on a Halloween party and they would meet in a certain place and come in costumes and things like that. But living that far apart, if you're gonna do Halloweening, you've got to do it in a group to enjoy it. We just didn't do too much.

Did we have any special Christmas celebrations in which the people joined? No, the only place that I know of that they got together would be the Christmas party at the school. Because each family had their own party. The families intermarried, you see? Now, in our particular case, the Rosses lived in north Truckee Meadows, and the Browns lived near Steamboat. One family would take Christmas, the others'd take Thanksgiving. Well, it would mean—oh, it was awfully hard to get up in the morning and have to do your chores and then get the kids ready



and drive this eleven, twelve miles and eat dinner, as near noon as you could—used to be sometimes after, and then they had to leave and go back this distance and take care of the chores, and the one that was host would have a lot of work to do. Put my, we enjoyed the gathering together so much!

Now, my little mother did do this, though. When I was in college, if there was ever a stray boy or stray girl, she'd have them, insisted that we bring them to the ranch for the holidays. I think it was rather a custom for us people that attended the University in the early days to take someone home with him from out of town.

Would I like to describe the old town of Glendale? Well, now, you see, there wasn't much in Glendale when I was small, but I can tell you what was there, starting at the Stone and Gates Crossing. In coming north, that area, clear up to the intersection of Kleppe Lane, was business—a couple hotels and a butcher shop, the grocery store, hardware, saloons, and then when you got up to that intersection, the business turned and went on the other side of the street, of Kleppe Lane, to about the Glendale school. And then the other areas were residences. On the east side, coming from that base, there were residences in there, a few. And then on the other side, as you go up there, business was on the north side, and the residences were in there. And I remember the old blacksmith shop. I remember some of the old hotels, and I remember the grocery store. Oh, yes, there used to be a livery stable in there, too. In my time, [there were] no oxen, but in the early days, they used to have trading posts where they would buy oxen and sell them, the stronger ones, there. But they had the livery, and the sports'd come down from Virginia City, and they'd want to drive places, or ride places, and they would [hire animals].

Now, there were more farmhouses around then than now. Stone and Gates built their residence there, also the Crockers a headquarters for the Crockers family, afterwards the Littles. And then just below that was the Powells, and then below that was the old gentleman, Mr. Kleppe, and then the Haslands across the way, the Sessions, the Douglasses, Ramellis, Rices, Sessions again, Mary Wall, Bagleys. Those were all the little ranches in that area, and as you go on the other side of the track, you would run into the Thomas, Blaisdel, Thomas, Curnow, Robinson, Frickes, Johnny Hamms, the Shafers—that's along that road north from Glendale. And then going further down, you run into the Curnows that I mentioned, the Sessions, the William Perks, Kinneys, the Rosses, and after that, the Clarks, the Wills family, the Blanchards. And then the Johnsons (the two Johnson families not even related), the Van Meters, the Dixons, and the Vances, and the Bryants, the Shields, the Fraziers, the Gullings, the Sullivans, the Gaults, Conroy, Kelly, Morrill, Shafer, Leete, [laughing] Winfrey, Snodgrass, Gould, Max—well, I can't think of his name; I used to call him Columbo, but I can't think of his name to save my soul. Then we move right on down—that's your farming area.

Were there a lot of foreigners in there, immigrants? Well, now, those people came to us out of the woods in Verdi. Early, of course, we had Danes come in, some Swedes, but they came in not too heavily to begin with. For instance, Henry Anderson brought most of the Danes in there, and the Frandsens, I think, brought most of the Swedes in here, and they built up with their families from the old country. But the Johnsons and the French people all came to Verdi because of the lumbering industry in that area.

This one Johnson ranch that I'm thinking about, two of the boys worked in the timber,

and they came down and bought this ground somewhere in the area of Father's place—that's on North Truckee Lane. And they fenced a part of it and put a part of it under cultivation and built a little cabin and started that way and began to expand and develop their water rights, too. One of the brothers died of typhoid fever and broke the other one up so that he couldn't go ahead with the prospect. He sold out to Blanchard and Blanchard's partner. And these two people had an agreement that one would pay for the land if the other one would build a two-story house enough for two families. And Blanchard paid for the land; this other fellow started on the two-story house. But the understanding was that if either failed in his agreement, he was out and it belonged to the other man. So that's where those Johnsons—their property went to Blanchard and afterwards it came to Theodore Clark.

Later, some of those people moved out. For instance, the Kinneys are all dead, and that has gone into the hands of Humphrey Supply and Nichols. Our place has gone into the hands of the Italians. The Clark place is burned down; it's the Baker's now. I don't know who owns the Becker property. The Powell property, way over on the other side, is in the hands of one of the Sanfords now. I don't know who owns the Dixon. The Van Meter has been subdivided; the Shields, I don't know. The Fraziers, all of those are in second and third hands. I think the Joneses and the Kleppes—maybe one other—are the only ones that still own and operate their ranches. If you want to go three generations away, the Short ranch would be one. It was originally Banta, and then Short (Short married into the Banta family, you see), and then young Short, a third generation, is running it now. Peckham is all subdivided; Steele is all subdivided. The Matley ranch belonged to one of the Steele

brothers. I told you the story, didn't I, about one of the Steeles marrying a girl under age, and he brought her out here as a bride? And one of 'em moved out? Well, that Steele sold his interest, sold part of it to Eastman for the mill. Eastman sold to Dougherty. Dougherty sold to Steinberger. He in turn sold to the Matleys. Matley sold to the airport. How, then, the George Alt property, it was sold to Flick. Flick sold a piece of the property to the Roman Catholics. It's up where the Manogue School was first established. The University owns the rest of the ranch now.

And the Savage ranch was sold to Mapes. These holdings are now a part of the University farm. Yoris purchased the Derby property; that's now owned by the University. The Joneses are still there. And across the river is the Kleppe ranch, now operated by a third generation of the family. The Thomas property was sold to the Southern Pacific when the railroad moved from Wadsworth. The Fricke, Curnow, Robinson, Hamm, Shields, Kelly, Sullivan, Gault, Shafer, and adjacent properties have been laid out in subdivisions of Reno and Sparks.

As I said, we did form the Glendale Students Association many years ago in an effort to preserve the Glendale school building. Out of that grew the group that put on the first Admission Day celebration here in Reno. Frank Savage and Pat McCarran, Si Ross, and a few others organized this group. It finally grew into what is called the Native Sons and Daughters; they still meet. And we continued our interest, but though we know the school has been abandoned, we formed the Glendale School Corporation, and we lease the school building and ground for a dollar a year from the school board. We lease it out to the 4-H and such groups as a regular meeting place. We were hopeful of creating a park there; it was in the state Park System at

the end of the Charlie Russell administration, but it was thrown out by Governor Sawyer. At the present time, the Sertoma Club of Sparks has taken it over as a project.

The building is the same today as it was in the beginning, with this exception: the main entrance was in the center, where the belfry is, and there was no rear entrance. On one side of that entrance was a place for the boys to put their coats and hats. The other side was used for the girls' wraps. The outhouses were one on one corner and one on the other corner of the school yard. You tied your horses to the fence in the yard. The entrance has been changed, expanded, and a little built onto it. As far as I know, the bell is still in the belfry. They have put in a pump so that they can have water. They have lights. I don't know just what they call this group, but it is one of the religious groups; it's small. They needed a place to meet and they maintained the building for a time until the head of the denomination died. We understand that Tom Miller is still working on a project to have the school and ground be made a part of the state park system.

I have a picture somewhere of one of the first meetings that we had. We used to meet annually, and they called it the Glendale School Association. The oldest teacher that we could get hold of was the chairman. She sat up at the teacher's desk, and the rest of us sat around in chairs, or rather, desks. I have a picture of the group of founders. I don't know whether I have the year on it or not.

Well, I say, I can remember the hooped skirts and bustles in the early days of Glendale and the old-fashioned square dancing, as well as the waltz and the polka. I knew how to two-step and the schottische. They would hire a violinist and a piano player and the cornetist. I can remember the first one I went to. The piano player was Cora Sauer and the cornetist

was Bill Ferguson. And Roy Robinson played the violin. He made it squeak to beat the band. Then the square dancers, they'd have their callers. And mind you, no booze. Now, there was a bar downtown, but when they went to this thing, there was no drinking of any kind. That was taboo. If they wanted to come in Saturday and get drunk and things like that, that's all right, but when they were going to have this party, they outlawed liquor. They had milk for the kids, and coffee or tea for the adults, cake and sandwiches. I think that's one of the things I liked best about the gathering. Also, as we were growing up—not when we were little fellows, but when we're maybe twelve or thirteen, fourteen, something like that—they provided for us, too. We were permitted to dance and we could dance with 'em.

I remember my senior year at the University, and I hadn't danced with my mother in a long time, but she and Father were up to the dance, and I asked the lady I took if she would mind if I'd ask Mother to dance, and she said, "I think that'd be lovely." And she said, "Will your father dance?"

And I said, "You ask him. I doubt it." So Father wouldn't, but Mother went down to dance.

I started to dance with Mother, and she soon said, "Look, son. If you're going to dance, let's dance." And boy, how she did step around there! And they did dance. And honest, there's speed to it! But they have certain steps in the reverse and to avoid getting dizzy. Mother enjoyed the dance, bless her.

I said that I would tell about the building of the Reno bridges. I knew something about some of them. To begin with, this was Lake's Crossing. At first a barge plied back and forth across the river and Lake. Then they built an old wooden bridge. I have a picture of this bridge. There are several pictures,



artists' drawings of it—Harold Herz has one of them. If I remember correctly, they did build a little better wooden unit to replace the first bridge. Later this bridge was replaced by a steel bridge. It was pretty high above the water, and you had to go up or down as you [crossed]. Where the Masonic Temple is, and the Napes, there were just holes in the ground then. That new bridge was made of a lot of metal assembled together. Excess vibration would ruin it. The commissioners put up a sign on the bridge, "So much fine if driving faster than a walk on the bridge." That is the bridge upon which the vigilantes hanged a man who shot the constable. It remained there until they built our present bridge. The old bridge was moved down to Rock Street. It was lost in one of these floods. They never have been able to find hide nor hair of it.

The cattle bridge, which is almost a block west of what is now the underpass of Wells Avenue, and the electric light bridge were the other bridges crossing the river in Reno. These were wooden bridges. Other bridges outside of Reno were Mayberry's bridge, west of Reno, Glendale bridge at Glendale, and Lagomarsino bridge, across the river east of Vista at the mouth of Lagomarsino Canyon. Another crossed the river at Wadsworth. All these were wooden bridges with the exception of this metal one. They used to ford the river in many places. I was told that Stone and Gates and the Lake people did charge a toll to go over their bridge.

I mentioned a hanging off of the old steel bridge. Well, we had a constable here by the name of Richard Nash. He was a stately individual with a beard, a kindly person, and he was attempting to arrest some fellow that did not obey the law, and this fellow shot him and he was quite critically wounded.

I told you about when they cut him down that the editor of the paper took the knot

home? No? He went home to lunch and had this knot. He was gonna have a souvenir and his wife asked him what it was, and he said, "Why, that's the knot that was under the ear of this fellow that we hanged this morning." And he went in to get cleaned up. [Laughing] While he was getting cleaned up, his wife just opened the stove lid and put it in the fire. He was pretty angry when he came out.

In the early days we had what was known &s the "601." According to my father, you never asked a man his pedigree. When he came in, you met him, you introduced yourself, you obtained his name and said, "Are you going to be with us long?"

He'd say, "Yes, I've come to stay," and so forth.

And, "Fine, we're all pioneers. If there's anything I can do to help you, we'll be glad to do it." They accepted a man that way. But if he turned out to be a scoundrel and he wasn't doing the right thing, they didn't want him here. Of course, they didn't have the police protection as they have now, so they would proceed to tar and feather him. Just threw them out of town. In many cases, they just called the 601. The 601 was similar to the vigilantes, and they operated all through the West here, the western part of the state. The common thing was to ship the so-called impostor out to Truckee, put 'em on a train or make 'em hike. I don't think that there was any great amount of violence except in that one hanging here, but we do know of recorded records in the mining camps, as you know. And there again, we have some vigilantes, but there was the same 601 directing these things. Horse or cattle thieves, if they'd catch them, didn't come back again after they were disciplined. Didn't do any good to try to arrest 'em; it cost too much to prosecute them. But when they had the goods on them, they'd tar and feather 'em and get 'em out, cattle rustlers

and—. I can remember when people were disgraced to be in jail. But if you were in jail, you worked. I can remember when people didn't want to go to the county hospital, and they had to be pretty feeble to stay there. They probably thought it was a disgrace. They would work—no salary, but they'd get a job on a ranch, or some place like that, doing chores to earn their way. It's a little different now.

I guess I told you that when I was a lad that the railroad, the old Central Pacific, instead of going where it is now [in Reno], ran directly down Fourth Street clear down the foothills, and then turned and went south 'til it got into Truckee Canyon. Father said that the original survey is where the railroad is now, but when construction crews arrived at western Reno (Truckee Meadows), the valley was flooded. Since they were getting a subsidy, so much per mile, it didn't make much difference, and they just went around the valley. The tracks were laid down Prater Way, and you know where Prater Way goes into Stanford Way down there. Well, we used to cut across the railroad crossing there to go to Glendale or go on down to our ranch. I think the tracks were moved around 1903, '04, or '05, when they moved Wadsworth to Sparks. They purchased a good portion of the Thomas property and some of the Robinson property, some of the Fricke property for the new right-of-way beginning at the Dickie and Jones Hill. That is the area where B Street comes into Prater Way. That used to be a hill, and they called it Dickie and Jones Hill. They had the right-of-way straight on through, but when they cut down through Sparks, they had to buy the right-of-way through those properties I just told you about.

I want to talk a little about the ditches and water rights. It is said that the earliest water right on the Truckee River was the ditch that had its source back of the Steele

ranch and near the Eastman mill. The water was diverted from a dam there into this ditch, and it supplied all of the irrigation water for all of the land, beginning at the Steele ranch and running east on the south side of the Truckee River to Vista (that would include the Matley property). The Steele, the Frost, the Alt, the Savage, the Jones, and Derby farms diverted the water from the ditch for irrigation purposes.

The water for Glendale and the ranches north of the river was diverted through the Truckee irrigation ditch from a point somewhere near or back of the Columbo ranch, which was adjacent to the Nevada insane asylum. And it took care of the irrigation of the land from that area down through the Sessions property, the Rice property, the Stevens property, the Wills and Tregellis, Stevens, the Crocker property, the Powells, the Hasland property, Kleppe, and the old property that was right at the mouth of the canyon at Vista. A branch of this ditch supplied water for the North Truckee area north of the present railroad right-of-way. It also provided water for irrigation for the Curnow property, the Kinney property, the Ross, the A. I. Clarke, the Blanchard property, the Bryant property, the Vance property, and the Ulyatt property. That would mean all of the area on the road from what is now called Stanford Way in Sparks through the Blaisdel property and on, clear down to the east foothills.

The main ditch forked off right after—you cross it on North Truckee Lane about a mile or a mile and a quarter north of what is the extension of Prater Way now. Then that branch that went to the north took care of the property in the area—how am I going to describe that?—north and east, beginning, abutting the property of the Johnson homestead over towards the lower end of the Van Meter property.

Another ditch called the Orr Ditch was diverted from a darn in the Truckee River somewhere near Verdi and carries along the foothills, and it extended to just north of the Van Meter property until they built an extension which carried it on over into Spanish Springs. The water from that irrigated those farms along the north foothills of Truckee Meadows.

Another ditch obtained water from a dam located south of Wingfield Park along Island Avenue at about the intersection of Island Avenue and Rainbow Street in Reno. It meandered Tregellis, Stevens, the Crocker property, the Powells, the Hasland property, Kleppe, and the old property that was right at the mouth of the canyon at Vista. A branch of this ditch supplied water for the North Truckee area north of the present railroad right-of-way. It also provided water for irrigation for the Curnow property, the Kinney property, the Ross, the A. I. Clarke, the Blanchard property, the Bryant property, the Vance property, and the Ulyatt property. That would mean all of the area on the road from what is now called Stanford Way in Sparks through the Blaisdel property and on, clear down to the east foothills.

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Another ditch obtained water from a dam located south of Wingfield Park along Island Avenue at about the intersection of Island Avenue and Rainbow Street in Reno. It meandered through Reno and took care of the agricultural land, the farms that were close to the south side of the river contiguous to Reno.

Another ditch took its water from a dam west and north of the river and west of the Arlington bridge. Part of the water was diverted to irrigate the asylum property. The other part took care of a portion of the English Mill property and a portion of the Leete property.

There's another water right that took care of the property to the south of Reno. It was diverted in the area of Idlewild Park and travels east and south. That would be along Virginia Street, from there out over towards Boynton's.

Well, now, with all of these irrigation ditches, it was necessary to provide for the drainage area. So the Union Drain Ditch Company was formed. It (the drain ditch) entered the river on the west of the Dan O'Connor property. It was the Devine when I knew it). It went straight north from the river to a line which was parallel to the present SP track, these westerly about one mile. It then turned to the north about a quarter of a mile, and turned to the west a little over a quarter of a mile, then north a quarter of a mile until it hit that old intersection of the county highway, which is an intersection of Prater Way and North Truckee Road. That was the main artery, and the abutting properties drained into this ditch over their own property. That was called the Union Drain Ditch Company, and all of the people

that used it to take care of their drain water were stockholders in it. They had assessments for maintenance based upon the acreage of land that they were using.

I think I did say something about the moss that would get into the ditches. Well, they used to clean these ditches every spring. That was a chore. All of the sand bars and the like of that were tossed out of the ditch so that it would carry the water. During the summer, moss would grow with the result that the irrigation ditches couldn't carry the head that they were supposed to carry to provide the water for the irrigators. The drain ditch would get filled, also, so that it wouldn't completely drain off the excess water. It was necessary, at least once in the summertime, to mow this moss and throw it out on the bank so that the channel would be large enough to carry the drain water on the one hand and the irrigation on the other. This was done with a scythe, and in mowing these ditches, particularly the drain ditch, you mowed in water that would come up pretty close to your shoulders at the lower end. And when you got at the upper end, of course, you would even reach from the bank and take care of the moss. A lot of people couldn't physically stand up to the pressure of mowing the ditch; they'd get rheumatism and it would bother them. There was a gentleman by the name of Ulyatt, George Ulyatt, that lived close to the foothills on the east end of the valley, between what is now the railroad track and the extension of Prater Way. He was able to do it, and the ditch company paid him so much per day. He had to furnish his own scythe and blades. But the ditch company would also hire a man to throw out the moss as it drifted down. Ulyatt arrived at the time when he was getting troubled and didn't want to mow any more, and I, as a young fellow who'd had experience mowing ditch banks on the farm, agreed to undertake it. Of course, I

was a minor, but Father could collect so much per day for this work, and I had the privilege for about three seasons to mow those ditches, the drain ditch' from what's now called Kleppe Lane—across it, every inch of it, clear up to the experiment station, which was at the top end of it, and the irrigation ditch all the way from the "Y" on the North Truckee Lane clear through to the asylum dam.

Now, as a side issue, my father was superintendent of those ditches, each of these ditches, for a number of years. But the records were burned; some of the early day records were destroyed, so that when they had subdivided some of the farms for Sparks, it was difficult to give a clear title of the water the farm was entitled to. And, of course, the subdivider wanted that water so that he could use it in the areas where he was selling acreage. For some reason or other, Father, having been connected with it so long, would testify concerning the water rights of each farm, and they would take his word for it. And I became quite familiar with it because I worked with Father on it, and I was familiar with the testimony that he gave.

Some of those ditches have been abandoned now. The old Union Drain Ditch is still in existence; the North Truckee Irrigation Ditch is, the Orr Ditch, I think they call it the Cochran Ditch that takes out right over here by the Riverside Hotel is one of the early ditches, the Steamboat Ditch. Of course, the ditch that was the number one takes out back of the Matley place. All of those irrigation ditches are still in existence as far as I know, with the exception of the English Mill and Asylum Ditch that used to come through Reno.

The North Truckee was the one that Father was intensely and particularly interested in because irrigation water for his land was coming through it. Its source was from the

dam at the asylum. It's the one that winds all through Sparks and has caused so much trouble. You see, people bought property there, and that ditch was on their property, but it was there by easement and for a particular purpose, and, of course, the ditch people would be criticized. The ditch company was not supposed to fence it because they were there before the property was subdivided. I don't think that there are many Sparks people using that ditch water any more. The channel of the ditch carries the water for the farmers east of the North Truckee Lane.

Father was one of the organizers of that North Truckee and one of the original owners in the Union Drain. He was a director of both. Well, those people that had to operate it had to pay assessments, you see, and they were permitted to work them out if they'd do it within a year. Now, if you had an extra man in the ditch digging time, you'd send him up there, and you were allowed so much per day towards that man's work. In other words, you'd pay the man this amount of money, and it would be credited to your assessment; or you'd pay the difference, you know.

I mowed both of those for about three years. And you don't know what I found. Sometimes I'd be up to the water—to here [to my chest]. And we're always have to have somebody to catch the drifting moss and throw it out in a pile on the ditch bank. You'd pick out what we'd call a field, and you'd start mowing, and you had to mow against the grain if the stream was running this way, don't you see. You wouldn't cut it this way; you'd cut it along the base, which would mean that you'd be working against yourself, but it would go on down and you'd throw the moss out to dry. You'd be up to here, sometimes. But we never could mow beyond what is called the Kleppe Lane; it was too deep and muddy. But you wouldn't be in that very long. The lower end

of the drain ditch was much deeper and much larger than the upper end. Your irrigation ditch would feather out a little bit towards the end—I mean, about the same time.

We had an experience one time, and it was after Sparks was started. A family built a house right over the drain ditch. They sued the drain ditch company for a large sum because of the unsanitary conditions the ditch caused, and this and that and the other thing. Mr. Sardis Summerfield had the case for the drain ditch company, and there was a jury trial. I happened to be mowing the ditch this one day, and I came up to the east end of the house and I had to get under it. So I got under it, and by Jove, I found where the family flushed the toilet, the dishwater, and whatnot into the drain ditch beneath this house. So I got out of the ditch, and with the fellow who was throwing out the moss, went up quite a distance ahead. He bypassed this spot. We didn't touch it. I told Father about it that night and showed him what I'd found, and I said, "I just left it alone. Maybe if the jury would look at it, you wouldn't have to argue your case."

Father advised the attorney, Mr. Summerfield, who moved that the jury go down to the site of the point at issue and that the ditch company and the plaintiffs share the expenses. In the meantime, Father had called me to get Mr. Peterson to bring some planks to the site and divert the water from above into another ditch so the jury could get under the house. The jury crawled under the house and observed the condition. The jury returned to the courtroom, and upon motion of Mr. Summerfield, the case was dismissed.

Water has caused more trouble, more enmity, than anything that I know of in this area—the quarrels over water. And I think if they knew as much then as they know now about irrigation, they'd never have any



quarreling. But there are farmers and people with their lawns who still don't know how to irrigate their lands. They would use all the water they could get. They'd steal. And they'd shut the other fellow off.

I always tried to remember the great philosophies that the pioneers had. They are as good today as they were before. I can remember the first time that I was invited to attend a party in Reno. I attended, and Mother instructed me. She said, "Remember, son, don't be seated until the hostess sits down. And if other ladies are standing, waiting for her, let her sit down, then the other ladies, then you sit down. Keep your elbows off the table. Watch your host in the use of the silver and other manners." I did that. But I noticed the hostess in a little while doing this [ putting her elbows on the table].

So Mother asked me about the party, and I said, "I did observe in due time that the hostess put her elbows on the table."

And she said to me, "Anybody else have their elbows on the table?"

And I said, "Yes."

"Well," she said, "she was a perfect hostess. She did that because she didn't want the others to be embarrassed. But," she said, "Did you put yours on afterwards?"

I said, "No, Mother." That taught me something I've never forgotten. That hostess still lives.

Now, the next party I came to, my folks had told me ten to ten-thirty was late enough to remain anyplace. And when it came around ten-thirty, I went over to the hostess and told her, "Good evening. Thank you for the party." And I went over to the mother of the hostess to thank her.

And she said, "Well, Silas, you're not going home now. We haven't served the refreshments. It'll be quite a while." And she was very positive.

And finally, I said, "Well, I'm sorry. But Mother told me this is late enough to stay, and I respect her opinion, and I have six miles to ride on my bicycle." And I left.

As I have reflected on that particular incident and see the situation as it is today, I'm wondering if it doesn't prove to me and could prove to others that my little mother "was right." Maybe if they would observe these old amenities today, they wouldn't have so much time for some of the discourteous things they do do.

Now, my dad was very much interested in education; my mother was, too. And they offered the older children the opportunity to go to college, such as it was, and my older brother and older sister were in the first [University of Nevada] student body in '87. But sister Emma got married and brother Charlie got the education he wanted and went back to the ranch. My brother Irvin was in the prep school and he remained in the prep school until the Spanish-American War. I then came along and with my sister Vera attended the Glendale School and thence to Reno High and the University.

However, I knew it was tough for the folks to finance my education. I wanted an education. I can remember Father and Mother telling me one time, saying, "Now, look.. A man is old enough to understand these things. We want to talk to you about the facts of life. We want you to know, first, that you're here through the grace of God and the desire of your parents. You owe your God everything. You owe your parents respect. They owe you an education within their ability. But we also want you to know that you're in a world of competition, much more difficult than we had. If you want to compete, you must have an education. And if you want to compete and be a leader, you need the knowledge of the Bible." And then

he wound up by saying this: "I hope you will be a leader if you care to."

My little mother said to me, "Be alert, observant, and prepared to mount the ladder on strong rounds. Be sure of what you do and that you hold onto it. Don't be discouraged if you don't get to the top, because you'll get so near the top that you will get recognition."

Then Father went a little bit further and said, "I want to tell you something, too, about this temper you have." He said, "Count ten when you get mad, before you say anything. Be careful in the use of your language." He said, "Never call a man a liar or an s. b., because in this country that means fight. But if you say to the man, 'I think you're a liar,' or 'I think you're an s. b.,' he has a right to his opinion, and you have a right to your opinion. There's room for discussion."

And then, also, he told me that I had a right to ask questions, and [laughing] that was a bad thing, because I've been asking questions ever since. He said, "Before you ask a question, be sure that you know what you want to ask and form it so a man of authority can understand it. You ask him that question, and if he is an authority and his answer is not clear, you can ask him again. If it's still not clear, reframe your question and ask him a third time. And then if it isn't clear, you have a right to your opinion, but doubt not his right to his opinion." And he finally wound up and said, "Son, you're coming to the time when you want to go out with girls. There's a matter of sex, and the only thing I'm going to say to you is this: when you take out a little girl, you treat her as you would your sister or your mother and be kind to her." I've never forgotten it.





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## MY ASSOCIATION WITH THE UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA

### **BEGINNINGS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA: THE ELKO PERIOD, PRESIDENTS BROWN AND JONES**

I've always said that every president and acting president that we've had at the University of Nevada since its removal from Elko to Reno had laid a splendid foundation for his successor to build on. I might as well go even further than that and cover the early history of the University when it was in Elko. As we read it, the people that were in charge had done marvelous work for the reason that they had students who didn't even have a good eighth-grade education and built from there into practically high school subjects, and there were no changes during that time, due at first to the resignation of Mr. D. R. Sessions, who was in charge, to become state superintendent of schools. His successors were well-educated men taken from business and professions and gave of their time to try to carry on.

This first division was 1874 to 1885, and that's when the school was in Elko. I make this statement, that I believe the best resume

of the history of the University at Elko, called the transition and beginning, is that contained in Chapters One, Two, Three and Four of Doten's History of the University of Nevada, and make the further note that an excellent digest has been made by this young fellow, Larry Oxborrow [a term paper]

When we speak of the history of the University of Nevada, it is necessary for a few moments to consider those things that happened before the University became an entity, making it possible for us to have the University, and by virtue of certain grants from the federal government. If we go into this carefully, we will find that Senator Justin S. Morrill of Vermont, who was interested in the education of the youth and particularly in agricultural and mechanic arts, after a thorough study of the situation throughout the United States of America and based upon the experience of the few land grant colleges that had been started by a few individuals, was able to get through the Congress a bill in 1862. It was signed by President Lincoln, in spite of the fact that he was busy with the

Civil War and all this strife. He conceived the idea of deeding to the state a certain amount of land which could be sold by a land grant college, and the sum invested and the interest therefrom could be used in the manner of helping to sustain the land grant college. It is interesting to note that, in order to be just with all the states, this grant of public lands was measured in terms of so many acres per congressman and senator that was in the state. As I remember, it was around thirty thousand acres of public lands for each of these people. The funds from the sale of this ground had to be held in perpetuity, and the interest therefrom is used to support the college. In 1866, a further grant of seventy-two entire sections for the support of the University was sponsored by Mr. Morrill and passed through Congress.

In March, 1887, Mr. [William Henry] Hatch realized that something had to be done to give the states a little cash to operate the research in the manner of land grant colleges. The cash is to be used for the operation of the agricultural experiment stations. This would help, of course, but it had to be later amended by Mr. Morrill in the Congress to increase—or rather, add to his proposition a certain amount of money to be sent to us.

The result of that was this: that when the framers of our constitution were talking about a university, and particularly a school of mines, they were in a position to accept this land grant, providing they could carry out the intent of the law. And I use the word “intent” very advisedly and will illustrate an example of it. When the University was founded, it was certain of a certain number of acres of land throughout the state, and it was also certain that a certain amount of money was to be used to pay for research and teaching, with the result that the responsibility of the taxpayers of our state was an appropriation

to build buildings and get started and try to educate the youth.

At the time that the University was founded in Elko, it was practically a preparatory school. They had to pick the young people up from the grammar schools and such small high schools as we had and ground them in subjects that would make it possible for them to go ahead in their particular field and do research. It's interesting to note that in the school that we had in Elko, one of the first things that Mr. Sessions did was to set up a preparatory school. And then, in addition to that, he had a man in mining that would teach these people assaying and a little mineralogy and other subjects related thereto. It's also interesting to note that it was all right for a while, and then the bottom dropped out of it.

In passing, it is said that when the University was located at Elko, they thought it well to divide up the state institutions in the different areas of the state and didn't think of the proximity for material to work with. So when it moved to Reno, there was a problem. When they voted to move the University to Reno, there was a financial problem that had to be solved. Bills were introduced in the legislature to make this possible. One of the bills very definitely gave Washoe County permission and direction to pass a bond issue which would pay Elko for the investment that they had out there, and also leave a little money towards the building, or purchase of ground and the building of buildings. As I recall (and I'm not so sure I got this from what my father told me, or whether I researched it when I was at the University, but the figure is very definite) there was \$25,100 of bond issue. And they had to send \$20,000 of that to Elko to repay Elko for their expense, and the other \$5,000 would go towards the purchase of land. An interesting thing, too, was (I think it was my father who told me; either that, or I

picked it up in my own research) that in this bond issue, Washoe County was directed to pay that balance to the Board of Regents of the University of Nevada. And that's a little fine point in there. I think I have another note on that later.

Now, frankly, I say this: I didn't know Mr. D. R. Sessions, but I knew of him, and I knew the Sessions family and a number of them in this area, and they were all known to Father. One of the younger brothers-in-law and sisters knew him. Ivan Smith was the daughter of one of them; she attended the University. I don't think she ever graduated, but she, for a number of years, was secretary to the president up there before she married A. M. Smith, who graduated in 1901. She was the mother of Dale and Thor Smith.

Now, I think, in my oral history of the Glendale school, I called attention to the fact that the first person to think in terms of the school was a man by the name of Sessions, who was related to this gentleman. It might've been the same gentleman, but I don't know. The Sessions people owned all the land from what would be the extension of Stanford Way to the schoolhouse up to, oh, way beyond Seventeenth Street in Sparks, and from the old Glendale Road—that would be the extension of East Second now, and the river. He taught some of these kids in his own home, and when they got this building built in '64, he was the first teacher, which, I think, is interesting. It brings it right at home here—that is, his association there—and brings it also directly in connection with a former student of the University. One of the Sessions was the first teacher there.

Then the University moved to Reno, the first land was purchased—or, rather, they came here and they looked over several proposed sites and finally set upon this hill that belonged to Mr. J. N. Evans that

overlooked the city. And the Board at that time thought it would be interesting to look to see who these people were. The prime mover in the thing was Senator [Noble] Getchell's father. That ground was purchased on July 11, 1885, and it was reported there that they paid \$125 an acre for the first ten acres, and that the Regents bonded themselves with Mr. Evans to buy the additional ten acres at a price not to exceed \$150 an acre within a period of two years. Now, the legislature gave us a little money at that particular time, and when the Regents got through buying the land, and the like of that, they had in the neighborhood of \$13,000.

Now, at this point, it was necessary to get some plans and specifications, and they gave the architects in this area an opportunity to draw up plans and specifications for the building with the understanding that whoever's plan was accepted (now, this is without charge) would become the supervising architect and receive his fee along that line. So they accepted the plans drawn by M. 7. Curtis. He was a builder here for many years; some of his kids graduated from the University. And he was the supervising architect. I understand when they advertised for bids, all but one bid \$13,000. And Burke Brothers, a couple of Irish brick masons from this area, bid in for \$12,700. The contract was let on July 21, 1885. The breaking of the ground was on August 2, 1885, and the cornerstone was laid by the Grand Lodge of Masons. It was September 12, 1885. The doors were opened on the first floor in March of 1886. That's the Morrill Hall.

When the University was first started, there was a confusion as to the law and as to the intent of the law and between the power of the legislature with the result that the Regents were elected by the legislature. Now, to begin with, the legislature elected usually the superintendent of schools and an attorney

and somebody like that to be Regents. Then they were elected by the legislature, and they functioned for a while within that plan. They found this to be unconstitutional, with the result that those that were elected by the legislature were out, and they provided in the law, temporarily until the next general election, that the governor and the attorney general and the superintendent of schools [would serve]. Then the law was interpreted that they must be elected by the people. Dedicated men were elected, yet they were not familiar with the aims and objects of the University, apparently believing that they were the administrative group. Their terms were short, and due to the fact that they were short, there was no continuity in an educational program.

When Dr. Brown came to Nevada, he was fortunate in having some people on the Board that knew something about education. Some of them had been former teachers and they were in sympathy with his idea.

Now we come to Mr. LeRoy Brown. While the building was started in 1885, it wasn't fairly completed until 1886. They had teachers there, and one of them was Orvis Ring, who was teaching in high school here, and the other one was a mining engineer from one of the mines up at Virginia City. But the Reno people said that Ring couldn't continue, and the mining people said the engineer couldn't continue because they were too valuable in what they were attempting to do. But what they actually did—to get a president, they looked to the East and they had heard about Mr. Brown. He had received his doctor's degree and he had been teaching for a number of years and a family was coming along, so he quit that and went into banking. There, he got a pretty fair background, but his academic training was so great that they thought he would do a good job, and he quit to come

out here. But his environment was definitely New England, and when he came out to this Western area

Now, in the meantime, when the Regents hired him, the Regents hired another teacher, Miss Hannah Clapp, and the two of them started out. He engaged a man by the name of [Frank] Fielding (I picked up this information through the history of the school of mines) to take care of the mining. Brown and Miss Clapp did some teaching, and to establish the prep school, they hired Orvis Ring. And he held that position until he was elected to be state superintendent of schools. Before Mr. Brown's term was over, he had increased this to twelve people. I think I have that list a little bit later. The faculty increased to twelve members in 1889-1893.

Now, it was said that the first student body was made up of about fifty people. I think that was a little bit large. Brown immediately continued the high school and the normal [school] project. He set up some courses in general arts, agriculture, mechanic arts. Oh, yes, this normal school, it's the teachers' school. Now, according to Doten (that was in '87 when he came here), there were about 150 students, and most of them came from the Reno area.

Now, we have a period in there, oh, from 1889 to the early '90's, when there was a constant increase in the high schools. The one in Virginia City, the one in Carson, and the one in Reno supplied a great many of these students. But they apparently didn't have any high schools elsewhere in the state. Now, in addition to organizing this setup here for the University, Dr. Brown became quite interested in the school system in the state, and in working with the superintendent of public instruction and the school trustees in the area, they were able to build quite a number of good grammar schools. Most of the schools

were small country schools until then. And that continued, I think, until around 1908. I was a three-year high school man.

I guess you're familiar with that particular period. And they started it. His first job was to acquaint himself with the area, and the records will show you that only one floor of Morrill Hall was finished. It was called the first building, the "main building." They laid off the school so that they could go ahead and finish the thing and they could have a complete student body and could take care of them in that one building by... when he [Brown] came here. My older brother and older sister attended that place. Most of the students came from around this area and some from the other side. But really, That he had was a glorified high school to begin with.

He reached out and got teachers. The man had great understanding, yet he was a highly nervous type and rather impetuous, from what his son has said—I'll quote him here in a moment— and an idealist. If you look back over the early history of the school out there and in here, you'll find that there's a jam as to how you should provide the Regents for changes in the law, and each time you get a set of Regents, each one of them thought that he should run the institution to a certain extent. That was tough on [the president].

The first thing Brown did after he got squared away, he started out to select the faculty and prepare a course of study, which I think is remarkable. He laid it out, "This is my objective," and he worked up to it. To begin with, the Regents thought that they ought to help him select, and they would find the people, but they made a little faux pas in one or two, so they decided to let him do these things, and he did the nominating.

Now, from what I'm told, in order to get the background and get the people started, he set up three divisions in the University.

There was the school of arts and science, the other the school of agriculture (now, we're coming to that in a little bit), and the school of mechanic arts and mining. Now, those were his objectives. He had to have a building and wanted to get this military in there. He had to get a course in agriculture in order to get the appropriation. He had to have researchers in agriculture. So that was the way he started the thing. Now, he left in 1889 when he had increased this thing to six instead of four—as I remember them, the school of liberal arts, the school of agriculture, the school of mechanic arts, and the school of mining. Later, he added the business department. Then in 1889, he started the normal school, and he left us. He'd started those particular things.

Why did he leave so quickly? The Regents, and the fact that they were hampering him. He was ambitious, but maybe he wanted to go a little bit too fast. But during his administration, he said that they ought to have a dormitory for the girls. And that was started, and I think one other—well, he had to have provisions for the military school. So they obtained the appropriation. Stewart Hall got started then.

I didn't know Mr. Brown, but I knew his son. His name is Thomas Pollock Brown. The interesting part of it is this, that he attended the University of Nevada and graduated from the normal school in 1898. Then he received a BA degree in 1899. He did other work at California and back at George Washington University. I gained that from him, because I got in touch with him when I was a Regent, trying to get these portraits of presidents. He very graciously went ahead to do it and I had a chance to talk to him. I don't know if this is correct, but this is the way I remember him speaking of his father's first year. He said that the president had to manipulate funds and such things as that to get by, and there was a



little difficulty because of his impetuosity to get along with the Regents, who thought they ought to be there. "But," he said, "my father wrote this to a friend of his. 'That first year,' my father said to me, 'I worked for sixteen to eighteen hours per day, and I spent the nights in planning for the days that not a minute might be lost in getting under way.' Then some time after this, it seems as though my father had difficulty. They were testing his strength, in which he rejoiced. And so at the close of the year, he wrote to a friend, 'This has been the happiest and most useful year of my life.'"

I think that he died in California; I'm not sure. I think that he went into the banking business after he left here. The point that I make in that first administration is this: he started the building campaign—or rather, helped on it, and he set up the divisions which were something to shoot at, and they were increased until we had some six instead of four, or three, setups, and then he also established the normal school for teaching. That's as much as I can tell you about this. So that means that Morrill Hall was completed, the Agricultural Experiment Station was completed, the Stewart Hall was started, the dormitory.

What did the faculty think of him? Well, he only had a small faculty. I think he got along beautifully with all but Miss Clapp. She was strong, too, you see. But he got along very well with her. I think during Jones' administration he put her in charge of the Library and as a preceptress to the girls.

Do I think that this personality defect of Brown's was the real, serious answer? Well, I think it was a little too heavy for him, too, but he realized that he'd done as good a job as possible. And so by studying this thing, he felt he might not have the strength to go ahead, and he didn't want to quarrel with anyone.

Did I know any of the Regents at that time? I think I did. Oh, yes, you see, some of the Regents were state officials, like Governor Jewett Adams and Governor C. C. Stevenson, and at one time the superintendent of public construction, one time, the attorney general. I didn't know Governor Stevenson, but I did meet Mr. Adams. As a matter of fact, his widow left some money to the University, and they didn't know who donated it, or what. Stevenson and Adams fought to beat the band when they were the governors to put this University over. Now, at that particular time, an issue came up as to their qualifications to serve. The legislature elected the Regents, you see. Before Jones was through, that was found to be wrong.

Now, we stop there for the moment and consider the first buildings that were on the campus. Well, of course, the first was the main building, which is now Morrill Hall, and it held that name, and that was in 1885. In 1889, they constructed what they called the science building, and it included the sciences of botany and chemistry and mining. At that particular time, you see, our student body was small, and the University work was secondary to the high school. Now, then, in 1889, they constructed this science building; it housed the mining school (and I think the teaching of it only) and the scientific work of chemistry and biological science. That would be a second building. Yet there is a doubt on the part of some authorities; it was supposed to be the Nevada Agricultural Experiment Station building. It's reasonable to assume that they might have given that some consideration, because the legislature, in providing for the University, stressed mining. Even in Elko, they hired Mr. Jules E. Gignoux, who was employed by the Regents during the Elko period, to give instruction in assaying and in engineering. This man was trained in the

school of mines in Freiberg, Saxony. He was a Frenchman, and according to Doten, some thirteen men received instruction there in the school from him. I'll look that up to be sure. I knew that it was about a dozen. At the end of a certain period (I think Gignoux taught two years), there wasn't anybody to take the course, so he left. But many of these twelve or thirteen went into the field. They were taught assaying based on mineralogy and some ore treatment, and as I say, geology, and some basic principles of mining. Now, remember, at that time a lot of these young people didn't have a high school education, and Gignoux wasn't able to give them too much math, but he could give them the facts to decide, and those were the first mining men of the school that went into the field. And they did make good, so that when we d-t-d get our school of mines at the University in Reno, there was an entree, and that's the way- they got around, [because of these first mining men who went in the field and made good].

Another thing about that particular period is this: Mr. Gignoux left the University and then became one of the most prominent mining engineers in Nevada and was the man that later developed the Dayton area and Silver City area.

He'd been married twice. By his first wife, he had a couple older boys who went into the Army, and then he had— let's see, one, two, three, four boys and a girl by his second marriage, who was a Miss Loftis from Dayton. All of those boys and the girl attended the University at Reno. The oldest one didn't want to graduate. He took mechanical engineering and went on to the field before he graduated. The second, Ray, was in my class; we graduated in 1909. He and I worked together as a team all that period of time. His first job was location engineer for the Alaskan railroad, and from there, he went

to work for the Great Northern. Then Shell Oil picked him up. He was a construction engineer for them and he served all over the country and even in Holland. He's retired and living in San Gabriel right now. The third boy graduated in mechanical engineering and some electricity, and he became identified with the oil industry, particularly in the machinery part of it. He made a very great success of it, and during World War II, he was in demand—in such demand that they just kept him busy on the road in connection with this kind of machinery. He came back and he retired, and he's living in San Gabriel, also. Ray and Prank married sisters from Bodie and Bridgeport. They still have the cabin up there at one of the lakes, and they come up during the summer months. The fourth boy came up here and took engineering. He went down around the Bakersfield area and worked for a while in developing oil machinery, and then he became the owner of a big supply house. He's still alive and doing well. He's still living in Bakersfield; he's retired. Jigg's boy (Ray) came up here to school and he had a daughter, also, but she went to school elsewhere. She's living up north. Jigg's boy is really the location engineer for one of the oil companies. We did preliminary survey work all over the eastern part of the state here and found some properties that are drilling oil now. The girl graduated and she died within a year [after graduating]. So that's the Gignoux family.

Now, when Dr. Brown served under these appointive Regents, I think that during the latter end of his administration, they changed to election. Some men on the Board were not really qualified in what a University should be. But anyhow, there was a little friction between them and Dr. Brown. They were somewhat conservative in the matter of duty. Some of them didn't realize that it required money



to operate an institution. When Dr. Brown came out here, we were generally pioneers. His son said, "My father was an impatient man. He thought a thing through himself, and if he couldn't get results quickly, he became very impatient." In other words, they had him down as not always sympathetic with the fellows with short-sided views and men less informed than himself. He resigned and moved to California and made quite a success and died down there. So you see what Brown did. He just raised the University out of the aggrandized high school, organizing his faculty so that they could take care of these people that wanted to teach. And by having this enlarged, they could overlap, and they could take in the prep school those subjects which were required to go ahead, and also, the normals.

After he resigned, there was an election of trustees [Regents], and a new Board came in. That same group was the one that elected Dr. Jones. Dr. Jones was a highly educated man, a natural-born teacher, and a man that could judge men. He was not a good administrator because he felt that by having qualified men, they could get together and agree and run the University that way.

The student body increased beyond 143 in the early '90's, and it was said that there were around 265, because they were coming in from all over the state. Between 95 and 1902, the prep registration plus the university registration approached the 350 mark.

Some of the early timers grouped the Brown administration as "the beginning." The Jones administration was called the "conservative growth." Jones came in at a time when that great panic struck this country and people were poor and money was scarce. To go ahead, they needed money. But they had a conservative board. During his time, the Regents demanded of the president that

he visit every class and department at least once a week, holding that in order to keep in touch with all of these requirements and his teachers, that he would have first-hand knowledge. Jones did that religiously. He gained a very good background of what each was trying to do. He would bring up something at each faculty meeting, and they would discuss it, pro and con. And one of the early historians, in writing about the University, said something like this, "that it wound up being a debating society."

Now, when this next Board of Regents was elected, they, too, had some ideas. I gather that they decided that their responsibilities were very definitely to administration. Acting upon the recommendation of the president, they would decide on the budget they needed and how it was to be distributed. Mr. Jones was not successful in persuading them otherwise, so he decided the thing for him to do was to get out in other fields. Dr. Jones was a man that was broadly educated in this country and in Europe. He'd been in touch with the larger and stronger universities all over the area, and he had at his fingertips policies of these other organizations, other universities, and the ideals for which they were standing. With that broad knowledge, he was able to select good men. This weakness probably was in finance. However, after he left the University, he went down to San Jose. He did lecturing with the people around San Jose, and then he decided to buy land. He became one of the best qualified educators and real estate people in the area and retired as a wealthy man. (His wife was a brilliant woman, too. She was a graduate of a Quaker college in Indiana. She went to Carson to visit her cousin, Trenmor Coffin. He had been a Regent. Her first school was in Jack's Valley. In going through some of Mother's effects after she died, I ran across a copy of her contract that she signed. We sent

it on to her surviving son, Herbert Jones. He wrote back and said, "I'll bet Trenmor Coffin drew that." He sent my son a copy of the contract. I urged him to put it in the archives here, but whether he's done it or not, I don't know. Aunt Lou, as they called her—she was a Quaker, too—left here and went to the Hawaiian Islands, where she studied. She became quite famous in the matter of forestry and trees. She met Mr. Tones and married him. Then they went to Germany, and she had that background, too. When they settled down in San Jose, she became interested in the redwoods. When she died, she was an authority on redwoods and that line of conservation. There was over a million people there. She helped him, of course, in a lot of her activities, being a Quaker and thrifty. She probably helped him to save a dollar.)

Now, getting back to Dr. Jones, I had never met him until after Mrs. Ross and I were married. We spent two or three days with them at their request, and I had an opportunity to observe them both. Aunt Lou was the gentle kind who answered you if a question was asked, was interested in current events, and very quiet. Dr. Jones was a man that was immediately inquisitive, and Ross—the name seemed to mean something to him. He asked about my background, and I remember then that he told me that he knew my father. Then he just took me all to pieces in what I was doing, wondered what I was doing. I couldn't help but think his questions were not impertinent, but they were to the point, and he wanted to be very sure that Emily hadn't made a mistake! So we find in Jones that he built on the foundation that was given to him, even under hard times, in getting additional buildings, and attracting more faculty, and attracting high-type people. In both cases, we found interference on the part of the Regents, but we had some changes

in the faculty, too, due to the fact that these people were attracted elsewhere.

You find in reading the constitutional debates, they said they wanted a University and mining school second to none, but the equivalent of Frieberg University. J. E. Gignoux was their first teacher in mining and related subjects in Elko. Now, that died out, and early in Mr. Brown's experience, probably one of the first people that he hired was a fellow by the name of Fielding. He could teach assaying and a few other subjects in the one building at the time.

The third building that was built is what most people recognize as the Nevada Agricultural Experiment Station building. The first building, which is the science building, was directly west of Morrill Hall on the bend of that little lake, Manzanita Lake. The next building, agriculture, was on the east of Morrill Hall and on a line north of the back end of Morrill Hall. Do I clarify that to you? The fourth building that was built was the Cottage, the girls' dormitory. That is what is now Stewart Hall. Then, the next building that they built—well, about the time that they were building the agricultural experiment building, which was in 1892, they started a machine shop on the site of what is now the mechanical engineering building. That building was built mostly by the students and Richard Brown. I'll refer to that a little later.

And in 1895--I'm going to cover this right now—the University reported to the legislature that they needed dormitories and they needed land. You see, the original ten acres, which start at the lower end of the campus (now, by that, I mean the east end, and it extended north to about the line of the Church [Fine Arts] Building), it took a part of the hollow and the athletic field. The west line would be a parallel line to Virginia Street, and the other line went from Ninth Street

north about what was the west side of Hatch Station—ten acres. In 1895, the legislature appropriated \$38,000 for two dormitories, one for men and one for women, and the rest was to buy that land—\$38,000.

During this time, the students wanted a gymnasium. They wanted an all-purpose gymnasium, something in which they could have their dances, could take physical exercise, have an inside drill area, and have space large enough to hold public meetings. So the students, together with the aid of Prof. N. E. Wilson, represented the University. Fred P. Dann of Reno, who was a thespian, and B. F. Curler, who was a young attorney (Dann had been an actor and Curler was a young attorney trying to establish himself), they represented the townspeople. So you had the students, the faculty, and the townspeople. They gave plays, and they had almost enough money to pay for the gym. It was completed just a little after Lincoln and Manzanita halls. Lincoln Hall was not called Lincoln Hall at that time; it was called the men's dormitory, and Manzanita was still called the Cottage. The legislature appropriated just a little money for the gym, but the students and faculty raised the balance of the money to build the gym themselves. That was around 1895.

I have this note that Morrill Hall was first called the "main building." Stewart Hall was called the Cottage, and Hatch Station was called the Science Building. The other building, which was on this side [the north side], was called the agricultural experiment station building. It was decided sometime early in the game that they ought to be given definite names. was told, and I have a right to believe it, that they thought that Mr. [Justin] Morrill should be recognized, and Mr. [William Henry] Hatch, for what they had done, and that also Senator [William M.] Stewart should be recognized, because

he's the man that, when he was Senator, had prevailed upon the Congress to establish a military unit in the University for drill for the men. Now, there's more behind that than you think. Because in order to get it, they needed men students, and further than that, they needed some additional instructors to carry on. So he introduced that bill and was successful in it, so we were the only western state outside of California that had a cadet battalion. They named the main building after Morrill, who sponsored the land grant act; the science building after Hatch, who introduced a bill that got an appropriation for the state in dollars and cents; and the other one Stewart because of Stewart's activity.

I was advised, and this can be confirmed, I'm sure, if you read the old Regents' minutes (I got a lot of my information from George H. Taylor, who was secretary of the Board of Regents. He was a banker here from Indiana), that Morrill Hall was used for the administration and classrooms. The original library was in the west side of the basement, and the prep school was on the east side of the basement. That's what it was used for. The science and mining building covered chemistry, some physics, and biological science and mining—just classrooms, not any research, or anything like that. The Agricultural Experiment Station, the building was used entirely for the teaching of agriculture and research. In passing, if I remember correctly (this came from Mr. Doten, either personally or in his book), they had an idea about what could be done in agriculture, and even in the early days when they were starting these agricultural colleges, they had no research. U's something maybe like the application of my father. He read this and read that and read the other thing, and then he started out as a layman to experiment and made his notes and governed his actions by what he had learned.

The Cottage afterwards was called Stewart Hall. The Regents got the money for it because of the plea of the president at the time that there were so many girls that it was hard to find places for them to reside. In the basement was the old kitchen and dining hall. The first floor accommodated the normal school, and there was a room there called the Regents' room, or office. The second floor was the girls' dormitory, and the third floor was an assembly hall. Well, they also did a little freehand drawing up there, but before they got too far, they were using even that for instruction.

Did I mention the fact that these first four buildings, every one of them, had a high basement, two stories, and mansard roofs? Well, Morrill Hall is an example of it, and there're pictures they have somewhere at the University of all of those buildings, and they're all built almost alike in architecture.

The gymnasium at that time was used for commencement and baccalaureate exercises, public meetings, class dances, and for such physical education we had—all it was was just setting up exercises and probably under the direction of the commandant, who made us go through it as in the military, until Miss [Elsa] Sameth came to the University of Nevada. Then it was also used for women's physical education.

The Student Record started about that time. To begin with, it was opposed by the Regents, but the students formed an independent association, got it started, and made good, so the Regents gave them a room in the gym for their offices. I think I'll cover that a little bit later.

Now, I've covered the old mechanical building—oh, yes, by the way, the old mechanical building was wooden and built mostly by the male students and Dick Brown. They had their wood shop and lathe shoe and

their iron shop downstairs, and the upper portion was the boys' dormitory. That's where the men students lived for a while. (The girls lived over in the Cottage, which would be the second floor of Stewart Hall.) In November, 1895, the old mechanical building and the quartz mill and the stables that stood in that particular area were burned. This quartz mill—apparently, in mining, they had the scientific side of it all in the one hall, but as far as actual mill work and things like that, they had it spotted on different places on the campus. They'd have some place perhaps with big boulders where you could [laughing] run the drilling machine, and another place you'd have set up for a mill. May I mention this here. I nearly forgot to say, when the mechanical building burned down, the boys were housed in one of the buildings of Bishop Whitaker's old school until Lincoln Hall was built.

Back of this building, the sciences and quartz mill (and that would be east of where the Orr Ditch is, in that little area), they had a stable, also. That stable housed two horses, a small buggy—you'd call it a truck today—with a low body. The horse and buggy was used by the superintendent of the buildings and grounds to go down and get the University mail and bring it up and to deliver it back down, and at the same time, do his shopping for the dining hall and other incidentals.

Now, the other wagon was used primarily to haul drinking water from a well, I'll mention that a little bit later. It's situated between what was then originally the agricultural building and the mechanical building, and that would now be between the Fleischmann science building and the old mechanical. They used to pump a can of water each day for the hospital unless they had people in there, and had to have two for Lincoln Hall, four for the dining hall, and two for Manzanita. That was for drinking water. That was a job in itself.

And the boys got up early in the morning, delivered the water, and then they brought the empty cans back. They didn't sterilize 'em, just washed them out for another day. Then it was also used for moving furniture from one building to the other and working around the area and to haul rocks.

This was one big fire, and that happened to be in 1895, in November. I don't know what they did for shop. They might've gone downtown. But the next year, they had that mechanical building up. I know it was within that time. So that would mean the old mechanical building was put up around 1896. This can be verified, too, from your University records. The first fire was in November, 1895, the next one was August, 1900, and that was the agricultural experimental station building that was on the side of what is now the Mackay Science Hall. It was destroyed by fire. It burned off the mansard roof and all of the inside there, so the Regents took it upon themselves to move the agricultural experimental station over to Hatch Station and, because they were crowded, to build a chemistry building for the teaching of chemistry and also for chemical research in conjunction with the agricultural experiment station. So they tore the top off that old building and they kept the Hatch station for agricultural research, which took in that research plus the biological science. They moved the mining school and the department of physics to the refurbished building. Then they added a building (it's a long building to the east side), extended it towards the Orr Ditch, which was large enough for mining, mineralogy, and geology, laboratory equipment, and such things as that, and a classroom. Then they put the physics department downstairs and had the offices upstairs for mineralogy; that was there when I started to the University of Nevada. They called that the mining building then, and

the only science they had in there, outside of their own field, was physics. And the new chemistry building, the building that they built for the chemistry department, was the one where the Ross Hall stands now. You remember, it used to be made of stone? They erected two walls and a part of another and had put the towers up for the state prison in Reno. They moved [the remaining] stone and built this chemistry building. The downstairs portion was for chemistry, and the upstairs was for offices and agriculture research, and physics was over with mining.

Funds were provided by the legislature for the purchase of additional land (that's ten acres) to build two dormitories, one for women and one for men. The land was situated on the west side of Hatch Station—between the west side of Hatch Station and the State Road, as it was called in the early days, which is now Virginia Street. Virginia Street was a dead end then in back of Lincoln Hall, and it extended back to the north line of the former campus, joining the two pieces together. By the way, I think you'll find, if you do research, that there were some fractions left in that that the University had to pick up later to square it off.

Oh, yes, and looking up the history of Lincoln Hall, I verified what I was told when I went in there. They built Lincoln Hall—that is, finished it first, and Manzanita was later. The superintendent of buildings said, "Now what we need is a dining room and a kitchen for the boys," and he suggested they try to get money to build it directly north of the back end of Lincoln Hall with a causeway, or whatever you want to call it, so that they could move from the hall directly into the dining hall and that area. Of course, that never materialized—that is part of the history. I think they had in mind the cramped quarters that they had in the basement of Stewart Hall, you see, at that time.



This may be interesting. After the completion of Manzanita Hall, part of the rooms were occupied by the president and his family. It was only a short time after its completion that the president realized that it wasn't the place for him; the girls needed it. You'll find in the minutes of the Board of Regents where Mr. Barnes recommended that they should build at least twenty additional rooms on Manzanita.

Now, that gave the president—and that was Dr. Stubbs—an “in.” Dr. Stubbs thought that we ought to provide a home for the president on the campus. The University didn't have any money for anything like that, but they discussed it with the townspeople and others, and the Regents leased that acreage to the president for a certain number of years. The townspeople made loans from a hundred to five hundred dollars, and Dr. Stubbs himself put in around three thousand of his own money to build the president residence. I think the building cost, oh, around eight thousand dollars. Then they went to the legislature. I think that the governor recommended that they should take up the loans, because in the terms of this lease, at the end of a certain period of time, it became the property of the University. Now, by his moving out of Manzanita, that gave the girls the extra room they needed for a while. Then they finally did put on an addition. Now, in passing, we must remember that while these first four buildings were on what they said was level ground, it wasn't too level. It slanted quite a bit.

Another interesting thing about that time: many people ask us about the flagstaff. They hadn't provided any flagstaff, and that was provided around the time of the Spanish-American War, around 1898. I recall that because my brother was at war, and Father had come to town on his weekend outing, and

he was one of the contributors to that fund. They presented this flagpole, or had it built, and then, at the commencement following, the townspeople presented a flag to fly over the campus. They had a dedication ceremony during commencement for it. Now, of course, that pole is down. They now have a metal pole. But that's the beginning of it, that thing. I think that pole was very much higher than the one they have now.

Then the Evans people had their home before Evans sold some property, and he had a little reservoir up on top of the hill; it was filled from the Orr Ditch. The water ran from that down into his home. Then to the left, as you come in the main gates off of Center Street, the people in that block had a reservoir on the top of that hill. You see, it was high in there, and they used that for water for the homes. They were abandoned when Mr. [Clarence] Mackay came in and gave the money for the appropriations. They were there when I was there.

Now this here's of interest: of course, you had to have land for the agricultural experiment station, and that first piece of land that they had was bounded on the east by the Asylum Road, and on the north by the Southern Pacific right-of-way, on the south by the river, and on the west by the English Mill properties. That Kietzke Lane extension, and so forth, goes right through the middle of it now. But the authorities in Washington held that that was not large enough to do any experimenting and also held that the soil was not sufficiently good to do their experimenting in, and they told the Regents to do something about it. And there, Washoe County stepped into the picture, and that's when they bought this ground on Valley Road. It was bounded on the west by Valley Road, on the east by what is now Wells Avenue, on the south by, I think, what is Seventh Street extended, and

upon the north by an abutting agricultural property, which would be practically on, oh, the line of the back end of our campus then, which would be where the Hatch station finally was for a period of time. The interesting thing about that is that it met with approval, and Washoe County had to buy it. They did, and they bought it from a man by the name of Morrill, Enoch Morrill. (I knew him well; he has a great-granddaughter living here now.) They bought it from him to present to the University for agricultural experimental work. That deed had a condition on it. I can't quote it, but I knew about it, and I had an occasion to look it up years ago when they tried to put in Sadler Way, and later, when the government wanted to put in a bunch of houses on it for people that are out here at Stead Base. There is a reversion clause in it. And when the city of Reno wanted to take off the north side, that condition was cited. They needed it right away, so they had to buy it from the farmers abutting it. The legislature got into the picture by agreeing to contribute a little bit towards it through a separate fund which came from buying and selling livestock, and so forth. They contributed towards it that way and set up a condition that the University would never be held—or the state—for the paving of that street for sidewalks, curbs, and gutters. They would put in bridges and then pave them for water to cross the way and a good fence of wire, and such things along the line.

Now, I note this in the study of the school system: In those early days; there were perhaps only two high schools in the state. That would be Virginia City and Reno, with possibly a third one in Carson. But the influence of this early administration at the University on the people of the state was so great that they thought they had money to have high schools. They were three-year high

schools, and they were increased from three to seven. Now, that can be documented, if you want to.

I'm not going to state too much about Stephen Jones, for the reason that people might think it was biased. He happens to be a cousin-in-law of my first wife's father. He married a Miss Coffin, as I've told you. Mr. Jones was a blue-bellied Yankee, that's all. He was born in Maine. He had a marvelous education. He was a graduate of Dartmouth and he taught at Penn State and he studied for a year at the University of Munster in Germany. He attended and lectured in the University of Bern and then studied two years in Greek and Latin. He received his Ph.D. from Dartmouth. Here's an interesting thing. In one of the observations I read about him, they said that he was weak in administrative experience, but he was brilliant in the other. And when they meant weak in administrative experience, [they meant that] he didn't know money or anything about it. Yet, when he left here, he went down to San Jose and started a business. He died when he was still working down there, a wealthy man.

Now, he had a fund of practical knowledge because of both this country and Europe. He had a scholarly background, and he was principal of the high school from Colorado at the time they picked him up. They chose him in preference to many others that they had interviewed because they thought that practical experience in different universities would give him a background, plus the teaching experience would be helpful here. Now, during his administration, they had a panic in this area, so things weren't easy for him at all. It seems to me that during his administration, when you look over the curriculum and the way he advanced it, he made steady progress with a conservative community. There was much accomplished and much to be done.



Now, if we go into the buildings, we find that Jones obtained the money to finish up Stewart Hall. That's the girls' dormitory. The bottom floor was a dining area. It was a dining area when I started to the university. The second floor was for the normal school and the president's office, the Regents' office. The third—that is, the first floor above this one, the floor above that was the dormitory. And up top was the recreation and assembly centers. Then Hatch Station was built. Got into a little Dutch for using the Hatch fund for teaching. I'll mention that a little bit later. But he used that money, and they did some experimental work, see, built a farm and got out some good papers and equipment and so on. Too, the state mining laboratory building was taken care of, and that's the old Hatch station.

I was picking up something in connection with the history of the Board of Health, and I ran across this. They had a state board of health that had certain powers and such things as that—not too strong, but they did have the powers to regulate. I think there was an epidemic of smallpox, and some of the boys came down with the smallpox one time over there in the boys' dormitory at the Bishop Whitaker School, and they were quarantined, and all of their clothing was taken away from them. Then when they were over the quarantine, they brought the clothing to the students that had been quarantined. The next legislature appropriated the money to pay for the clothing. Looking over the list of boys, I knew a lot of these by reputation. Long Tom Smith was the largest man in the bunch. But his clothing cost less than anybody else! It was specified how much they were supposed to cost, and I said, "How come?"

And he said, "I didn't have much clothing." It didn't cost too much.

Now, then, during Jones administration, we find this machine shop was built, and then

it burned down. And at that particular time, it was called "the ram's pasture," "the shop," and such things as that. Called it "the ram's pasture." And in that building, the old THPO fraternity was organized. (I was talking to Bob Laxalt one day, and I said it was known as "the ram's pasture," and when I concluded my description, he said, "The ram's pasture?!" I said, "Yes." And he said, "I didn't know they herded sheep on the campus!" His father was a sheep man, you see.)

You understand, they didn't teach too much mining, but in that particular station, they had chemistry, physics, and assaying—everything like that. All the assaying, and such as that, they tell me they had a building up near this "ram's pasture" where they could do this work. So they moved and they fixed this up for the mining school. And then they moved everybody in connection with mining to the mining building. Then the agricultural people worked over there, and the mining people, the chemistry, and the physics. I think one of those fellows [from one of those departments] taught some mathematics at the time. Then during the early Stubbs administration, they made it completely the agricultural Experiment Station building. They taught some classes there in the building, the old chemistry building, and that was the one that was stone.

Now, President Jones went before the legislature and he advocated the building of a new dormitory for men and a new dormitory for women, and he asked to raise enough money to build the old gymnasium. And I've told the story about that.

Now, during that administration when they built Lincoln Hall and Manzanita Hall, they had for the first time steam heat, and they had plumbing, and such things as that, and they even had electric lights! You read Richard Brown's memoirs. It's interesting to hear him tell that story. That's in '92.

So I would say this for Mr. Jones, that he built upon what Dr. Brown had started, and because of his broad knowledge of the University and such things as that, he was able to increase his faculty. He had twelve in his faculty in 1889 or '90, but when he left in '93, '94, he had twenty. And of that group, many of them were there when I entered the University. Strong men.

What was he like personally, to sit down and talk to? Courteous, curious, analytical. He had a lot of this New England thrift, you see. He was a stern-looking man—Doten's is a good picture of him; it was taken when he was sitting at his desk. You had to know him to appreciate him. He was an individual. When he'd walk in, he was—he looked like somebody. But as a rule, you'd hesitate to approach him unless you were properly introduced, and then you were all right.

The first time I met him was in 1913 when Emily's brother died. Then we got off the train coming back from Texas, where he was in the mechanical engineering department as a teacher. Mr. Coffin wanted to be cremated, so they disinterred him. Emily and I took him down for cremation, and Stephen Jones came up with his two boys to the cremation. It was a short service in the afternoon, and we went back to the Jones residence. Now he was a Quaker and they Were Quakers, and you know the Quakers; you'd go into their home and there's never anything extra, just what you need. It had to be sturdy but comfortable period furniture, [nothing obvious], or decorations. The home was lovely, but you could see that he never spent too much money on it.

There's one thing, here, interesting, that during the Jones administration, the students did publish a college paper, but it didn't last very long. It was published monthly, and they called it the University Monthly. I guess

it must have been a magazine. Oh, yes, too, during his administration, he encouraged some social life. Practically all of our meetings and everything like that were in Morrill Hall. We used to be divided into two rooms. They took a partition out and that was the assembly place where we had the meetings. It was called Room Six, I think. So they left here and went to San Jose and looked around and he started his business—bought land, sold land, and the like of that.

When we were trying to get pictures of the presidents, I contacted the Jones brothers, and they graciously consented to do it. T got an old picture of President Jones sitting at his desk in what is now the northwest corner of Morrill Hall. That was his office. T had it done. So when they came up that year, T. think that [Augustine] Gus (that's the young one) gave the baccalaureate address, and I'm not so sure whether Herbert gave the commencement address or whether he gave the Phi Kappa Phi address.

Now, for two boys, they're alike in many ways, but they're as different as night is from day. Gus, the younger one, was full of the devil and in mischief all the time. Herbert was a staid individual right on through. Gus became a preacher and Herbert became an attorney. As a matter of fact, Gus became quite prominent as a preacher. They were both graduates of Stanford. Herbert went back and practiced law in San Jose, and he's still practicing. He went into politics. He was elected state senator from that county and he was favorably mentioned as candidate for governorship. The staunch Republicans and those people were, you know, thinking his way, but he wouldn't go. They counted on him, but he wouldn't go. His most recent work was work for the Santa Clara County water. Under his guidance, they built these dams to conserve the water. Then he went to Washington and

got the permission to connect into this canal that's going to come up about to Sacramento and bring it up over.

#### MEMOIR ON EARLY UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA FACULTY AND BUILDINGS

I knew practically all of the first faculty, not at the time that they came, but later through association. I have known every president of the University since that time. I didn't know Mr. [Le Roy] Brown, but I knew him through his son quite well. Now, Miss Clapp: when the Regents hired Mr. Brown, at the same time, they hired Hannah Clapp as his assistant. Then they got together in looking over the situation, they had to have somebody for the normal school, they had to have somebody for the agricultural experiment work, and they needed to have somebody for mining, and they needed somebody for the prep school because that was important. Now, the gentleman that they had by the name of Fielding for mining, to begin with, left soon. And then the first big person they brought here was in science work, a man by the name of Walter McNabb Miller, the teacher of natural science. And then they brought in Kate Tupper, who had quite a fine experience as a teacher of normal (school] people, and she came in from—I think it was Oregon. Then they brought in R. D. Jackson for the school of mines. They brought in Orvis Ring to head the prep school, and later brought in Arthur Ducat (he was a lieutenant) to take care of the military. And all of those men in military, clear up through my time, taught some subjects in the University. This fellow taught modern language. Then they brought in a chap by the name of Hillman in entomology. He didn't last very long. Now, Ducat was a graduate of West Point; Hillman had done graduate work in his particular line;

Jackson was a graduate of the University of California school of mining, and he'd had some experience in teaching and field work there; Miller, they brought in from the East somewhere on this general science because his subjects were big enough to cover & strong field. Now, that's the first faculty.

Now, as far as Miss Clapp is concerned, I remember her in Reno, but my mother knew her in Carson. She conducted a girls' school over there. She brought her friend, Miss Babcock, with her, and they continued that teaching. But when summer came, they were idle. Then the state advertised for bids to construct that metal fence around the state capitol. The advertisement said that it would be given to the lowest bidder who could qualify. These two ladies bid on it and they were the low bid.

This has never been disputed, but that again is hearsay. Father was pretty close to the political picture at that particular time, and being New England Yankee and Scotch background, he had to know pretty much. Whatever the name is of the board that had the money for this contract planned to get out of it, but she got representation and they had to give it. And by golly, these girls built that thing in record time and they made a nice little profit. That's where they got their little start for their other school. And then she was brought over here. There is an account of Hannah Clapp somewhere. Maybe it's in one of Nevada's histories. You're getting her background. Then when she came to the University, she was an assistant to Dr. Brown. I can understand how they would quarrel. I can understand how she would quarrel with President Jones. She had become quite masculine. She'd had a lot of experience in education up to a certain point and undoubtedly was read up on these things. She'd been in the habit of ruling the roost

and all, and she did get into a little difficulty. But she was his assistant to begin with, and later, she took over the superintendence of the girls and did some teaching. Then she became preceptress, practically what we would call dean of women today. And then she disappeared. But Miss Babcock died during that time and she left what she had to Miss Clapp. Miss Clapp put it into a fund to build the Babcock kindergarten in Reno, and the people of the community raised money on that.

Now, that's as much as I can tell you about it, excepting this: Professor Jackson was the first mining man here, and was well known in the mining world because he was selective. While he was teaching, he accepted consulting fees, and at the same time, he went out and had properties of his own. He worked out a lot of processes out of our school of mines there for these other mines. He had property all over—around Dayton, he had them up Como; he had some in the canyon this side of Washoe City where the old railroad used to be. He worked out a number of processes. Then he, too, got into a little difficulty. There was some jealousy on the faculty, see. The Regents said he wasn't putting in his time as he should. But anyhow, the Regents gave him a leave of absence and he got these things straightened out and then he came back. There was a dispute of some kind; Dr. Stubbs was to be gone a certain period of time, and it seems that Professor Jackson thought that he should be placed in charge. But Dr. Stubbs placed Professor Thurtell in charge, and that required—well, it caused dissension and Jackson resigned. I'll cover that, I think, a little bit later.

Well, Mrs. Mary W. Emery was appointed to succeed Miss Tupper, who left for more fertile fields, I guess. Then they had a Mr. Devol, who had been acting—well, a lot of

superintending experiment stations. He didn't last very long; he was succeeded by Professor R. H. McDowell. Bobby Lewers was brought in from the outside to teach the commercial department and what they called commerce. Also, he took care of the registration and such things as that.

Richard Brown was brought in in the early part or maybe the last part of the Brown administration or the first of the Jones administration. He was very handy with tools and things like that and he was made superintendent of buildings and grounds. Then when Lincoln Hall was completed, he and his wife had an apartment there—all those years. My, how the men loved him! In my judgment, Richard Brown had more friends among the men graduates than anyone else on the hill. I think it was due to the human side of the individual. He was a disciplinarian and he believed in discipline, but he felt that when he did, he was right and he wanted you to take it. Then once he gave it to you, he stayed your friend. He'd give you the shirt off his back.

Another interesting side of Dick (and I'll refer to it later if you think this is all right), we had a heating plant in Lincoln Hall, and we had two lovely fireplaces in there, too. One was for the boys' loafing room, and one was on the other side for company and guests. But the heating plant didn't always work too well, and particularly for the boys on the upper floor, you'd get cold. Now, we'd get some wood; we couldn't afford to buy it, but in back of what is now Stewart Hall (I'll refer to that a little bit later), we had a little building there. One side of it was Dick Brown's office, the superintendent, and the other side of it contained all the working things and the like of that. Then they had the big wood pile there and coal urn which was used for fuel for the kitchen stove and

coal and also for the wood for the different buildings. The janitors used to go and carry the fuel to the lecture rooms up there. Then they had a long, diagonal wooden walk going to Lincoln Hall. And this was just one of those things—the freshmen were grouped together and told, “Here, now, when winter comes, this is your duty to have so many sticks of wood up to the men’s dormitory (Lincoln Hall) every night.” The upperclassmen would explain this to the freshmen. The freshmen would set this up: two of them would engage Dick in conversation, and four of them or six of them or whatever it might be would each pick up a log, and they’d light out for Lincoln Hall. These other fellows taking Dick’s [attention] (now, I think he knew what was going on) would take the wood and start the fire in the Lincoln Hall fireplace. Dick would appear and give us the dickens. He was not really mad! And he’d come in once in a while and sit down, and the boys’d tell him stories. It made him feel good if he came up with something to stump us. Even had the dog bark. He stuttered a little bit. I remember one fellow—one night a fellow told a terrible [story] and Dick stuttered, “De-de-de-de, you heard the God damn barkin’ last night!” Now, he knew what we were doing, and he knew that it wouldn’t be felt one way or the other, yet he had to attempt to enforce the regulation. But he never reported us. That’s the kind of a fellow, gives you an idea of what Dick Brown was. I’ll tell more about him later.

Now, they brought in a gentleman by the name of J. Warne Phillips to teach the chemistry and physics. He stayed for a while and did a whale of a job. He was also interested in athletics and helped the boys along with sports. Thomas W. Cowgill was brought in in the early days, and his subject was English and history. Nathaniel E. Wilson was brought in as the chemist of the agricultural experiment

station. Dr. Church was brought in; he was titled professor of Latin and literature. Then when Mr. Jackson quit, they appointed Charles J. Brown, who’d graduated from the University of Nevada in mining and who had done a little teaching and graduate work under Jackson and who had been to Cornell. He just got things organized, and then he took typhoid fever and died. So they then brought in George J. Young to take over mining. They brought in George D. Louderback in geology and mineralogy, and Laura de Laguna to run the languages, Patrick B. Kennedy in botany and horticulture, George Blessing as professor of mechanical engineering. The next year they brought James G. Scrugham here as assistant prof, Romanzo Adams in charge of sociology and education—well, I’m getting a little ahead of myself here. In the case of Louderback, they brought in William Tanger Smith in geology. Let’s see, Gordon True came in in agriculture and animal husbandry, and George J. Young to succeed Jackson and Brown, Peter Frandsen in biology, Jeanne Elizabeth Wier in history, and L. W. Cushman in English, and Ralph Minor in physics. Sam Doten took over entomology.

Now, practically all of those people were at the University when I matriculated. Of course, Miss Emery had gone, and McDowell had gone, Phillips had gone, Cowgill died, and Cushman took his place. Wilson was there; Church was there; Louderback left the year that I came; Miss de Laguna was there; Kennedy was there; Blessing left the year that I came to the University; Romanzo Adams was there, True was there, George Young, Thurtell, Peter Frandsen, Miss Wier, Cushman, Minor, Doten— they were all there. One of our graduates, Harry Dexter, was a librarian there for a while, but there was a lady—she was Mary Burnham at that time. Oh, I’ll tell you somebody else who was there. Kate



Bardenwerper in domestic science, James Reed in mineralogy, Kate Riegelhuth was an instructor in English, Katherine Lewers, the instructor in freehand drawing and art, Alice Layton instructed vocal music, and H. H. Howe, principal of the high school, and Boardman in civil engineering. Of course, there were changes there, even that first year. Robert Brambilla was professor of military science and tactics.

Of course, in Morrill Hall the whole administration was on the west side of the first floor, the president's office back in there, and the registrar's offices over in here. Bobby Lewers took care of the books and so forth—all in Morrill Hall. Then on the other side, the north half was mathematics and the south half had philosophy and psychology in it. On the next floor of classrooms, on the east side of there, they had an assembly room called Room Six. That's where they had the faculty meetings; We'd have our group meetings—oh, like those interested in declamation and literary work would meet,

Well, now, here's something I've written down here. When I came to the University in 1905, the first floor of Stewart Hall was the English and history, and the second floor, foreign languages, sociology, and psychology. Well, that doesn't make any difference, either. The mechanical building housed several mechanical and electrical engineering department laboratories and classrooms, and the old mining building was there, But before I graduated (ours was the second class to graduate from the Mackay School of Mines), the Regents constructed a little wooden building down on the front of the campus below the darn for Manzanita Lake (it wasn't as large as it is now), and they had that for music. Of course, they didn't have music then like they have today, but the people that we had, some of them organized the men's

and women's glee club, The main thing was to teach under the A and M act, the teachers, so that they'd know a lot about music and could go out and be able to play a little bit on the organ, teach the kids to sing a little bit.

Let's see, when I was there first, they had the Morrill Hall, Hatch Station, Stewart Hall, mechanical building, mining building, gymnasium, Lincoln Hall, Manzanita Hall, the dining hall, barn for two horses and buggy and wooden walks—with the exception of in front of the building, they had wooden walks everywhere, That tram in those days was across the south end of Manzanita Lake, but the south end of Manzanita Lake was about the back end of the old Manzanita. They'd come across that and land about on the back end of what was Hatch Station.

Well, now, Lincoln Hall was a dormitory for the boys; Manzanita Hall was the girls' dormitory. Then the University dining hall was built after I came there and was placed on the north end of Manzanita. The University hospital was built and it was located just east of Lincoln Hall. The gymnasium—I have that worked out elsewhere. The athletic field is the same location as the Mackay Field is now [1965], only it wasn't as large.

Professor Thurtell was the head of the mathematics department when I entered. During that year, he was appointed state engineer by the new governor. He took a leave of absence at the end of that particular time. The governor offered him a place on the Nevada railroad commission, and he was granted a leave of absence for that. Later, they imported him to Washington to work on those kind of commissions. He studied law on the side and then, towards the end, was practicing law before this commission. He died there and was cremated and his ashes are up in the Masonic cemetery in Reno in a plot which he took when his first wife died.

His first leave of absence, they brought in a man by the name of Mr. Jackson. Now, I ought to have his name somewhere—James R. Jackson. He took a leave of absence from Kentucky. Then when Thurtell resigned after he went to Washington, they brought in Charles Haseman as professor of mathematics and mechanics.

Dr. George Louderback was one of the foremost graduates in geology and mineralogy in the country. He took his degree from the University of California and then went ahead and got his Ph.D. He came up here for a number of years and was a fine workhorse, but his health broke and he had to give it up. He went down to California and he just did consulting work. They hated to lose him. As a successor to him, they brought in this W. S. Tanger Smith, who had been for years with the USGS; he's the one that I took all of my geology under.

Now, then, Blessing, he was from Kentucky. He's the one that brought James G. Scrugham out here. Scrugham was serving under him and Blessing was offered a far better job than he had here and he accepted. Then Mr. Scrugham became head of the department and he expanded eventually into electrical work. Then he got that building built for electrical engineering. Then he was appointed state engineer. From that, he became governor, and then he was out a little bit, and then a congressman, then a senator. And that's when Sibley came in to take his place.

Cushman, he was a scholar, but during his time, and just two or three years before we entered in 1905, they passed a rule that all freshmen had to take an examination in English. We were advised by the upperclassmen that we shouldn't show up for it, that we had credit from high school; the University admissions said thus and so.

We had that and we didn't have to take any examination. So all but two of us didn't show up. I was a green kid from the country and I thought, "Well, that's an order." The other was Stanley Palmer. We went up to take this examination, Stan and I, and Cushman started to talk to us and explained why the requirement was established. He said if we could take an examination along certain lines, that that would give him an opportunity to find out our weakness and to help us. He outlined all these things to us and I took notes on it. So he said we didn't need to take the examination, You know, Stan and I were the only ones in the class that didn't have to take an examination in English at the end of the semester! We were excused! But he was trying to help us out, and it was another one of those student things, you see. Well, he stayed for a while, but he was so good another university claimed him. He succeeded Mr. Cowgill.

Now, Prof Wilson was one of the finest teachers that I ever had. He was practical. And in his lectures in chemistry, he might be lecturing about the properties of this or the properties of that or the properties of the other thing, and he'd finally end up by saying that, "Now, they use this this way," outside of what your text told you. That—this way appealed to you.

For instance, I can remember as though it were yesterday. We were talking about the permanganate salts, and particularly, potassium permanganate and all these uses, and so forth, and there's one—something I want to tell you about it. He said, "You people don't need it." He said, "And that's what they use to cure these feet that sweat so much and smell. You use a dilute solution of that, you'll kill the germs, and then you're all right." I never forgot it. Then when it came to the manufacture of the sulfuric acid, he sat up a miniature operation and explained



the process in detail. He was interested in so many things outside of his work, and most of it was students.

Now, frankly, Prof Wilson was sort of an advisor to the old THPO group in the beginning, and he thought that they ought to go national. We asked him how to petition Phi Gamma Delta. Well, us kids didn't know any different, so they set the application in motion, and it was going all right, and finally, we had opposition from a former THPO, who was a Phi Gamma Delta someplace else. He raised hell about it. And Prof said, "Kick it in the street." Then he got behind us and a man by the name of Reed, who was an SAE, and they started us on that petition. Now, that's the kind of an individual he was. But he resigned at the end of the first year because he felt that he'd gone as far as he could. He didn't have a doctor's degree and they were beginning to want that as a prerequisite. He could've bought and sold the lot of them, but he had an opportunity to go into the pharmacy business and also do research. He'd already taken his examination for a pharmacist and passed. Then he started the Dalton, Clifford and Wilson store.

I can't think of who was teaching biological science, but when Professor Frandsen came back from Cornell, I think he went to work as an assistant up there in the biological science. After this fellow left to go elsewhere, they made Pete the head of the department. Now, I remember him when he was just a young fellow going to the University. As a matter of fact, I can almost remember when his father came from Denmark. I can see the house where they lived, on the corner of East Street—on East Fourth. His father was a cousin of the Frandsen of the Frandsen Apartments and a sheepman. Peter used to work on the ranches to get money to go to the University. He was always interested in those

things and applied himself. They called him "Peter Bugs"; that is, I think a nickname that was an endearing term, more than anything else. It didn't make any difference what he had there, he'd stay at it 'til he knew what it was, and he'd tell them about it. [Laughing] He seemed to enjoy it. How, at the time that [my nephew] Ross [Whitehead] wanted to go to dental school and son [Silas E. Ross, Jr.] wanted to go to medical school, I, of course, was quite interested, and in my travels I visited a lot of these schools. I found this—that any of the larger schools that I went to, they all asked me if I knew Dr. Frandsen. A recommendation from him was as good as entrance in these big schools up until the last few years, because they said that these fellows were—well, they were thoroughly grounded.

Well, I knew H. P. Boardman very well. He was a little bit dry, but he was, in his nature, a monotone, but he was thorough. He certainly earned the respect of every civil engineer in the area. It isn't generally known, but he was consulted by engineers from all over the country when they had a problem. I think to really realize just how alert he was, these letters that he'd been writing to the editor on this Seventh Street layout? Now, mind you, that man was losing his eyesight, but daughter'd read to him and he would make notes as best he could and have her keep notes where he'd tell her, and then he'd turn around and dictate.

I knew Jeanne Elizabeth Wier, too. I had to find out a lot about her upon retirement. I was on the Board of Regents.

Ralph Minor, head of the department of physics, I knew him. Minor was here about three years, maybe four, and the University of California took him away from us. That's when we got Dr. Hartman.

Well, of course, Kate Bardenwerper. She was the [teacher of what] they used to

call domestic science. She was a sweet old character, and she did a lot of good, too. I think her friendliness, her good common sense, and her willingness to help boosted the department to beat the band. Of course, it's nothing like we have now, but it was just plain cooking, sewing, and so on.

Of course, Miss de Laguna was a neighbor of ours for a long time, and she and Miss Bardenwerper lived together. Then they retired and moved to San Francisco. Oh, they were goody-goody, both of 'em! But Mrs. Ross and I went down to the city one time and saw them there. We heard that this good show that was kind of suggestive was on. So we went over to get in line to get some tickets, and who was up ahead of us but these two! Oh, it was a little risqué.

What was Scrugham like when he was on campus? How do I want to describe it? He was a restless individual. He was living out here [gesture] most of the time and he never neglected anything down here [gesture]. Re turned out a lot of good men. I talked to GE and Westinghouse and the Stone and Webster people about our engineering department at Nevada. The first man that went back there from here was Hunt Gallagher, and that was 1908. I think that's the first year that Scrugham was at the head of that department, replacing Blessing. Hugh actually laid the foundation for other Nevada students. I've talked to those recruitment people because I go east quite often, and my daughter lives in Schenectady, and we have contacts at the other places. They say they like Nevada men because they're not afraid to "get out and get under." Now, that's an expression that not all people understand. It means this: that they are willing to get on their dirty clothes, or even take good clothes. If there's something wrong underneath, they'll get out and find out about it instead of telling somebody else to do it, and

then fix it. These boys have gone on in the field. I've talked to many of these recruiters at the beginning of that time, and they head for Nevada. And you know how many of our people go. And it's surprising the number of mechanical, civil, and mining engineers have gone to General Electric and Westinghouse and Stone and Webster.

Now, carrying that department right on down, this story is definitely told. Purdue was thinking of building a new laboratory building, and they were going to send their dean out to go over the country. He happened to be at some place where the representative of GE was and they asked him what schools he was going to go to. This fellow listened and finally said, "You're missing something. Go to these others, but before you come back, go over to Nevada and see their laboratory. And you'll find laboratories on wheels, roller skates, and everything else. And you'll find out why they can operate in a snail space." Vie said, "That's where we go to get our engineers." So you can see the reputation.

Starting out, I think Blessing started it because no one said it was a blessing; When he left, they were sorry. But he did bring in Scrugham and a couple assistants [laughing], all from Kentucky, and they called them the "Kentucky peril!" Just like they called the dormitory in that mechanical building the "ram's pasture."

Robert N. Brambilla, whom I knew well, was raised in the orphan's home. Now, let me back up and say he was born at Mazatlan in Mexico. His father was a mining man, so he decided to come to this area, then go down into the Tybo area. That's in Nye County. So Bob and his older sister were children and they moved down into Tybo and there were three other children born. One of them died there. When the bottom dropped out of Tybo, there wasn't anything doing. Then Mrs.

Brambilla died, and then the bottom dropped out of Tybo. He had to do something, so he went back to Mexico, and the children were put in the orphan's home in Carson City. He wasn't there very long and he was doing well and sending money in, but he disappeared. They found that the bandits got him, killed him, and took his gold.

Orvis Ring took an interest in Toby, as he did many a boy, and he helped him with his math, and such things as that, in the Carson High School and helped him when he came over to the University, he was a little bit of a fellow. He was pledged THPO and the fraternity put a penalty on anybody that induced him to smoke or drink. He never did.

He graduated in 1897 from the University in agriculture. There wasn't anything open for him at the time, so he went over to work (I think it was in Meyers' store) in Carson. Then we had the outbreak of the Spanish-American War. So he volunteered for officers' candidate school training because he'd been in the cadet battalion and they accepted him. He went all through the training and he passed a marvelous examination, ray up here [gesture], and [when] he came to his physical, they didn't give him one. He was too short.

Well, he was disappointed and he contacted Dr. Stubbs and told him what his predicament was. Dr. Stubbs got in touch with his brother, who was with the Union Pacific then and close to E. H. Harriman. Harriman got in touch with President McKinley. President McKinley wired the presidio to commission him. He spent the rest of his life in the U. S. Army until retirement. He was the commandant the year I entered the University. And in one of these Artemisias, you'll see a picture of the dignity of the cadet battalion.

He [Brambilla] stayed with the Army, and he fought in the Philippines and in the Boxers' War, and then he was down on the Mexican

border. Then when it came World War I, they sent him over, and he was in charge of colored troops. He was just a little bit of a fellow, hut he made such a record that they sent him back here. He could handle these people. He was brave. He'd get out and fight. They put him in charge of training them.

Then after that, he just had an ordinary assignment, and they retired him just before this last war. Oh, Toby was mad! He said, "You're bringin' these young kids up and makin' tern colonels, and they don't know anything at all."

Now, Bob [Brambilla, Jr.] came along, and he had that experience, but he went into this volunteer outfit. He'd been all over the country and he'd been promoted. Just about the time that his father died he became a colonel. Now he is a military advisor to the military attache in the South American countries. They sent Bobby and his wife both down to take work—speak the Spanish language. And his boy passed the examination to enter the Army this last year.

#### JOSEPH E. STUBBS

I remember my father telling the family, coming home one Saturday afternoon after his business, that a new president had been selected for the University of Nevada. I can remember, also, when he and Mother attended the inauguration. When they came home, I asked questions and Father answered it to all of us. He said, "He appears to be a bright man, sincere, and talked in simple language. He should make a good leader."

Now, my older brother Charles and older sister Emma were in what was called the University during the terms of both Dr. Drown and Dr. Jones. My younger brother Irvin (he was the younger of those three) was there during a part of Jones' administration

and through the Stubbs administration when he enlisted in the Spanish-American War. He did not return to the University. I can remember that in the discussions and while Irvin was in the University, he made a statement something like this: In discussing Dr. Stubbs with his parents, he said that he was most impressed with the sincerity and friendliness of Dr. Stubbs. Of course, I met him when I entered college in 1905, and the thing that impressed me so much was that he addressed the freshman class after we were organized.

When Dr. Stubbs appeared before us, that, to me, was unusual—I hadn't had that in high school. When he came in, he didn't come in as a president of the University, he came in as a friend of ours. The thing that impressed me so much about him was that he was just so warm and friendly. We were impressed, and I was inspired by his sincerity. He oriented us as to our duties and responsibilities to the University, the state, and our parents. He emphasized that the University had the responsibility of guiding us and to teach us, that we should, if we expected to make a success, cooperate. That made him a leader in my opinion.

His predecessors had laid down a good foundation beginning with nothing to work with and built it up. I think I have told some of that before. It was up to Dr. Stubbs to erect a superstructure, as I called it. Not many students registered; the needs of the University were many and the means at hand were small. Now, if my reading is correct, in 1874, when the University started at Elko, there were only two high schools in the state. By 1884 (that's before the University was moved to Reno), there were five high schools in the state. In 1894, there were ten high schools, but there wasn't any uniformity in the curriculum that they offered. Now, a

great many of the areas had no high schools, and the result was that the young people of the area that were through the local school had gone as far as they could in an education in the area. Another thing that we find at that particular time was that many of those people who had finished the eighth grade were given an opportunity to take the teacher's exam for a teacher's certificate, and the requirements, of course, were quite low. Where there was a high school and they had finished a high school, they were given the rest of the examinations, the opportunity to teach in high school. So, you see, they didn't have too much then.

Dr. Stubbs apparently saw the need to care for the youth where there were no high schools. He also saw the need of having properly prepared teachers to teach throughout the state. One of the first things that he did after he was making a survey of the state was to establish the University high school. That was called the trade school at the time, but it was converted into a preparatory school during the early period of Dr. Stubbs' administration. It was a basis for the overlapping of courses necessary to learn to teach properly and normal and such things as that. And finally, a full three-year and then a four-year high school was established.

Now, let me say this, that the faculty at the time that he [Stubbs] came here had been increased considerably by Dr. Jones. But it was limited in what they could do, first by physical plant and secondly with equipment to work with, and a real organization of a real faculty—in other words, the center of the faculty. Dr. Stubbs, after establishing this prep school and better facilities, the next thing that he did, with the consent of the Board of Regents, was to advance the admission requirements. Then he set up, clearly defined the work of the colleges that we had there. But he made a sharp division between the

high school and the normal school and other departments. In other words, it was sharply defined. (And, by the way, Sam Doten was the first head of the prep school.)

They had established the start of the commercial school— or, rather they gave a commercial course to these people; it was mostly on the high school level. But at the time that they expanded this particular thing, they included in the University setup what was called a commercial school wherein they learned about bookkeeping and keeping of records, and such things as that. That was the beginning of the school of business. Now, the normal school had an overlapping of the high school, and they took that completely out of the high school and set it up with a head of the school, but most of the teaching was done by professors in the other departments. They didn't get too darned much, other than to get the fundamentals that are necessary.

We had a man by the name of Dr. Romanzo Adams at the head of the normal school, and my friend Cushman pointed out that shortly before we entered the University that the normal school was getting a setup suitable to the special character of the subject matter and to its definite, useful purpose. I was told by these two men that I talked to, which was verified afterwards by going to Professor Wilson and some other faculty members, that Dr. Stubbs had joined the faculty in closer relation to each other. Dr. Stubbs was eager to get all the University personnel together. He established the hours and schedules, and by this arrangement, the faculty members were able to present more thorough courses. You see his foresight? My observation was about this: That Dr. Stubbs had at that time had the skill to gain the confidence of the teacher, as a teacher could then be acquired by the faculty. In other words, they were working together. And their work in the classroom became

more skillful by education of the teacher as well as to the people. These are high points that I remember.

I remember another thing that Dr. Stubbs used to do. We'd have assemblies, and there, he would give us inspirational talks. If I remember correctly, he said something like this: "The greatness of the school does not lie in size nor in the equipment, but in the spirit in which the work of the faculty is done and the response of the student." And he emphasized in that same first thing, too, that "the true teacher meets and leads responsible students." I think maybe the reason that he was doing this was that he wanted to impress upon us that, even though we were going to a small college, we had personal attention and we could get more out of it if we stayed closer to our professors.

I can remember when Dr. Stubbs addressed the student, he would remind us that he was just the presiding officer. He wasn't doing it as president. I can remember when I was on the faculty and could attend their meetings, he never rose up and said, "As president, we're going to do thus and so." It was, "They are here as a group of teachers. I'm merely the presiding officer." That didn't mean Dr. Stubbs couldn't assert himself as president. I think he was trying to create a democratic approach to this whole organization, and he impressed upon all of us that we had some particular things to do. We were interested in the overall picture, but our biggest interest should be in our particular department. If there was trouble on the outside, we"? come to the president and work it out.

About the time that I came in at the University, there was another piece of organization that impressed me. Stubbs organized the faculty and the standing committees. The committees could study pertinent problems and present their findings



to the general faculty, thus saving time to arrive at the solution.

We find, also, about that time, that we had a committee on discipline (and I was before that committee when I was a student), We had a committee on athletics, library, military instruction, and university extension. Instead of appearing before the whole faculty if you committed a sin, the discipline committee studied the problem and made a report of the fact that you came to have a hearing. But I remember the first time that I was called up was when the fleet went around the horn. Some of us skinned out and went down to see it come in the San Francisco harbor without leave, and three or four of them were late coming back. Those of us that got back in time, we weren't so guilty, other than leaving the University without permission, but the other fellows had to account for it. I can remember this as though it were yesterday.

These three fellows that stayed over longer, they had some experience getting back, and one of them rode in the cow catcher, and the others were riding brake beams. They related their experiences. And the one that was in the cow catcher— apparently the engine hit some sort of an animal. Well, the committee finally got so interested in hearing the experiences, they just said, "Don't do it again."

Dr. Stubbs was a man well read, well educated, and he was dedicated, One of the first things that he did was to take a trip over the state and see what the needs were. He also realized that the people of the state didn't realize what a university was for. The farmer thought it ought to be just for the farmer, and the mining man just for the mining, and so on down the line. The method of communication wasn't good, so he was the fellow that originated the Honorary Board of Visitors. Their expenses were paid to come in and look over the University. The committee

was chosen from different walks of life. They would come in. I can remember as though it were yesterday. They were always here at commencement time to watch the academic procession and attend all graduation exercises, And they did act as fine liaison for us. Now, that led me to believe—now, when I speak of myself, I guess others felt the same way, but I'm telling you what I thought—that, observing this man, he must've recognized the ability in others, and after he recognized it, he shaped an organization which would give the University strong men and a better field for action. He built a team for the first time. He realized that they'd have to have a better physical plant, and he also realized that they would need more ground. During his administration, the University did acquire more ground. (I have told about that elsewhere.)

And then, the president's home was built. I can remember my father discussing this with his family. He commented that the president manifested his dedication to education by putting a lot of money of his own in the building. They were unable to raise enough money from donations on the part of the townspeople to complete the home. The regents leased a piece of ground on the campus to Dr. Stubbs on which to erect the building. It was necessary to place a mortgage on the building to complete the structure. The following legislature appropriated enough money to retrieve the mortgage.

Now, along about that time, because of Dr. Stubbs' humility and ability to make friends, he interested a man by the name of David Russell, who was a stock man from Loyalton, California in the Sierra Valley, in the University, and when Russell died, he left the residue of his estate after his bills were paid to the University with George Taylor as the manager or executor of the estate, and in

the event of his death, the president of the University. And this money was to be used to advance the University in things that they needed. It had to be approved by the Board of Regents. After Mr. Taylor died, the president had charge of this particular fund and it went over from Dr. Stubbs to Hendrick, and then Hendrick to Dr. Clark. It has an interesting history which I will tell a little later when I talk about the Board of Regents.

I remember talking to Dr. Stubbs one time about ideals, and he preached ideals. He said, "Silas, you need ideals to form a good character." In other words, ideal is the basis of good character.

During the latter part of—well, the latter ten years—it's during the time when I was at the University, Dr. Stubbs advanced a number of things. He didn't do it as president; he did it as the chairman of the committees to work on the problem. By virtue of what he had done before by forming committees and then setting up the structure with duties and power overlapping somewhere along the line, he referred to it later, you see. It gave the teachers a chance to give additional courses in the curriculum. For instance, Latin and French and German were about the only additional courses available. But they'd teach German and French until Miss Laura de Laguna joined the faculty. Some teacher would have to overlap and teach the subject, up until that time, the entire curriculum in all the colleges was pretty much set. And if you go back over the early records and look at the curriculum, you will find that there's a lot of overlapping, and you'll find, also, you had a lot of teaching in agriculture [that] was being done by the people that were doing research. That was a little bit contrary to Washington's idea of it, but by rearranging this work load, they were able to offer these additional courses.

The president also thought it would be a wise thing to have a general assembly often. And before the end of my time as a student, we had a general assembly every week for an hour. The classes were advanced up and the general assembly was at eleven o'clock. we used to drill at eight—eight 'til nine, The military wasn't taught on assembly day. In these general assemblies, he had different people talk to us—just from the faculty, on his own field and the relative field—his own field and its application, you see—what the future was, what the limitation is, which I think gave us all a better knowledge of the general picture of education. The University was undoubtedly looking forward. They could suspect or contemplate what things might be and what the actual preparation ought to be. And I used to just love those meetings, and Dr. Stubbs is the fellow that provided that.

The interesting thing about it was this: Dr. Stubbs never claimed responsibility for it. He never said it was his. Slow he might have a program worked out, and after discussion, it would be dismissed. He never lost his temper or anything like that about it. He would say, "Well, by discussion, we've learned things we didn't know before." But he'd bring it up again sometime. He was the leader.

I can remember that Dr. True did a lot of research on animal husbandry. And, by the way, he had limited funds, but by gosh, after operating on sparse funds, he exhibited down in California and took all kinds of first prizes. He wanted to exhibit in Utah, and he did it twice, and the next time he wanted to exhibit in Utah, expenses were not available to send him. ::e made so good that California took him away from us.

P. B. Kennedy, who was a little Scotsman, came in this country by way of Canada and then came into the East and then in here. He did a lot of research work on clovers of the



world. That research was used as a reference when he started to breed the alfalfa and grow it in different kind of climates.

Sammy Doten was then in that department, and he took up the study of parasites and became quite specialized in it. A man by the name of Jacobsen was brought into the experiment station on agricultural research. That must have been about 1909. I remember he was working on plants and the basis of them, and he particularly took up alfalfa. And he tried to work out the niters in fixation in the alfalfa plants. Then he went on from there into climate work and poisonous plants, and the poisons in the plants, like wild parsnip, and so on.

Dr. Maxwell Adams, under whom I took—as a matter of fact, It worked under Jacobsen and Adams on a lot of their research projects when I was a student. Dr. Adams did research on oils and camphor and other products which could be obtained from different plants, thinking that possibly that he'd discover a source for oils out of sagebrush.

It was at that time that Dr. Church was very interested in meteorology. Then Miss Wier became active in the Nevada Historical Society. Then they brought Mr. Scott to the University to do research on dairying in this area, and they built a little dairy building for him. That's the building that's in the back of the campus, down that hill. He was operating there and he had dairy products; he could furnish them to the University commons and dispose of the extra products to merchants of Reno. They closed him off because we were competing locally. Not because of any health problems, or anything like that. Oh, no, no. Then during Dr. Stubbs' time, to continue this agricultural research, he established the department—it was actually called the state hygienic department. He brought a man by the name of Mack to the University. Mack

died soon and his wife went back to Iowa. His wife had scholarships here for years. Out of that grew the public service department. That consisted of the state hygienic laboratory, and it worked a cross section in specializing in several branches; one is livestock. In it, they worked out—they had a problem of heifers that were slinking calves, and they found out what caused it and they overcame it. They also found that the heifers became sterile with their first calf because of the large heads of the calf that was born, and that's an interesting thing.

During this time, they started the bureau of mines from state subsidy. Now, previous to this time, as I understand it, they had little mining training schools in the different mining areas. They would get a state appropriation and then they would have some mining engineer to teach students assaying, a little surveying; and a little mineralogy and petrography, and a little geology. It helped the necessity of establishing a bureau where they could do research work and make assays and so forth for these people at a distance. He established that bureau in connection with the Bureau of Mines where they did assays for these people, and sometimes a mineral analysis, and they could report it above or below, not as exact. Of course, that expanded until it became quite extensive 7 it goes into physical science, analytical science, and so on. That was established and it has grown and is worked in cooperation with the United States Bureau of Mines on the Nevada campus. As a matter of fact, it was the work of that group plus the federal bureau that worked out the process for the Gatchell mines near Winnemucca. That was finally all organized in the public service department,

Another thing that came in during Dr. Stubbs' time was the Phi Kappa Phi. When organized, they took in several faculty

members and certain students who had made the grades to qualify for the insignia—alumni, doing not necessarily grades, but public service. This scholastic group grew rapidly.

Oh, here's another thing that is interesting to me. He's the only president that I know of that ever did any teaching. You see, his background was not only splendid education here, but he studied in Germany. During my time, he gave courses, particularly with the teachers, on the side. He conceived the idea of this extension business, undoubtedly, because he familiarized himself with everything that he could get as far as the agriculture was concerned. He went out over the state and conferred with those engaged in farming and livestock. And he proved two things: one is that they were bringing the University to the people and bringing the people closer to the University; second, he was interested in building up the agricultural school, and, of course, out of that grew the extension division. That extension division came in during his term at the University,

I think Charles Norcross was the first man that they appointed extension agent. Charles was a pretty good writer and he wrote and distributed many bulletins to those engaged in agriculture and livestock. The research done in this work became of benefit throughout the world. Let's see, Charles Fleming was chosen as the head of range management and stock breeding and developing the type of animal that would grow fat rapidly on the available range grasses in the state and could then be fattened on our own hay and grain and other forage grown on the farms in Nevada. It was George Wingfield who helped out on that project by establishing a farm down in Fallon for experimental purposes. Out of that grew silage of the things that the stock couldn't eat ordinarily.

Now, I never knew of him [Stubbs] teaching any Greek until I heard from Mr.

Samuel Unsworth, who was the Episcopal rector in Reno, that he used to teach some Greek at the University, and that when he (Unsworth) couldn't be available, Dr. Stubbs would teach these classes. So, you see how broad and how versatile he was? I like what Doten said about him: "He was a tactful man and energetic, with evidence of restraint and patience." Now, that's the man.

His tenure here was not without some controversy. Would I like to balance the record by describing at least my family's reaction or the town's reaction and participation in this business with Professors Jackson and Phillips? That was before my time, but I know something about it, because Charlie Brown, who was named to succeed Jackson, was my sister Emma's brother-in-law. You see, in the beginning, these people were brought in, and they were professionals in certain fields, and they operated as individuals. Then they got up to the time when they were spending more time on the outside than on the inside. And they were popular with each other—that is, a few of them—a little group. Now, in the case of Dr. Jackson, he did a world of research, but he arrived at the point where he needed more time, so he took a leave of absence. And that was granted, and he asked for an extension. In the meantime, Charlie Brown had carried on while he was away. If I remember correctly, the Regents wouldn't grant [the extension], and that caused an uproar with his friends. Now, Warne Phillips also had his friends, and he quit on account of this particular situation.

Well, now, then, we go from there and we begin to bring in other people. They brought in George J. Young to succeed Jackson; and then they brought in Louderback in geology. George J. Young was a graduate, an honor graduate of California, but he had had little real field experience. Some thought that this

would get him down. Then Louderback was so good in his particular line that he accepted a position in California, and Dr. Reed took over. He taught geology and mineral identity and related subjects. He, too, accepted a better position elsewhere. W. S. Tanger Smith, a man who'd been with the government in land surveys and geology, a logical setup to take over, was elected to succeed Reed. He was a very quiet man and brilliant with his work, but modest in meeting the public.

Dr. Stubbs had to assume that responsibility in making that adjustment. He was the president. He had to enforce the rule of the Board; the Board was very definitely opposed to outside work interfering with teaching responsibility. That caused quite an uproar and also became so strong that it was difficult to get the state to do anything for the University.

Now, I want to say this, that under George J. Young's management, or, rather, heading the department, it grew rapidly, and he soon acquired the trust and confidence of the students. He got out and he worked all over the state to familiarize himself with the mining activities. He was a good teacher, but he was a tough one. I can remember when a member of my class said, "Why do we have to have all of this math and physics when we have tables and such things as that to work from?"

Professor Young answered, "Because I want it, and I'm not going to have and one of my graduates go out of here as a graduate mining and civil engineer, and where a project comes up and he doesn't have an instrument to make a survey and knows enough to get a level and tripod and do it!"

He even took time off and went to Germany for further study. Germany was the place where most of the intensive research was done. Pete Frandsen joined him, and they spent six months in research.

George J. gave me a lecture one time. I chewed tobacco and he suspected it, I remember we had the course under him of plans and specifications, and he used to call on us alphabetically, my name was well down the line, so I put a little tobacco in my mouth, and darned if he didn't call on me first. So he stopped me and he said, "Mr. Ross, speak a little plainer. I can't understand you." So I tried it again. He said, "Mr. Ross, I said to speak a little plainer." So then what am I going to do? I swallowed the tobacco. I then read again. Young said, "That's fine."

Later, I was in the assaying laboratory and he said, "When you're through, I want you to come up to the office." And so I went up to the office. Mr. Young said, "Now, you chew tobacco, don't you?"

I said, "Yes, sir."

He said, "You chew it in class and you chew it in laboratory?"

I said, "Yes, sir,"

And he said; "You're damn clever with it—never saw you spit." He gave me a lecture about the use of tobacco. He said, "Now, Mr. Ross, when you go out in the field and you are an engineer and you have to make a report and go before the board of directors, you shouldn't use tobacco, because they expect you to be able to respond immediately and do nothing that would distract their attention." And he said, "Half of the effectiveness of your presentation is going to be ruined because of that habit." So I quit.

He came back [laughing] from Europe; he used to go down to the laboratory, and all at once, he'd leave and he'd go up those steps two or three at a time and lock himself in his office. He'd come out in fifteen or twenty minutes. Now, he was good to me. We had a library and there weren't a lot of books, but he had his private library, and he said to Mr. Gignoux and me that, "Now, any time that you

boys want to go up and use my library, just come in through the classroom and this door over here'll be open. It'll never be locked." So we walked in one day—just thought we'd do it and see what was going on. We could smell this tobacco. We went in quietly, and here he was, sitting at his desk, his feet up here on the stool, puffing his pipe—you could just cut the smoke—and reading! So we went over to get our books and went back to sit down.

He looked up and I said, "Change your mind, Prof?"

He says, "Yes, as far as that interview is concerned" [laughter].

Now, to give you some idea of his success, the University of Minnesota took him away from us. After I went into the funeral business, I always watched the programs offered at the annual conventions, and I never saw anything very worthwhile until this one year. The convention was in Cincinnati. They had two subjects that interested me deeply. One was skin cleavage (that was given by a surgeon), and the other was the metallurgy of metals used in funeral service. I'm so glad I attended that convention. When the speaker was lecturing on metallurgy, every once in a while he'd say, "According to Young," and he'd read from script. "According to Young," and he'd read from it. And finally, when the lecture was completed, they announced the speaker was open to questions and some were asked. And finally, I rose and I said, "You used a reference to Mr. Young in your discourse here. What was his name— first name?"

He said, "George J."

And I said, "Thank you." He said, "Did you know him?"

I said, "Yes. He signed my diploma in mining engineering at the University of Nevada." George J. became famous. Then they took him back out here to California. When he retired, he set up a laboratory and

equipment in his basement. He finally got married.

California took a professor of physics from us, too—a lot of these people. They took Cushman. Now, I loved that man, Cushman, because he showed a real interest in us. Now, there's a fellow that was a graduate of Harvard, if I remember correctly, and he studied in Germany. He was teaching English. (And boy, I remember once when I wrote a [laughing] description— and those days, the teachers corrected their own papers. I took the subject "the shear room" in the SP shops in Sparks. That's where they cut these big pieces of metal and fit them to build the parts of the engines. I said it was placed in the shear, and they cut it with a shear. He wrote on the side, "a pair of scissors." [laughing] He was thinking in terms, very definitely, of the person reading the description. Yet he didn't know that this instrument that they were using there was a shear.) He was a lovable character. I used to go to him for advice when I wrote a little for the Student Record. He left for California, and H. W. Hill was elected by the Regents to fill Cushman's class in English. We go on a little bit further, and Dr. Stubbs got into a little difficulty because of different opinions in different sections of the state. One of the things that he did was to recommend raising the entrance requirements for entrance to the University. His recommendation was approved by the Regents. That affected a lot of these youths from the high schools and others that were there. They didn't realize that he had this prep school, or university high school, so that they could take courses in the prep school and make up deficiencies in their English, catch up in their history, and a lot of things like that.

He had a little difficulty one time between the agriculturists and the academic side. That was the time that he was director of the

agricultural experiment station. He used to use some of the agricultural faculty to do some teaching. As a matter of fact, a fellow that came in as the head of the cadets—those fellows all taught some subject; they all taught these fill-in subjects. He was the director of the experiment station. But he had the heads of these departments. They would use those to fill out certain divisions of the course in agriculture. He would use, instead of agricultural economics, the University department of economics to teach the course. The agriculturists believed that it should be taught by a specialist. Many of those things came up. Uncle Sam got into the picture and said, “You’ve got too much to do. You’ve got to appoint a director of the experiment station.”

So Dr. True was appointed. When he was appointed, he reorganized that whole department. He organized the experimental work into regular hours and teachers’ assignments into periods. You look back on the school of agriculture and find maybe they had one or two graduates in any one year. And these people could take that course. Then they were sharpened. There was a farm—caused a little trouble. Then the next thing was the purchase of the University farm out on South Virginia Road. There were people who didn’t think it was right, but it was purchased anyhow. Then, of course, I think it was doing pretty well. Dr. True resigned and accepted a position in the California school of agriculture and animal husbandry.

I was a Regent for twenty-five years, and as such, I tried to learn everything I could about the University—even of the survey corners, of all separate properties. I know that we could go up to the legislature and get most anything through that had to do with agriculture. But when it came to the University side, and academic, requested budgets were cut, even in the matter of health.

Now, why? Possibly because so many people that were in the legislature were definitely interested in agriculture (and that covered a pretty broad field) and mining. The other things didn’t seem important.

In that agricultural layout, you could teach certain music, but the only music that you could teach at one time (that’s when Miss Denny was there) was enough to teach the lady, the teacher, to play a few chords, and the like of that, and sing songs. Nothing beyond that. Nothing in the matter of going out on the road and travel, and so forth. Charlie Haseman was the one that solved that. He organized a glee club. They financed themselves and they took these trips throughout the state and presented musical entertainment.

Oh, there were several of the things. The only language you could teach was Latin at that time [as] specified in the government appropriation. Dr. Stubbs used to allocate that money and he’d subsidize these agricultural teachers to teach a particular subject. You see, he had a lot of teachers assigned in this manner. Well, a change was made, which was all right. Another thing that caused a little trouble was this: that Dr. Stubbs was a man of high morals and he took a stand against this liberal setup. I think the records will show that he appeared before the legislature. He also appeared before the downtown [gambling and saloon] people. I know at one time, he was successful in getting the downtown people to not admit the University students, or if they came in, not permit them to play, or to drink. You see, that was this second boom we had, the early days of Tonopah and Goldfield, and all at once, now, Reno began to crow. And these people, the liberal element, were in there, and because he didn’t take a neutral stand, that caused them to be spiteful.

Now, during the time that I was there, I’ve seen Dr. Stubbs go to the legislature. He’d



present his case and do it beautifully. He'd have others there to listen. I never heard him get angry, talk back, or anything like that. Here it was, and if it didn't pass, he didn't blame anybody but himself. He'd say, "Maybe we presented it wrong. We'll go back." He was persistent. He'd go back until he'd get it.

Oh, my, you should see the support that he got at one time when these people of Reno contributed money to put up a flagpole. They contributed towards getting him a resident home on the campus. But, you see, that group knew this area was small as compared to the liberals that had come in here plus those that had come in from Goldfield, Tonopah, and the other mining areas.

It is my opinion—but I'd better put it this way. It seems to me that a man who doesn't make any mistakes and doesn't create an enemy someplace isn't a man of decision. I think in terms of what my father told me: "If you don't understand anything, you go to a man that you think's an authority. When you ask your question, ask it intelligently. If he doesn't answer you to your satisfaction, tell him that you don't quite understand, and ask the question again. If you still are not satisfied, reframe the question. And then, if you're not satisfied, you have a right to your opinion, but I doubt not his right to his opinion.

You'll always find—and I've seen them come and go—there are those people who are against most everything. They're against the president of the University; they'll condemn him. But you'll feel, as I do, the majority of good people were interested in education, developing something for their children at the present and expanding the good. They're always for the University.

I want to tell you, I've taken some of the worst spankings I ever took in my life—I mean lip spankings—when I was a Regent, when I appeared before some legislative

committees. And if it wasn't for the University, I—I'd've slapped somebody down. I would've cussed them out, but I just figured this! what father had said, the example that I thought Dr. Stubbs left—the thing for me to do was to take it, say nothing at the time, but try to improve my presentation at a future time.

Dr. Brown had trouble; Dr. Jones had trouble; and Dr. Stubbs had trouble; Hendrick had his troubles; Clark had plenty of his; Hartman had trouble; Moseley had trouble; Love had trouble, and Love was here only a short time. Minard Stout had trouble. Every one of those things could've been avoided if it weren't for prejudice. "You see what I mean? People getting together and say, 'Well, as long as I'm in there, now'—spiteful. Of course, I had one man say something to me when we appeared before a legislative committee and a matter of mathematics came up. He saw that we were asking for an increase in salary for teachers in the mathematic department, and he said, 'How much does a professor of mathematics get? What was his salary? What does he do?' We gave him the answer. he said, 'I'd be glad to take that job for less than that. I've taught mathematics.' And I said, 'What are you doing now?' His answer was, 'working for the WPA.'

You find those things, and then you sometimes find people that should know better and should be for the University are against it because the University wouldn't do what they wanted. And they do you a lot of harm. Then there's always publicity hounds. Then again, you'll always find many a reporter that'll tell the truth and would give all the facts, and others'll slant it just one way. Summarizing, then, Dr. Stubbs took over; he had a good nucleus, and I've outlined pretty well many things that he had done. And certainly, he rode upon what was down here [gesture] and finally got rid of



the prep department by increasing interest in the public schools and the high schools throughout the state, because the University was able to supply through their prep school help there in subjects that they might not have gotten elsewhere. They had increased, under Dr. Stubbs, the interest in high school training, and such things as that. So we didn't need the preps any more. The student body was large enough to get by without getting the preps in there.

Now, as far as I know, there was never any extensive legislative investigation during Brown's or Jones' administration. But politics had crept into it, so—. Well, I'll put it down this way. The first full inspection and investigation of the University was done then during Dr. Stubbs' administration. I recall that because it was during my senior year in college. I think that I in right when I make this statement: they did have the inspection and investigation, and they found that there was no sound basis for the charges. But the thing that brought it up was the resignation of Jackson and some other people that were identified with him and interference on the part of two or three of the faculty within the administration for their own personal viewpoint. We also note that some of the Regents at that particular time were entertaining discussions with members of the faculty and downtown people, and we found that there was an increase of the individual departments submitting separate budgets for their departments, which was not an—well, it's conflicting with the general budget that was approved by the Board. However, the Regents at that time had sent out a policy relative to people working on the outside. The Regents set up that regulation that I quoted before, that they should teach, and the administration should be handled by administrators. Yet now and then, you would find people—downtown citizens, some

Regents, and faculty members confusing the legislature by rumors, and such things as that. I always felt that this investigation that they made was fair, because as I remember it, the press said that it was complete. The thing that interested me and made me so happy was the fact that there was no basis for this charge.

But let us now just review a little bit. That did Dr. Stubbs do? He increased the departments in the University and appointed a head of the different departments, who were responsible to him—or the vice president, when he was out of town. Of course, the conditions were different then than they are now, but it was a small faculty. I think, in view of the fact that they had a debating society under Jones, they'd learn to work together. Dr. Stubbs was able to contact the Mackays and get them interested in the institution; he was able to get more federal help; he was very active in attempting to improve the moral condition that was in Reno at that particular time. He stood firm. He was invited to address president's organizations representing the university presidents and agricultural experiment stations on the future and future direction and ultimate, I would say, completion of the elements in the departments, and keeping the departments strong—not reaching out to become a graduate school, but well founded in the subjects taught to earn a Bachelor's degree.

#### **ARCHER W. HENDRICK**

After Dr. Stubbs' death, Lewers was acting president. Mind you, the Regents didn't call him vice president; he was acting president. The Regents appointed assistants to him, made up of the three deans. If I remember correctly, the arts and science was a man by the name of Watson, and Scrugham was in

engineering, and I think Charlie Knight was agriculture. These take me back a long time!

During that particular time, the Regents took over the business affairs of the University in an effort to reconstruct the finances. I was told that this was necessary because the appropriations that they received from the federal government for the agricultural experimental work were taken care of. But many of the station people did teaching. Many of the people that were on the regular teaching staff taught in agriculture.

One of the first things that the Regents did in order to get the finances straightened out was to hire Charles Gorman, a certified public accountant. Gorman was a native Nevadan and followed railroading for a number of years. He had been a telegrapher and was then employed in the bank in Eureka. He was familiar with banking and finance and he knew money. They imported him to come in and set up a good accounting system so that they knew how to keep the government money by itself and the state appropriations by itself. If there were contributions for a department, to keep that by itself. He set up the requisition [system] and how it had to be done. He had very little help, but he did get it squared away. Now, Charlie really developed the system of accounting and the matter of the different funds—particularly the state funds and the federal funds. I can remember very definitely when I was still close to the University Regents, Dr. Hosea E. Reid talked to me and some other people. He, being a businessman, said that he'd straighten out the financial structure so everybody knew what he had. Up until that particular time, if a department chairman took anything from the general fund, or wanted to send in a requisition, it was paid. There had been no definite allocation of department funds. They could be overdrawn or underdrawn.

The Regents were looking for a new president, and I can remember their saying that they really needed a man who had experience in education but who was primarily a businessman. They figured that the University was a business institution and that that was more important than the experience he had in teaching, an administrator. They finally located this man, Hendrick. He was a graduate of a Canadian university I think it was in Toronto. He'd had considerable business experience, and also some teaching, and had in the business field administrative experience which indicated ability. In getting him, the Regents had depressed the emphasis on the business aspects of the entire institution.

Now, when President Hendrick came to us, that's the first thing that he undertook to do, was to go over this particular project. Without much inquiry, he made certain studies and then he came in with recommendations and also policies. These were approved and he was told to go ahead on it. What those policies were, I don't know. But we do know that the policies that he suggested were approved. These stressed the financial and the business approach to the problem. In other words, policies were not necessarily adaptable to the conduct of an educational institution. I think that move probably stirred up anxiety on the part of the faculty, I would say the conservative members of the faculty. A large number of the citizens who had been interested in the University, they began—well, their friendship sort of ceased and the students were concerned as to whether their education and work would give them what they wanted under this plan,

One of the first things he did (that) caused considerable concern was his attitude towards the Agricultural Experiment Station. Apparently, he didn't look into the background of this division. Maybe he considered it from

a business point of view, He thought that the work that they were doing was not applicable to practical work in the field of agriculture. He then reviewed the work in the experiment station himself from the station personnel. He suggested that the whole project list, all of it, be discontinued immediately and that other projects be substituted, and those projects were things that he thought of himself, That, then, caused more anxiety on the part of the agricultural experiment people, as well as the farmers in the state. Whenever the experiment station decided on a particular project, it had to outline this project and show the purpose of the project and the benefit it would be towards agriculture, He was apparently not familiar with the fact that those projects, any one of them, had to be submitted to the Agricultural Experiment Station in Washington, and they were not permitted to go ahead on it until they had the approval of the project. Of course, the Agricultural Experiment Station didn't approve of all of his suggestions, but they had approved of what was being done by the local station. Then the agricultural experiment station representative came out from Washington and looked into the particular projects. They became concerned. Well, The got squared -away on that because he discovered his error. Well, it wound up by discarding some of the projects with the approval of the Washington division. Undoubtedly, the next report that came in from them on this research—they might've said, "Discontinue it." We don't know. Then they worked up other projects and started to work from there.

Oh, all in that faculty were very upset. There was S. B. Doten, there was the dean of agriculture, Charles Knight, the head of the experiment station who was Dr. (Gordon True, and all of the subordinates that they had working in the field. Now, if you recall, I said

to you that we would have to credit Dr. Stubbs with the idea of extension work.

Some of these people had come here specifically because of Nevada's peculiar problems. Well, that is right. :rue came in because of the things that he thought he could do in the matter of cattle—animal husbandry. And he did a whale of a job and he exhibited at state fairs down in California. Gosh, he came out with prize after prize! And then he decided that he wanted to show in Utah, but he didn't have any money.

P. B. Kennedy came in; he was interested also in alfalfa and irrigation. Now(I cooperated with him on it. Kennedy wanted to know if he could grow the different pines from seed. He went up around Gardnerville and that area and obtained a lot of the seeds and started them in little boxes, The seeds germinated but soon died. Finally, he came over to the chem department and assigned me to it. I went out with him to that area and I took samples of soil in different areas and around some of the different trees and brought the samples to the laboratory there. Then I analyzed the soil that he was using. I found, right off the reel, that all of the soils had a lot of turpentine in them, and the soil here didn't. So we tried the experiment of putting a little turpentine in local soil and keeping the soil moist. After it germinated, it grew a little bit and then it stopped. That presented a few problems, because this was a clay soil, and if you didn't keep it moist, it'd cake, and ft you kept it too moist, the tree'd die. So I went back out to the place and made a study of the area. Kennedy was with me. He took some of this forest floor, you know what it is, don't you? It's the mat that lays around under the trees. It's made up of pine needles piled on top of the other, and finally, you get down to that black substance that's very coarse, So, I brought that in and checked it. We used the black material and

got along pretty well. We found that, even then, the clay would eventually overcome the turpentine. We then brought in a lot of needles and mixed them with the clay soil. As a result, the trees began growing, and that's where all of these pines you see around town, up at the cemetery, and the parks grew, out of this particular project.

It was a lot of fun—a lot of fun. Of course, I think I had a little bit of an advantage over the average chemist, because Father was a practical farmer and he did a lot of experimenting. For instance, he was the first one to grow alfalfa on a clay soil. He brought in the first maple trees, put in the first bored well, and things like that.

Now, here's an interesting thing. Many years afterwards, we purchased property up at Lake [Tahoe], and Mr. Phillip Lehenbauer, who was the head of that department at that time (we were having a little trouble with our trees), and I went up to the Lake and he asked me why I raked out this forest floor all over there. Well, I said that I raked it out for fire protection, and that I thought by irrigating, I could take care of the trees. Well, he told me I made a mistake, and the trouble was this: you get down to this forest floor and it's so fine and was on the sidehill, the water would hit there and run down and run off, instead of seeping into the ground. Then he dug up some roots of some of these small trees and showed that where we got into the caliche, there was no tap root. We got in on open soil, the tap root was longer, and the side [branches] were spread quite a bit. That's the reason we lost so many pines up there in this last storm.

Now, then, if I recall correctly, Mr. Doten, who worked as a student with Walter McNab Miller, emphasized the work that Miller did here. And it's really, really worthwhile reading. This fellow, Miller—gosh he went all over the board. He knew all [about] growing vegetation.

Another thing came up during Dr. Stubbs' administration, towards the end of it, was that big movement in mining and gambling. He took a very positive stand against it, and many of the people of the city of Reno and the area stood by him. The place became pretty liberal, hard to keep the students out of the joints. Dr. Stubbs, I think, finally did very well. He gained cooperation from the liberal element, and as far as they could go. Yet he was for Prohibition and not gambling. Dr. Hendrick just brushed that off his sleeve. In other words, that wasn't important to him. And that feud caused antagonism. That caused criticism by certain groups, because he seemed unwilling to engage actively against what they called evil force. They thought that that was a backward step for the administration. But I do know—and I was not a member of the city council at that particular time, but I was close to the city council—that Hendrick finally got together with them, with the city administration, and then with the owners of these places, and I think he received cooperation. He tried to keep the students out of the saloons and the gambling. Now, I remember that when I was on the council, and that's when we had Prohibition, too, part of the time. Then a student was twenty-one years old, he was a citizen, and it was hard to keep him out. But they would try to not let them play and not serve them drinks. But if the young fellow asserted himself, "Here, I'm twenty-one. I'm a voter," there wasn't much more they could do.

Well, after the experience that President Hendrick had in the beginning with the agricultural setup and all that hullabaloo, he did become interested, and upon the recommendation of Mr. Doten (and I think he was the director of the experiment station at that time), they established, got money for a veterinary control service. That grew and continued, and we still have it. Then about

that time, they established in the experiment station a commission of range forage and management. They brought in Charlie Fleming. He traveled all over the state. And Charlie had a marvelous background for his work in Nevada.

Then during that particular period, they established the agricultural extension service. Dr. Stubbs, you see, when he was director, he handled a lot of management himself. He did some of this extension work. But they finally established this particular division, and Charlie Norcross, who was a pretty good publicity man, was named the head of it. Those were the accomplishments, I think.

About 1915—and it might have been 1917—the legislature provided funds for the purchase of the farm and the construction of the agriculture building on the University of Nevada campus. Mr. Hendrick was linked with this particular phase. The issue came up before the legislature, and I think that Hosea E. Reid, the Regent, told me that President Hendrick recommended that the Regents buy this farm and erect barns, corrals, purchase stock, and suggested that it be financed by a bond issue and he provided a way of funding it. He thought that the sale of the products from this farm would be income from sales. The income was put into a sinking fund to take care of the bond.

I have a note here that, in addition to purchasing that farm, Hendrick suggested that they purchase top breeds of cattle, horses, sheep, and poultry for experimental purposes. That is history, and if I remember correctly, Dr. Reid, who was the chairman of the board, gave me this information.

At that time, which would be 1916—probably '16—all of these activities and the mistrust brought Governor Boyle in the operation. He used his influence and brought out representatives from Washington\* to go

over this situation. They sent a committee out here to investigate this whole problem. The Federal Bureau of Education also came out and made a survey of the problem.

Did I get involved in that investigation in any way? No. I stayed clear out of this Hendrick problem. I left the University during that time, and I figured that when I was through with a place, I should not come back or in any way interfere with the University problems. The only place I stayed was in the athletic department, coaching on the side, and that was on my own time and my own expense.

Well, I have this note that the report showed a lack of confidence in the administration and an atmosphere of doubt and suspicion on the part of faculty members, students, and townspeople, and the parents of the students. The report was very complimentary of the stand that the Board of Regents took to get Charlie Gorman in here as comptroller. Charlie had to work pretty hard to accomplish his assignment. When Mr. Hendrick came in, he suggested a new system of accounting. When Charlie came in (I know this from talking to Charlie because I worked closely with him when I was on the Board of Regents and he showed me the confusion), he got the finances set up in such a way that he had the federal funds by themselves, state funds by themselves, and contributions by themselves. He had outlined who could draw on these funds. He set up a budget, an estimated budget, and then when they received the appropriations, he prorated them and then [was able to] draw on the appropriation. But when they spent all of their appropriation, they were out of money.

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\*See *Education Bulletin*, 1917.



But Mr. Hendrick suggested an entirely new setup. He didn't want any help from Gorman's office, but he wanted this new setup. He immediately placed Gorman in charge of the dining hall, and I don't know what all. Now, the result of this situation was Charlie resigned. When this situation developed in the next investigation (and that was another criticism they had of the administration; it was something set up on maybe a big budget plan, the whole shooting works this way, for the minimum amount of work), well, Charlie resigned and they appointed a new man, and he came in to handle the problem. He was not familiar with the old system. That was explained to him, but he didn't understand the new method of accounting recommended by the administration. It hadn't been set up in detail. So that was confusion again.

I think I might mention politics. Politics did come into it. I don't know whether the session's '15 or '17, but I think 1917, the legislature was concerned, and they changed the setup for the Board of Regents and they extended the Regents' terms from four and two to ten years. Over a period of time, they'd elect one Regent every biennium. They did that in order to have enough people on the Board to carry on continuity of policies and who were acquainted with members of the legislature. That is the year that it became political. There was quite a battle on. That's when the "ABC Board" was elected. They had a majority vote. You know what that is? Well, Mr. James F. Abel, Mrs. Edna C. Baker, and Judge Ben Curler, Jr. were elected. Mrs. Baker was the first woman to serve as member of the Board of Regents in the history of the University. She was also a graduate of the University of Nevada. Abel was a graduate of the University. Curler was a lawyer and a native Nevadan. Mrs. Edna Baker, by the way, was a Republican [laughing]. According to

the Political History of Nevada, she received a majority of 1,106 votes; and then for a long term, Abel won by 791 votes; and Curler's majority was 422; and Charlie Henderson, a former Regent, was defeated. And you know, Mrs. Baker defeated a strong man, I. H. Kent. That's November, 1916, they were elected.

I wouldn't know how to title Hendrick's, shall we say, new idea of administration when he put his plan in. He resigned. He went to California, entered into the banking business, and became an expert on agriculture. It would seem that while he made a grave mistake which made him unpopular to begin with in connection with agriculture, he learned in the meantime that he was wrong, and he did enough work in the things that came in during that time to get a pretty good background, at least in agriculture.

I know that during the time that we were getting portraits of all the University presidents—that was fun. You know how we did that? We had great cooperation from him. We asked him to let us know what he'd been doing, and he sent us a lot of information to show that he had made good in that line. This was a transition period.

Sometime between the end of Dr. Stubbs' administration and the early part of Hendrick's administration, there was a big hullabaloo over the central heating plant as to what type of heat you should use, and so on. The big argument was over whether they should use hot water or steam. They had all kinds of advice on steam heat and also on hot water heat. But then Mr. Walter E. Pratt, when he was chairman of the board, decided that he was some sort of an engineer and an accountant. He knew quite a bit about heating. The project was turned over to Pratt. He installed this hot water system. The big problem was circulation, to get the water out over the system and then get it back. The source was installed somewhere near the



central heating plant, and water circulated through a system of pipes over the campus. Manzanita Hall was the end of the heating circulation. The water was then pumped back to the source of heating. If you could read the minutes of the Board of Regents at that particular time, you could obtain more information on the details.

As far as I know, there had never been a map made of that circulation system of where the takeoff places were and so forth. But Carl Horn was on the job when it was done, and he remembered every one of those places. Sometime during the Clark administration and before I was appointed to the Board, the Regents hired Professor H. P. Boardman of the civil engineering department to make a map of the system and show the outlets, with the understanding that he would do it during his spare time and in the summers. He did make the map, but it was not finished until after I was on the Board. I thought it was quite important that we have this map, but we had to depend a lot on the memory of Carl Horn and go out and dig in that particular place to [laughing] find the trench, and so on. But it was just one of those things. There must have been a map to begin with for the people to work from, but it had been lost. Dr. Boardman finished the map.

At that particular time, Lincoln and Manzanita halls had independent heating plants, but they were too small. I can remember the students on the third floor darn near froze, and the upperclassmen made the freshmen of Lincoln Hall appropriate wood from the back of the old dining rooms, which was back of Stewart Hall. The dining room was in the basement. When Dick Brown wasn't around, they'd carry up enough wood to put in the fireplace on the first floor of Lincoln Hall. They would lay the fireplace and start the fire before Dick'd come around to the study room so it would warm up the area and the third

floor fellows could come down and study. I have told that story elsewhere.

William Wagner was a plumbing and heating expert in the firm of Beebe and Wagner. He was one of the foremost heating engineers in our area. When I was on the board, we used him a lot to advise us on this problem. The criticism of the old system was this: the rooms would get cold, beginning in the afternoon, too cold in the evenings. That's when night classes were still on, and in many of the buildings they had potbellied stoves.

So, all in all, while Mr. Hendrick's term as president was short, and there was controversy, those few years that he was here laid a splendid background. In other words, they opened up the avenues of inefficiency and of doubt to make things more efficient. It's interesting to take these things that all came in towards the end of his administration or were recommended by him that built that agricultural setup again. He missed it, and especially the business side of it, because the sale of stock and other products couldn't pay for bond redemption. I don't know of any new faculty men that he brought in at the time. If I could see the old catalogs, I could probably tell you. There were changes, of course. But I think that most of those changes when men left were filled by men in the department until Dr. Clark came in and got the feel of the thing and the University began to expand. The demands were greater. If I recall this correctly, the attendance better than doubled between the time that Dr. Stubbs went on that leave of absence and then his year at home and the latter part of the Hendrick [administration]—better than fifty percent, and in all the schools.

#### WALTER E. CLARK

When was it, 1917, Hendrick resigned? Yes. Again, Lewers sort of carried on. The

first of 1917, the “ABC Board of Regents”. sort of decided the type of man they wanted. As I remember, they said, “We want a man who’s had a lot of experience in teaching, who also had a background in finance, who made friends easily, and was also familiar with activities other than his own specialty.” I know this went out when they were looking for a president. So the regents selected Mr. Abel, who had the time, to go out and interview certain of these people that might be available or might be available. I remember that he traveled a lot in different sections of the United States.

Oh, yes, one other thing. The Regents were impressed with What Dr. Stubbs had done in the matter of carrying the University to the people. I think I mentioned the fact that he got out and did these things. They wanted the type of man who would get out and meet the Nevada citizens.

There’s another thing at that particular time. Now, I remember this quite vividly, because I was not—I had left the University, you see, the last of 1914, and I knew something about the situation on campus. Yes, I was there as graduate manager and athletic coach for a number of years. This impressed me. The Regents had a man, who, when Dr. Clark was elected, [from] his experience in the East (and I think it’s the City College of New York), had shown his ability to win the support of the faculty as well as the students, and also satisfy the Regents. I mentioned the office personnel during that year. During That year, I don’t know whether you knew Professor Lewers or not, but he was a country boy, self-educated. He had the ability to reconcile differences, and in a quiet way explain to the faculty that they had to work together. And really, by the time that Dr. Clark arrived, I think that [by my] being close to the student body, that the student body was pretty well

satisfied with the type of man that the Regents had selected. well, the attitude, the harmony, the friendliness among the faculty had been restored. That was due to the quiet way in which Lewers was handling the problems and suggesting things that they were going to do. It had sort of been molded, and their [new] objective seemed to be clear. So when Clark came here, that’s what he had in his favor. The four years preceding this date had caused a lot of this division and dissention.

One of the first things that Dr. Clark had to put up with when he came here was the fact that the United States had entered the war, and the things that he would like to have done immediately probably were somewhat handicapped because of the declaration of war. In the meantime, before Clark arrived, they’d started the idea of building the military barracks at the University, and older members of the faculty that hadn’t enlisted plundered in to help carry on. They, themselves, taught some of the military members a lot about engineering in both wood and iron, and participated in other lectures. That barracks was put up in no time, and also, a mess hall. When Dr. Clark arrived, the process was not completed and he had to meet that situation. Fe threw himself into it with great vigor. When he found this situation, he also found that enrollment dropped considerably and some of the faculty had gone into the service. He only had a few people to deal with on both sides. Such was the problem facing Dr. Clark. The barracks was constructed to accommodate two hundred select men for military duty. The shops in the colleges of engineering were turned over to the military for instruction. All the faculty members gave instruction to recruits.

At the end of the war, there were two or three crisis periods. The enrollment increased at the University [then], as well as in the high

schools of the state. During That time, when we had the military and the war was on, Dr. Clark went out over the state and made contact in person with people of the state. I guess he must've believed the war would be over and they would have this situation. But he tried to impress upon the people in the state what the University could do for them, and also, what the high schools could do for the University. He was the first man that I remember to emphasize that they could get a free education, and to also emphasize the advantage of a small University and small classes so that they could get the personal attention of the head of the department.

Now, Dr. Clark disappointed some people when he looked over the situation. I think one of the first things he did after he got organized when the war was over (had to do) with this increased enrollment. I've made this known. He limited attendance upon out-of-state students, that he would only have a certain number. In other words, he recommended restricted enrollment, and among those was a limited number from those from the out-of-state side and the requirement that they should pay a tuition fee. That caused a little dissension at the time, but after all, the Regents supported him. it worked out as it should work out.

He also, along about that time, asked for another restriction. That was to restrict the courses to the undergraduate division—no graduate courses beyond the AB or BS. At that time, we had a school of liberal arts and then we had one in general science; and one in engineering which had mining, mechanical, electrical, and civil engineering in it. We had the normal school, agriculture, and home economics. As I remember, he was the first to emphasize this: "that if we had strong undergraduate work, those people who graduated from Nevada and who wanted

to go to graduate school would be accepted upon application because of the strong undergraduate course they had."

At that time [the University was] stressing medicine, law, dentistry, forestry. They had to be in the school of agriculture, and at that time, they were talking a lot about reforestation, It worked in pretty well with the plan that he had about the extension work that Dr. Stubbs had started,

He also did this during his first period here. He conceived the idea of the oath, feeling, I think as he did, that it would make the graduates more loyal. And those familiar with the oath, whether they were graduates or not, would realize their responsibility to the University and try to build up a spirit and affection for and pride in their University.

Now, when Dr. Clark came here, the money that was obtained from the state was by appropriation. I think this "ABC board" was instrumental in changing the law. Instead of making a direct appropriation, the legislature levied a percentage of the state tax to go to the University. It seemed to me that the legislature of 1920 probably did this direct tax. They created a levy for operating expense, a levy for public service, and a levy for permanent construction. And they legalized the tuition charge. I think those were the things that happened at that particular time. Now, the public service division, of course, was in effect; Dr. Clark took it over. (I think I mentioned that under Dr. Stubbs we brought in a man by the name of Mack to start that public service thing.)

Now, just about this time—anyhow, it's after they obtained this direct levy—it was seen that they would be able to increase the faculty and also give additional offerings in the departments that had been recognized. I said that they had these four divisions, and they were limited as to what courses

they could offer—maybe straight history, or something like that, but they added a little political science, and then, in the normal school, they rationalized that. When they had a normal school, they were using the prep school and the others to do most of these things, and they had a little teacher training. Now, I may not be covering this as I should, but as I remember it, these offerings were journalism to the department of English and political science to history. Then they put in some economics; that was Dr. Clark's strong field. Then in literature, they increased. When I was a student, they only had one professor of English to carry the load. So they increased the English staff and gave them additional offerings.

Wow, the latter part of Dr. Stubbs' administration, he recommended that they have a University senate, and everything had to be finally submitted to them before they came to the president. Well, that was abolished after Dr. Clark came. I don't know, maybe it wasn't abolished during Dr. Hendrick's time, because it was existent but not in use. That was the first time that all faculty members could sit in on the faculty meeting. Also, about that time, between 1918 and 1920, they created faculty committees. I suppose that if there was a question under it in arts and science, they would appoint three members of the arts and sciences as a faculty committee to represent that department; engineering the same way. Each one of the departments'd have one on this committee, and that would resolve many difficulties in that department.

I don't remember just when, out it was sometime during the early Clark administration that the matter of accrediting high school students had caused some difficulty on the part of the public, or the areas [from which the students came].

1917—I think—it could've been 1915, but I think it was 1917—the legislature

appropriated funds for the new agricultural building. I don't think that was completed until after poisonous plants (this was during the Clark administration), and they imported Charlie Fleming, who turned out to be a very strong man. When Dr. Mack died (now, this is in the public service layout), Dr. Edward Record was working under him. He was a veterinarian, and he was made the head of the department of veterinary science and state hygienic laboratory. Dean Sibley was brought in to succeed Scrugham.

The University was offering a course in what was called domestic science during Dr. Stubbs' administration. Miss Bardenwerper was the head of it about the time of her retirement. Dr. Clark created the department of home economics. This broadened out, and he brought in a Miss Lewis from the northwest area, and she organized that department. They brought in Dr. B. F. Chappelle to head the language department. Before that, we had Miss de Laguna teaching French, and Dr. Church, Latin. Chappelle organized that department and it grew to quite a number of people, so that more foreign languages could be taught. I mentioned the English department, didn't I? I didn't mention this, though; I think it was in 1921 that Dr. Clark was able to persuade the legislature to give them additional money to increase the salaries. That's the time when he added these additional courses. They were just marvelous.

Oh, yes. Another thing I almost forgot to tell you. On this accreditation basis, he finally got the Regents to agree on accrediting the schools on the basis of the success of their graduates in the different courses. Some students applied for entrance to the University without knowledge of all the fundamentals, here's an illustration. One young man came in on scholarship from the press association. He then received an appointment to West

Point, or one of the military academies, and the one thing that he flunked was English, and he couldn't go back. So he came back and took "dummy" English. Now, going back a little bit further, to Cushman, what he had in mind, they found the same thing in math. So Cushman followed through on this, and before he left and Dr. H. U. Hill took his place, this department was pretty well organized. Then when Dr. Hill came in, they offered an additional course to the young people to bring them up in their English, the same with mathematics, and so on. They didn't get any credit for it, excepting the entrance credits, but they had plenty of time to do these electives.

Now, also, Dr. Clark increased the offerings. That opened up the elective field to all of the students. In the early days, practically everything was prescribed and there wasn't much election.

Now, I want to get back to this talk about junior college a little bit later. Let me mention some of the things that happened on campus that I can remember. They had the new agricultural building, also the education building. The mines experiment station was brought here; that's the one with the federal Bureau of Mines. It was erected immediately in the rear of the Mackay School of Mines so there would be cooperation. The Mackay Science building housed the departments of chemistry, physics, and mathematics, and there was an alteration in the new electrical building. I don't know just when it was built, but I know that Scrugham got the money to build it. It wasn't built at the time that I graduated, but it had to be shortly thereafter. They had alterations in the building during that time. There were changes made in the library building; now, that's the old building where the school of journalism has been. They made some alterations in the basement

of that. There were changes made in both Manzanita and Lincoln Hall. That little hospital that used to be between Lincoln Hall and the old gym, that was remodeled. Then the dining hall that used to be in the basement of Stewart Hall was moved over there in the rear of Manzanita, but it was not large enough. It had been built while I was in college. But it wasn't large enough and it was improved and additions made during that time. Now, this was funding, you see, that came first, by this *ad valorem* tax thing.

Now, by just looking this up, during the time that Walter Pratt was on the Board of Regents (I think that he was elected first in 1912), they discussed the matter of a central heating plant. Dr. Clark kind of inherited that thing. In 1932, it was, he I Pratt] moved out of the state, resigned, and I was appointed.

Now, where was I? Central heating plant. The question was whether we should have steam or whether we should have hot water. The Regents had engineers from all over the country advising them, and most of them—well, they were divided. Finally, I know Mr. Pratt asked them to turn it over to him. He was the one that made the decision that they put in hot water. And they had trouble with the installation. A spur track from the Western Pacific to the central heating plant was put in during this time. It was nicknamed the "Gorman Shortline." You see, after getting the central heating plant, by getting a carload of oil delivered right there, it saved quite a bit of money.

Artemisia Hall was built as an additional girls' dormitory. I think there were two ladies on the Board at that time. I read some of the minutes on this thing. [Laughing] They were determined and they wanted it their way.

Now, the long loop at the Orr Ditch was changed to an inverted siphon. It used to go around, way up and around. I remember that



when I was on the Board, it channeled through the University, going this way, causing caving of the banks, and then turned And went in the other direction. It was recommended that they cement it, do things like that. They didn't have the money [to repair it], and Mr. George Wingfield—I can tell this now—said, “Row much—.” He told them, “Put it in and I'll pay for it.” Now, someday, I want to do something on George Wingfield, because I know the great things that he did for the University. People don't know what he did for that University when he was on the Board.

Now, the dairy herd was moved to the new University stock farm. The dairy herd, some of it, had been on the ground of the experiment station laboratory east of Valley Road, and some of it at the fairgrounds. They used to lease the fairgrounds. It was all moved to the new University stock farm. It was shortly after Hendrick's resignation, because I remember reading of his presentation and request to the legislature for [its] improvement. He said that if they would improve it and build these barns and such things as that, that they could raise enough stock and sell it to retire their bonds. The oldtime cattlemen kind of disputed that.

The new civil engineering building was built. Quite an improvement was made in the interior arrangement of the Mackay School of Mines. The Clark Library building was built.

Hatch Station was moved to the northwest corner of the campus. An interesting story in connection with that—they didn't want to destroy the building. The contractor said he'd try to move it, but it was a gamble. So he jacked the building up, and he moved it clear across the campus. They'd built a foundation for the building and had it just ready to sit on the foundation. In moving the structure, they didn't even crack the plaster. The contractor got a little pie-eyed at the celebration the night before lowering the building on the

foundation. In the process of lowering the foundation, a horse windlass was used. As the horse started around this windlass thing, the contractor hit the horse a crack on the butt. The horse jumped. The building shook. It frightened everybody. No damage was done except breaking some of the old plaster.

It was during Clark's administration that the law was amended to increase the term of the Board of Regents to ten years. I remember that it was felt by that new Board, the “ABC board,” that they could tell all the people of the state that if each board member could have a longer term, they need only elect a Regent a year. [They believed] that long-range policies of the Board could better mature without interruption and be of benefit for the University. Another important thing happened during the Clark administration. It came up on the recommendation of Mr. Gorman, and it was endorsed by Dr. Clark. The law required that all payrolls, bills, and so on be mailed to Carson City to be checked and audited, after which checks were mailed by the state to the creditor. Mr. German came before the Board of Regents with the consent of the president and showed how much money the University could save in discounts alone if accounts were paid on time. He proposed that the Regents create a revolving fund and pay the bills out of that revolving fund and then send the paid invoices, salaries schedules over to Carson for them to audit. If the accounts were found correct, the state could reimburse the revolving fund and thus keep this account liquid and make it possible to take advantage of cash discounts. The question was where to obtain the money for the revolving fund. David Russell, a stockman from the Long Valley-Sierra Valley area, had willed a large sum of money to the University, the income from which could be used by the University according to other instructions in the will.



He made Mr. George H. Taylor, who was secretary of the board, the person who would approve of the disposition and also have charge of the investments, Russell also made the further provision that in the event of the death of Taylor or his resignation that the power to handle this fund would be in the hands of the president of the University. The Regents could recommend the project they thought best. So the Regents borrowed from the David Russell fund and put that into the revolving fund. That started on Mr. Gorman's analysis and it proved itself. The legislature gave approval of this plan, and in this manner the University could take their discounts, which amounted to a lot of money, and the faculty people could be paid on time. Then, of course, if it went over to the board of finance, or whatever the board was that had to okay it, if they'd find any error in it, they'd call [it to] the attention of the University and give the comptroller and the president an opportunity to come over and justify it.

Mr. Gorman and I were quite instrumental in getting the Clark Library. Mr. [William Andrew] Clark's wife was Alice McManus of Silver City, and Alice McManus was the school friend of Charles Gorman. Mrs. Clark was ill, and she requested of her husband that they do something for the University in memory of her. She discussed it with Charlie, and Charlie suggested to her that she should submit it to the president, but to keep in mind the library because the first library was in the bottom [floor] of Morrill Hall. Then when Dr. Reid was on the Board, he went over and got an appropriation for the small library afterward. (That's the one that became the journalism department.) So she approached Dr. Clark, and something happened—I don't know what it was—and the deal was off. I think maybe in her first interview with Dr. Clark on the matter, she was disappointed and

sort of gave up the idea. Mr. Gorman was the one that talked Alice into coming back and to come up to talk to him about it; he asked that I be present. We made the appointment and we went out and sat out on the Mackay bleachers and discussed it. And things worked out. That she had made the proposition again, and then she died. Nothing was done for quite a while. But Mr. Clark kept it in mind and at a later date built the present library, and they named it the—well, they called it the Clark Library, but it was the Alice McManus Clark, and I hope they preserve that name there.

Dr. Clark was here just a short time, and I'm not so sure—one of the Regents at one time decided that we ought to have something for the library and he went to the legislature, and independent of the Regents' authorization, he got an appropriation through for a library. That was the little building that was the journalism department for a long time.

Also, after Dr. Clark came here, a teacher by the name of Leach (I think he was in the English department) was appointed dean of students. There was a big hullabaloo about it. On the strength of that, Regent Talbot—I don't know whether Mr. Pratt was involved in it. Well, anyhow, the appointment of Leach caused a general rebellion. On the basis of that, Talbot got some sort of an investigation going, and he introduced a resolution (I think it was in the Board of Regents) about Clark's act in setting the screws on some of the ideas that this man, Leach, put in. This resolution, if I remember correctly, was presented at the Regents meeting. If I remember, the sum and substance of it was that the action of the president in this particular thing justified calling for his resignation and for a legislative investigation.

Out of that investigation a question was asked, "Who should run the University, the

Board of Regents or the president?" I think the committee decided that the Board of Regents were the legislative group, and they should determine the policies which were recommended by the president. After these things were determined, that the president was the administrative head of the group, thus justifying Dr. Clark, Leach and some others left the faculty. Now, during Dr. Clark's administration, we had a suggestion as to limiting the student body. There was an increase in the faculty, and there was an increase in the courses given and some construction. I think it was during his time that the legislature passed an ad valorem tax, the income from which would be used for building construction. In other words, they were creating funds to be drawn as needed.

Now, Dr. Clark certainly made an honest effort to improve the University within the means at his hands. And the thing that happened during that time when they were increasing the faculty: he was in a competitive market, but he was able to bring in a number of younger men at a nominal salary with the understanding that they would be promoted rapidly. The result of that eventually was—well, agitation. Dr. Clark admitted that there was an inequity in the salary setup and promised that the matter would be adjusted so that the ranks were autonomous in the matter of salary. But that was the beginning of the thing.

Dr. Clark—honestly, I believe that he was farsighted. He was able to bring many good men, and he would promote them as he had promised. Jealousy crept into some of the departments. These are but some of the highlights of Dr. Clark's administration. These alone justify me in saying that his administration was one of growth and expansion on the cornerstone erected by his predecessors. He further laid a good

cornerstone for his successors to erect future superstructures.

#### **LEON W. HARTMAN**

I'd like to interject something here before I start on Dr. Hartman, to make some observations. And one is this: that every president we have had has had controversy between the faculty and the administration, and also between the public and the administration. I think if you look at the history of the University, the start out in Elko County, there were problems—differences of opinion, changes in faculty out there for quite a while.

But, now, Dr. Brown had difficulties. He had a pretty fair faculty, but he got one man in that became quite controversial and was controversial at that particular time. As you follow through each one of these administrations, you will find that the good will of the public waned at times, and as it went on, you could trace it directly to misinformation given to them by disgruntled faculty members Or some unhappy citizens.

The first time that the Regents took a stand on that was early in Dr. Stubbs' administration. Now, Brown had this trouble, and then Jones had this trouble.. These troubles were somewhat overcome when all the facts were out. But the first time that the Regents took any stand on it was what I call the Jackson episode. Mr. Jackson was an eminent mining engineer. He was a good-looking fellow; he was easy to meet, made friends easily, and so forth—perhaps he was exceptional in that line. But he wanted a lot of time to and for himself. The president tried to settle these differences, but it would reoccur. About the time Dr. Stubbs' health failed him somewhat, the Regents gave him a leave of absence. They made Mr. Henry Thurtell the acting

president. That made Mr. Jackson pretty mad because he had seniority on the faculty, and he threatened to quit. He and another faculty member by the name of Phillips (I think Phillips was in the chemistry and physics departments) tendered their resignations. The Regents accepted their resignations and then the Regents declared themselves. I can't remember the exact words, but they passed a resolution to this effect? "Each member of the faculty should be expected to give his undivided time and attention to his teaching work and other work of the University which was assigned by the president and approved by the Regents." Well, that was taken during the early time in the Stubbs administration. Matters were pretty well understood and settled for some time. Sometime later, there was again controversy between some faculty members and the administration. The Regents took a very definite stand. Some members of the public got into the difficulty, and it again sprouted. The Regents stood firm. There were some faculty members that resigned. I know that happened one time when I was in the University, and I think that it was when Dr. Stubbs was traveling in the interests of the University and Thurtell had taken his leave of absence to go in the state as state engineer. The Regents made N. E. Wilson acting president. He was a popular man with fine administrative ability, but some of the faculty members got jealous and tried to create dissension. But that was soon squared away.

Now, then, you can follow that same thing through the latter part of Dr. Stubbs's administration. You can immediately pull it into the Hendrick administration. Mr. Hendrick was a man that was well grounded in finances and such things as that. His experience, I guess, in school administration was small, although he was the head of a department of some university when they

brought him here from out of Canada. But some of the faculty became irritated because he was spending too much time and effort on the business side of the administration, and finally, you know, Mr. Gorman resigned. They brought in a new person as comptroller. Rumor said that there was a war on on the part of the interested public. It was really a war between the agricultural people, who were misled on this agricultural experiment farm, and statements that the president had made about the financial structure and how he was going to pay for all this expansion. These old-time cattlemen and farmers said, "That's the piece of paper. It's not actually practical."

Each time that there was an increase in the personnel of the faculty and departments expanded, trouble arose. Now, when Dr. Clark came into the picture, he did a whale of a job establishing good public relations, and such things as that. He had his own ideas about expansion of the different departments. There were certain departments that were unhappy. Plow, that came up a couple times in Dr. Clark's administration.

Then the financial structure became involved. The Regents called Gorman back to straighten out the structure, and everything ran smoothly, excepting this: some things were being done and then reported as having been done without having first met the approval of the Board of Regents. That was undoubtedly due to the fact that the rules and regulations adopted by the Board provided for certain regular meetings, and they were a long way apart. Special meetings could be called if the president thought it necessary. That matter was amicably adjusted.

When I became a member of the Board of Regents, it appeared to me that each time that they had an increase in departments, the greater the personnel, the more liberty they had and more demands they made for their

departments. Each wanted a separate—you know all that. The members felt that any policies made by the president, and the like of that, should be submitted to them, and the Regents take no action until they got a recommendation from the faculty. The Regents hit on that. Right at the end of the Clark administration, there was very definitely a division in the faculty which could have been solved, but Dr. Clark's health failed.

Now, when it failed, we were up against selecting a new president. We talked the matter over, and some of us who knew something on the inside suggested that instead of going to the outside to get a president that we ought to be able to choose a man from our own faculty who wasn't allied with any of the factions, but who was close enough to the academic picture to know all of these things. We looked them over, and there was one man that was outstanding to us. That was Leon W. Hartman.

Hartman had an excellent educational background and he had worked at Cornell and graduated from Cornell. He then went to Germany, to Gottingen. That's an interesting thing. A great many of our people went to Germany; they went to Gottingen. And others went elsewhere, but Germany seemed to be the place where they had available research material. Now, when he came back from there, he went back as an instructor in physics at Cornell. So there, he had teaching experience. Then he was hired by the University of Utah as a professor of physics. He had that experience when he came here.

Now, he came the year that they retained me to stay on, 1909. I'd taken my physics under Dr. Minor, who was also a Gottingen man. I think the physics department kind of got lost in the adjustment that was made beginning first, when they had the fire in the old agricultural building. They remodeled that thing and put the mining engineering

and physics in that building, and then they moved the agricultural departments. Then the mining came up, and they moved them out of the remodeled building and over to the new Mackay School of Mines building. Then they opened up this area for the physics department, math, and high school science and math. Of course, later, they got the building for agriculture. In the meantime, agriculture was really working out of the old Hatch station.

Leon Hartman, when he came, had that problem, but he was a very pleasant man, easy to meet. He was a quiet fellow, took his job seriously, and never interfered with anybody else. He knew the financial structure and such things as that, and he was just ingenious in taking the old broken-down equipment that they had in the physics department and building it up to new, and even making a lot of instruments. Quite naturally, that improved the department of physics. Then about that time, the colleges of engineering over the country decided they ought to have more chemistry and more physics for their engineers, and some more mathematics. In order to comply with that, they got some appropriations through, and Dr. Hartman got some necessary equipment.

Now, my impression of him at that particular time was that he was an inspiring teacher. He was exact, and he was a disciplinarian. But he was inspiring, and the students liked him, even though he was tough. He made an excellent teacher, and he was detailed in everything that he had done. He was ingenious, as I said before. He had a heavy load, and he didn't have any help at all for a while. He finally got some help and then expanded further. But he would also do this: if any of these kids were having any trouble, he said, "Now, if you're having any trouble and don't understand this and I don't have

time to give it to you while I'm here, come to the house, or come back over, and I will work with you." And there wasn't any—no dummy stuff with him. He'd take ahold of the kid and show an interest in the young fellow, and he would discover his shortcomings. Even if it had a mathematical side, he'd help them over the hump. So the result was that he had a very efficient department. As we go on, we look into the record while he was there and see the students that he turned out—even in engineering. They were taken up by the other universities as physicists. See how many of them went ahead and accomplished greater things? Lloyd Smith, and a bunch of those fellows.

Now, with that solid background—. Hartman didn't believe in cliques. He believed in the democratic principle of debate, and such things as that. But after a conclusion was drawn by a majority, he abided. He might disagree, but he abided by the will of the majority and he worked under that principle instead of the gossiping on the outside. He liked to talk always not in the terms of "I"—you're going to "our department," a department consisting of all of us. If you're talking about the University, the University as a whole, then, "my particular department."

The fact that he knew both sides of the divisions in the faculty, and he had hewn to the center, we considered that he would make an excellent president. Without further search or a bias from anyone, we called him in and offered him the position. And he was the most surprised man you ever saw! He said, "That's the furthest from my mind. I don't know. Gentlemen, I appreciate it, but I would like to have the time to discuss this fully with my wife and family."

We explained to him that we felt he had all the qualifications that anybody else could, but because he was so familiar with the inner

workings of the faculty and its division, we thought he was going to be able to handle it. So we started him. The dear man worked himself to death on it. He carried with him into the office of the presidency his personal detail on everything. All of that he carried right into the office of the president, with the result that he spent hours and hours and hours reading reports. If it wasn't clear in his mind, he'd send for people to get it cleared up, which took a great deal of time. It did seem, maybe, to some of these faculty members that he didn't trust them, that it wasn't necessary. It wasn't that, but he wanted to be sure. The result is that he just worked himself to death.

He [Hartman] knew there were divisions in the faculty. Any recommendations that came to him, and the like of that, he didn't want any aspersions cast on anybody. He wanted the facts, so that when he presented it, he'd have these facts without prejudices, and such things as that. I do know he sent a lot of things back to these people to write it over, and so on. I do know that a number of the faculty thought that he was working himself to death, but he made each one of them work, also. They didn't have time. They had a fear of him that if they'd go out and agitate or stretch the truth, or make smart statements without good background, that he'd pick it up, and that'd be the end of them. Now, I think that's why he did it, because I talked to him one time about it, just questions. I had him over to the house, and I talked with him, and I said, "Dr. Hartman, you're president, and I taught opposite you for a long time. I know the type of man you are, but you've got to learn to pass on responsibility. You've done a whale of a job now, not in passing responsibilities, but in cementing these people. Now, why don't you give them a little chance without—when you have a conference with an individual—not spend any detail over it, knowing it's all right and you can present it?"



He thought a while. He said, "I'd like to do that. I think the idea is good. But what if it gets out that I don't go over everything?" You see how meticulous he was, how— what a detail—?

Now, then, during that time, they were having a meeting of the land grant colleges and the universities, and we didn't have a president to send, so the Board asked me to go and represent the University. But before the meeting of the land grant colleges and universities, he had been elected president. So I called the Board together and said, "Now, Dr. Hartman is the president, and I think that you should delegate him to go back and represent the University instead of me, because that'll put him in touch with all of these people."

They discussed it pro and con and said, "Well, we can afford to send the both of you. It would be good for a Regent to go back and observe these things; be good for Hartman to have a Regent that was there to support him, to help him get around." So we both went back.

Now, I observed him very closely. Cecil Creel was the president of the Association of Land Grant Colleges that year. Hartman spent a great deal of time there. I didn't because their agenda didn't seem to be worth too much, but I thought I'd go down and watch this other. Dr. Hartman was particularly interested in the application of this to a university that is both a university and a land grant college. You see, Nevada and California and—oh, there was Wyoming and Arizona—all about the same; they made it one unit, the layout.

I know that when it was over, "Now," he said, "I got to get home."

And I said, "What's the hurry? Why don't you visit a little bit?"

"Well," he said, "you know, there's a responsibility and nobody acting there for me." So you can see the dedication.

I want to tell you another story. You can let it go in here if you want to. During the war, the Bureau of Standards asked for the services of Dr. Hartman. It was necessary for him to get somebody to fill in during this particular time. I think that's when Liefson came in; I'm not sure. Well—that's right. But he had the responsibility of certain instruments that were fine and had to be checked out to the nth degree and to check all of those things and then to tell them whether it would or would not [pass the check]; it was a very responsible position. But while he was back there, his younger daughter drowned in Pyramid Lake. And he couldn't get away. We [Ross-Burke Company] had been called on to service it, but he couldn't get away. He would come later, but said to arrange for cremation and to hold the ashes until he got back. I had a lovely letter from him on the way I handled things, and such as that, and he said when he came back, "I want to ask you some questions." And he did.

He first asked me about what was necessary after cremation, and where they could get a niche, and so on down the line, and the type. And that I squared away, and then he finally said, "Silas, what percentage of the resulting ashes is wood ash?" There again, it proves his detail.

Now, before that, fortunately for me, I've always thought, "Now, you're here to advise, and the thing for you to do is be prepared, not say, 'I don't know.'" But I was interested in this particular question, so I wrote to different crematories and asked them if they had any records that would show the percentage of wood ash to human ash in the resultant remains. A lot of them wrote back and said, "There is no wood ash." One fellow wrote back to me, he said, "Damn it, you tell me. I don't know, and I don't think anybody else knows, and how are we going to proceed?"



So I wrote him and I said, "I need your cooperation, but let me do a little work."

So I took an average casket made of redwood and got its weight, and everything like that, and the number of cubic inches in it. Then I took samples and went to the laboratory and then burned them down to a white ash and weighed that ash. So I knew that out of so many cubic inches of what was cremated, there would be a certain amount of white ash. That done, then I could figure the timber in the baby caskets and different-sized caskets, and so on. I asked them to please weigh the resulting ash after cremation of an adult, or adults above a certain age—adults of this age, and then youth. Then I asked them to go further, to weigh the ash of both men and women of these divisions because women's bones are smaller. And that they did. Having that, then estimating the amount of ash (I had the total ash, don't you see?) that there would be in that casket and deducting it from the weight, I could work it out. I did work it out. When I got it worked out, I sent the results to this fellow and he said, "You're the only man in the country that's ever thought of that and perhaps the only one that would know how to find it out."

Dr. Hartman said, "Silas, I'm interested. What percentage of the resultant cremains of my daughter is wood ash?"

I told him and told him of the experiment, he looked at me for a few minutes and said, "I know you well enough to know that you wouldn't be satisfied unless you worked that thing out." But it proved to me the type of man he was. He didn't want any of this "bull."

He also approached things this way: he'd never say, "It can't be done," but, "Vow can it be done within what I have here?" To me, you know, that's a remarkable thing in a man.

Well, anyhow, the work of that man during the short period we had him was a

great accomplishment. As a matter of fact, I think that he did more because of the fact that every member of the faculty knew him and knew him to be honest and knew him to be democratic. He would express himself, but he would abide by the will of the majority and say, "This is thus." Even though he didn't agree, he would abide by that. You know, we haven't had many men that do those things.

I could go on and talk for a long while, but these are highlights of Dr. Hartman, his training, his dedication, his willingness to work and give the best he had under any circumstance, whatever it may be, and also, his devotion to his family—particularly his wife. He would be sure that whatever he did was agreeable to her. Well, she was a Ph.D. [laughing], and you know, bless her soul, you had to know her because she was a very quiet person, and if somebody'd ask a question, "Yes," "No," that is it.

It was during his administration that we cancelled the old tradition of Baccalaureate Sunday in the morning. Now, he was a very devout person, church man, and his pastor was one of the agitators—had been for a long, long time. He said this: "When you have your baccalaureate in the morning, friends and the people that are regular churchmen go up there in the morning, but they don't come to church. Now, if you haven't in the afternoon, they can come to church in the morning and then go on up to this if they want to."

So he persuaded us to try it. I asked each minister to keep track of their attendance on Baccalaureate Sunday. Under the circumstances, it was not good, not even in the Congregational church. I looked over the crowd and I looked also at those in the graduate layout, and I counted them. There were quite a few of them that didn't come to baccalaureate. They went up to the Lake. They were interested, very definitely. Their

parents came in here to see Tahoe and places like that. There weren't many church people there, either. The attendance was very, very poor. He asked if we wouldn't continue it; we did. Now, finally, they have it all together in one day. But he was the one that started it. Now, previous to that time, these ministers would come in with this request. The president had told us what had happened. If we had it in the afternoon, they'd get out and go up to the Lake, and then it would be attended well because they wanted to hear a sermon, and then they'd be here the next day. Of course, many of our baccalaureate addresses were called "baccalaureate sermons."

Now, here's another thing about this agenda. Hartman had copies all made out, and as action was taken, he had another pad over here—one, two, three, and four. He had a secretary there, taking the minutes and everything like that, but he would write on this other sheet of paper the disposition. Now, I don't think that Dr. Hartman would do that to check on them or anything. He was a man that believed that we were all prone to err; we all make mistakes, and the secretary was doing the best she could, but she might not be able to read her notes properly, or maybe she'd skip something. And if so—and he'd see these minutes, he'd read them, too, see? He could say it to her.

Now, Dr. Hartman was a detail man, and he also was very, very thrifty. But he was criticized, too. Now, during his administration—and I think that was about the time that Kirman was governor—all of this federal money was available for building, and such things as that, and in order to get this money, you had to have certain appropriations from the legislature, matching funds, and certain agreements, and so forth. The Regents suggested to Dr. Hartman that he discuss this matter on behalf of the Regents

and himself with the governor, and if the governor was in sympathy with it, he could call a special session of the legislature to pass this enabling act and appropriate this money.

Well, anyhow, the governor said, "Well, we aren't going to call a special session. It costs too much money." Oh, many, many other things. He was a typical, hardheaded businessman, and he said that this should be available to us in the legislature in another session. It should be available then as well as now.

Hartman got criticized for that. The faculty criticized him on the grounds that he was out of tune with the time, and that he should have got them to assist him then. He refused to do it on the ground that the expense to the University, the additional cost, was greater than they could afford at that time. Another thing he was criticized for by members of the faculty was the fact that at the end of the biennium, there were certain funds—and this was typically Hartman—he hadn't spent everything. He returned to the state treasury several thousand dollars.

Another reason that I think that they said that he was out of tune was the fact that he was a researcher and he had to read everything that came in, the reports and such things as that. He'd want to study them. It took time to do this, and as a matter of fact, that's one of the things that tore him down; he was so much in detail. He was criticized for that. Then he also inherited some of the criticisms that were built up by Dr. Clark during the Clark administration. And the result [was that] these people, at the time that Ralph Lattin was in the legislature, both houses voted to investigate these criticisms on things at the University.

Now, this committee—gosh, they recommended a lot of things. All ends of it. I think the whole thing developed by too many

people going to the legislature, some members holding themselves up as an authority of the Board of Regents, and so on. But, gosh, as I remember these things, they were conflicting things. As an illustration—these are notes I made—underfinancing some departments. Now, you can see that came from someplace. Deans neglected teaching for administration chores. The internal organization of the University was inadequate. Now, you get the other side—the department heads had not been delegated authority and held responsible. They also were after the school of agriculture; they were not satisfied with the personnel. They were not satisfied with the college of agriculture facilities. Now, that's nobody's fault excepting the appropriations. You see, they were overlapping on this thing; they were using extension men to teach certain subjects and so on to keep the school going. This same report criticized, I think, the Regents for no definite plan of advancement for the professors, no definite salary scale according to rank, no definite plan of retirement for personnel, and the emeritus ratings. And here was another thing. (I looked at some of my own notes on this—gosh, I wish I hadn't thrown some of them away.) Some faculty members had not kept up with the self-betterment layout. And remember that we were having a little battle on the athletic situation. Now, these people that we got into this darn thing said the athletic situation was unhealthy. They didn't like the idea of more scholarships, guaranteed jobs, no tuition payment. And, of course, the organization development was tight then and became more [so] later, but they did recommend that the head of the physical education and the administration of athletics be put under one head.

Now, I have covered Hartman quite completely because we as Regents had

concluded that he was the man to settle this thing. We thought that he would be able to do it because he had been neutral between the two factions of the faculty—this scholarship stuff and athletics, and all of those things. But nothing that he had done was criticized by the legislature. As a matter of fact, they were happy with his meticulousness in all of these problems, and out of the records that he kept, they were able to straighten out many of the rumors and charges. I want to tell you that from my observation, Hartman accomplished a lot in bringing things to the surface. I refused to answer Lattin's questions when he came down alone representing the entire committee. The committee eventually came to the University and did get at the bottom of all the charges. My idea was very definitely that we needed more than one person there, because if they were all there, they would hear this all, and each would have an opinion. And frankly, all of these things had been brewing for some time. I don't know whether they would have come to the surface if Hartman hadn't very definitely and honestly returned this money, and hadn't very definitely refused the demand for a special session of the legislature when the governor disapproved under this additional expense. Undoubtedly, he was the man we needed then. I feel that way and I'm sure the rest of the Board also felt that way.

Now, when Dr. Hartman died, I think that he had cleared the way for complete harmony because these people understood that he expected them to work as an "us" institution, not an "I" department, or individual. Now, the only thing that happened in his administration that caused a legislative investigation was the fact of the matter of admission of young Lattin. I have told that story elsewhere.

**JOHN O. MOSELEY AND GILBERT PARKER**

You know, I think that some of the comments that were made in here (Moseley's Inaugural Program\*) are worth repeating.

Dr. Alfred Atkinson said this:

Most administrators drift into this important service without the breadth of training and varied experiences which they quickly learn are essential. And they have to quickly learn it if they expect substantial success to be obtained.

And he said this:

President Moseley does not belong to this group. He has enjoyed the educational advantages offered by the South, the West, and the finest institutions abroad. He has carried administrative responsibilities in several institutions. In all, it combines to give him the vision and experience essential as an administrator.

Then he said,

President Moseley, you have come into a large opportunity. May I say to the U of N, you have made a wise selection to become a president.

Now, at least it shows—. A little after, it says,

No dispute, but the steady mind, the constant devotion, and unceasing effort of the chairman of the board kept the University ship on an even

keel and brought her into this lovely haven of today.

Now, then, Norcross said this, representing the alumni:

I know that in our new president, we have a man who fits the state of Nevada. He not only has a great record as a University president, a teacher in great institutions, but when he came to our own Nevada state, we found that he possessed the character of manhood, which we in Nevada so admire.

So a tribute has been paid to the Board of Regents:

Like us lawyers and judges, even Board of Regents some times make a mistake. But I want, on this occasion, to say we made no mistake in this election of our new president.

And this is interesting, too, because Dr. Moseley, when he came here, opened up the president's home to everybody. It never happened before. This little lady says here—that's from the introduction that I quote this:

Dr. Moseley, during his thirty years of experience in the field of education, has taken an active interest in the students and their problems. In Dr. Moseley, we have a true friend. He has said, 'I shall welcome

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\*See the "Inauguration of John Ohleyer Moseley..." in the University of Nevada Archives.

every opportunity to become better acquainted with the students.' And he has practiced what he has preached in inviting the student body to an open house given in his home last Monday evening. When we bring our problems to the president's office in Morrill Hall, we find friendly guidance, new ideas, and a wealth of experience. And so, Captain Moseley, this little crew stands at attention, awaiting your orders, ready to go full steam ahead.

See, John was here for awhile before. Another quote is Dr. Nicholas Ricciardi, who was president of the Sacramento Junior College, and the statement,

We have in President Moseley a great leader. We hope that we may have the opportunity in California to avail ourselves of his superior leadership. He is a human engineer.

Then Traner said this in introducing John at dinner:

By his efforts to cooperate with the alumni, the Alumni Association is moving forward. By his winning personality and deep fondness for youth, the student body has already come to love him. And by his friendliness and his ability and his deep scholarship, the faculty has already begun to admire and esteem him.

This is all in the inaugural program. There's lots more in there. Some of it—Dean Traner's part, he just kept us all in laughter. [Laughing] He—when he introduced Thompson, he just

tickled me. If I can find that—he put in this little line in there about Dean Thompson. He said,

No man on the present staff has served the institution and his community for a longer period of time with more distinction and more varied capacities than Dean Reuben Thompson. Six years beyond me in point of service, sixty years beyond me in point of wisdom and ability, he ranks today not only as the dean of men, but dean of spiritual thinkers, dean of public speakers on the great values of life, dean of all the faculty. Dean Thompson, will you speak?

He opens up, and he says,

I was never so delighted in my life as I was to hear the exaggerated words of Dr. Traner! [Laughing] The prophet is not without honor save in his own home among his own people—and Mrs. Thompson is here today.

Then Traner said,

Well, if you've suffered much, you are going to suffer more, because I've written a poem. Rather, in fact, it is a parody on song, and if you were the only fellow who would have to suffer, I'd sing it. But out of consideration for the rest of the others, I will merely read it:

Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinkin'  
What a strange school this will be,  
When yourself has been  
transported  
Into our Emeriti!



Thompson was always—. Really, there's an awful lot of good stuff in there, but I just thought this would show it. Now, this committee on arrangements that I made there, you look in the back and see where the people came from all over the country, and where they came, all of the Regents came. I think John himself said this: "A telegram was put in my hand this morning from a friend in Cincinnati. It interested me. I thought it might interest you. It says, 'Regret inability to present at installation. Government regulations forbid. Felicitations.'"

It shows very definitely that the people were happy with John Moseley. And if there was anybody happy, it was Mrs. Wardin. She looked over all the recommendations, and she studied them carefully, and she thought we had in him the man. Then when he came here, he won her. By that, it verified it. Now, I know Mervylle [Mrs. Ross] was telling me not long ago, "I was visiting Mrs. Wardin" (and she was sick with cancer, you know), "and she said, 'Oh, I hope that I can live long enough to see Dr. Moseley inaugurated.'"

I got to thinking about Moseley's appointments and figured them out, because he did bring in many good men. Now, after Mr. Layman left, we had acting librarians and partial librarians, and so forth. John immediately knew the value of a library and he recommended that we get a librarian in research. He was able to bring Dr. James J. Hill here from Oklahoma, a quiet man, but an efficient and good librarian. He proved his worth because of the work that he did in getting the library organized in the small space he had at hand. The only regret that I have is that when he had arrived at the age of retirement (he dreamed this new library—that was his work; he developed it, and so on), they appointed a new librarian. Hill was retained temporarily to familiarize the new

man with the library. (I'd liked to have seen him remain until the new library building was dedicated, but that's neither here nor there now.)

Now, another thing that interested me was this. Ernest Inwood was in the business administration school, a part of the liberal arts division, and he was very, very good, but the head man that we had here went over into California. Dr. Moseley liked Inwood and thought he had a lot of ability, so he promoted Inwood to the head of the economics and business administration. Inwood, afterwards, of course, resigned.

Now, then, they had to get a new head of the department of home economics. That was after Miss Lewis died and we had acting people in there, but none of them had had executive [experience]. Moseley brought in Miss Mildred Swift to head the department and she continued there until she retired. (And by the way, I had a call from her the other day to know if there was a Masonic home that she could get into. I've got to write Massachusetts, where she came from, to see what they have.)

Now, then, during that time, the school of agriculture, the extension division, the agricultural experiment station, and the related divisions were going through throes. We'd had a little political upheaval. Creel took time out [in 1942] to run for United States Senator, and we had to do something there. Then he came back and then the land grant colleges wanted to borrow him from Nevada to act as a lobbyist in Washington for a year, so he was gone on that. Now, that made a split in the division as to who should head it. Then Prof Doten had reached the age of retirement. Oh, yes, and Dean Stewart retired. Moseley recommended that Fred Wilson act as head of the teaching side of agriculture, Fleming as the director of agriculture, and Tom Buckman



to take Creel's place while Creel was away. That was temporarily. Soon there was so much hell a-poppin' that the administration decided to try this overall dean plan (they called him the "overalls" dean), and Fleming was appointed to that position. That was a promotion for Inwood and Fleming directly out of our own faculty.

Now, then, during the early part of the war, and while Charlie was acting dean of agriculture, Moseley took Griffin out of the English department and gave him charge of a certain division in connection with that and made him acting dean of students. So when Moseley came, he recommended Griffin for dean. He was there for a while; then he asked to be returned to the English department.

Now, then, he brought in Miss Mobley here as dean of women. He also appointed Howard B. Blodgett as the head of the civil engineering department. That's the time of Bixby's death. Later, he was named dean of engineering. Now, Moose was brought in here to head the chemistry department because Dr. Adams had retired, Dr. Sears retired, and the department of chemistry needed a man who had executive ability and who had had teaching experience and also been in the field, and Moose was in the field and had a lot of copyrights, and such things as that, and Moseley brought him here. I mentioned that because Moose stayed with us until he retired.

Then another thing; our arts department had been going wrong, up and down. I think Mrs. Helen Joslin headed it for a while. Hans Meyer-Cassell was interviewed. He refused the appointment because of a language barrier. Moseley said he thought he knew a young man that would be interested. Craig Sheppard was an Oklahoma boy and John (Moseley) knew him as a student at Oklahoma University and also met him when Sheppard was a rodeo performer bulldozing in Madison

Square Garden. Sheppard accepted the appointment, reorganized the department, and expanded the field of operation.

Also, Moseley brought Ruth Russell in as a teacher in the women's division of physical education. Miss Sameth was about ready to resign—retire. Miss Russell had teaching experience in physical education and was well on her way to receive her doctor's degree. She received her Ph.D. in physical education, and at this writing she is chairman of the women's division of the physical education department of the University.

Now, about that time, Dr. Laird of the English department took a leave of absence, and they were short in the English department. So Dr. Moseley recommended Paul Eldridge for the position. I remember Moseley said, "This man is an excellent teacher. He's a creative writer," and such things as that. And he further said, "He enlisted as a private in the army when he could have applied for a commission so he'd have that experience as a background for his creative writing." Dr. Gorrell was added to the English department about this same time.

I mentioned this—the biology department, when Dr. Frandsen had retired, they made Dr. Phillip Lehenbauer head of the department. He brought in some younger men and started to expand the department. One of the men that he brought in was one of these agitators—quietly, on the side. He brought (Frank) Richardson in, too. (The agitator from up at the top takes the man below and uses him. Now, Richardson resigned, of course.)

About 1937-1938, they had a situation, too, around that era, when John Fulton was the director of the school of mines and ran for governor [1938]. That had created a little trouble as to who his successor should be, and the idea of autonomy. Anyhow, Moseley recommended Creel as the overall dean to

solve the situation, and I think Fleming, as director of the agricultural experiment station, and somebody else (I think it was Wilson) on resident teaching worked under him, and then they divided the extension into three different divisions. Tom Buckman, Paul Maloney, and Verner Scott or possibly Wittwer were in that division. Now, of course, to make Creel an overall dean, he had to get the approval of the research division of the agricultural experiment stations in Washington. The Washington agricultural department objected to leaving the experiment station in the picture. So That had to be changed, and Charlie [Fleming] was appointed director of the agricultural experiment station.

Now, there were quite a number of other appointments of subordinates in different departments because of the increase in enrollment. I don't remember all of them by name. Those mentioned stand out because so many of Them stayed until retirement, and only a few of them resigned.

I went back in my own notes to find this. I still have a lot of my notes. I know that after Moseley made trips throughout the state to get a picture of the whole setup in Nevada, he came back and submitted ideas for consideration of the Regents. I think that he said, "Study and discussion and discussion and study before original action."

He was the first one to suggest the correspondence and the extension courses for teachers and specialists. At further consideration, he suggested combining the school of agriculture, the agricultural experiment station, and extension under one head. That was accomplished, of course, as I said above, if it could have the approval of the Department of Agriculture in Washington.

Now, we had a veterans' setup—the veterans wanted education, but they didn't all have the academic background. Moseley

proposed that they study the possibility of short courses designed primarily for veterans. He said this: "Some veterans do not have the necessary academic background but desire a college education. They would need these extra courses in order to enroll for a four-year course."

About that time—I don't know when this recommendation came in, either before or after, but the people at Nellis Air Force Base had asked that the University put in some short courses for the enlisted personnel down there [in Las Vegas] to prepare them for a better education. He recommended that we investigate the matter. An investigation was made and the University was about ready to go ahead when authorities at the base withdrew their request because they couldn't accomplish much because so many men were coming and going all the time. Sometime afterwards, the project was put into effect.

The University administration had a committee on health and education, and so forth. The committee requested a fulltime university physician and gave its reasons. Dr. Moseley recommended that we give it consideration and further study. Now, that's the first time that was brought up, but remember, the university administration had a committee on health and education and employed only one medical doctor so many hours per day. There was a division of opinion among the Regents and others. No conclusion was reached, so the Regents dismissed the recommendation for the time being.

Then a question came up about housing of the returning veterans. You know, at the time that we had the military unit at the University, they had a place in back of Lincoln Hall, and such places as that, and they took up a good portion of the campus—the dining hall and other places on the campus. Plans had to be made to take care of the housing

and eating facilities for the returning veterans and increased registration. Lincoln Hall and Manzanita Hall couldn't house all the people. Moseley further suggested that we take into consideration housing for married veterans as well as single veterans. He also called attention to the fact that younger members of the faculty had to have lower living quarters—that is, less expensive—and we might provide living quarters for the younger faculty members and veterans who were married. The suggestion seemed revolutionary and surprising to many people. They said, "Well, they're married. Why?"

Moseley suggested that the fraternity houses weren't operating. They weren't able to operate these houses as the men were coming back because there weren't enough men to finance the operation. He suggested getting the fraternity houses for both men and women. I remember the SAE's turned their house over to the University to use as they saw fit without rent, but with the provision that they would refurbish it and maintain it, and other incidentals. The University took over some of the other houses at a small rent.

They had another problem of students coming to the University—they had a trailer. Moseley finally got in touch with the Chasms and obtained space in that trailer court to accommodate these students.

When the war was over and the military abandoned quarters on the campus and other quarters in the state, the University was able to obtain structures from the bases and move them to the campus. Among these were Hartman Hall for the men and apartment houses for the married students. The furnishings weren't much, but I was interested, and I went over and looked around and saw what these young wives had to put up with. No particular furniture—there might be an old bed, or something like that.

But they'd had soap boxes and orange crates and such things as that laid out and covered them with some sort of cloth. I observed what a marvelous job these girls were doing to maintain a home and a study area, and quiet for their husbands. It seemed to me that they were making just as big a sacrifice—maybe a larger sacrifice than the boys themselves—because they had to make a small budget go a long way, but they wanted to help. It seemed to me that something ought to be done to recognize them. I took it up with the Board at the next meeting or so and told them about this condition and introduced a resolution or made a motion that we make provision to give each wife a certificate of merit whenever their husband graduated. The idea was supported by the president and all the Regents. By golly, we had them come up on the stage and receive their citation at commencement.

Now, let me see here. Of course, during that time, people were coming back, and we had to make more plans. The students were coming back and we needed more help on the faculty. We brought in a lot of new faculty people. Then we found this, too, that there were many people in the Las Vegas area that would like to have consideration for a southern branch of the University in Las Vegas. Moseley was the first one to recommend that if we could get the physical setup, we'd provide for certain courses that the people could take down there. The University was able to work out an agreement with the Las Vegas school board to use the high school facilities in the evenings temporarily and offer university courses. Right along with that, Moseley suggested after making a survey that many teachers in the state were married people. The law requires that to renew their certificate, they have to take certain refresher courses. He recommended for our consideration—and he hoped favorable consideration—sending

people to the particular areas to conduct these courses. I remember him saying something like this: "These married ladies have children in school, and the children are taken care of in school after breakfast and before dinner, and she'd get home and do these particular things. But to leave in the summer when there wasn't anything for the children to do, it was almost impossible for them to get down here [to Reno]. So, if they could make this service available, the teachers could at least [have an opportunity to take the work at home]." And that was presented for discussion.

Then he [Moseley] also suggested, for the consideration of the Board, some setup on a retirement plan that would be worked out and be presented to the Board of Regents for consideration. Now, I don't know just when this happened, but it was during this particular time a committee from the faculty was appointed to research the matter and report to the administration. The committee came in with certain plans and suggestions. It was submitted to the University staff, and there were a lot of people that turned it down (one of them was Miss Sameth). There were some criticisms. Later, it was finally worked out to the satisfaction of most of the staff and approved by the Regents. Moseley was the guy that suggested this idea. I thought that I ought to mention that here.

Re also suggested that we ought to have a closer contact with the alumni and that the president and others visit these clubs. Those things were arranged, and I went out on several of these trips because I knew the alumni. As a matter of fact, he and I were on our way to Los Angeles to meet with that group, and as we started, he said, "By golly, I forgot my big socks." So we went back to the University to get them, and as we were coming down University Avenue, right at the corner of Sixth, a big bread truck ran across right in

front of us. It upset the bread truck and was the funniest thing I ever saw. His truck flew over on its side, and I looked, and here was the driver, pulling himself out. I was thrown against the front part of the car, and they thought I needed a doctor. They took me over to the hospital and told me I couldn't make the trip. Moseley went on down.

The meeting was a large one. Alumni from the entire Los Angeles area attended. Among them was a lady whose name was McFarland. It is reported she went up to Dr. Moseley and said, "Doctor, I'm awfully glad to meet you and to hear you, but I want you to know the honest truth. I made every effort I could to get down here, not to hear your address, but to see the little boy that used to peddle butter and eggs to my family when I was a student at the University." (I am that little boy.)

The YWCA was inactive on the university campus. Mrs. Moseley talked to John about this, and he thought it would be a good idea and suggested that she initiate renewal of the YWCA on the side and see what could be done. It was restored on the campus. Now, of course, in my judgment, John was full of ideas, and the like of that, but he always suggested these things for consideration and discussion. He was very anxious for this YWCA to be back on the campus because he thought it could be a good influence on the campus.

Dr. Moseley was interested in obtaining scholarships for deserving students in the high schools of the state, particularly for those who were partially or wholly self-supporting with good grades. He discussed this idea with many people. As a result, Raymond I. Smith established a four-year scholarship to go to an orphan from the Nevada orphans' home, to be continued each year depending upon the ability of the donor. It was later increased to include graduates from many high schools. The candidates from those places were to be

nominated by the principals. This scholarship for this orphan was \$4,000-\$1,000 a year.

Now, during the Moseley administration, we had a reinstatement of the Fleischmann scholarships. We received the gift of the Fleischmann Ladino dairy and farm.

Noble Getchell was interested, and he gave scholarships to a graduate of each of the two high schools they had in Lander County. There was a side issue to that—I don't know—I know this, but I don't know just how it happened—Noble discontinued them. I knew Mr. Getchell quite well, and I asked him one day why he discontinued the scholarship. He said, "I didn't get a thank you from any of the students."

I talked to Mr. Getchell about preserving the memory of his father as a Regent by adding a wing each side of Morrill Hall, east and west—preserving Morrill Hall, and leave the center portion wide open, high ceilings, as a museum, and tie the wings in from a normal height as an administration building. The north side would be extended to accommodate an elevator to go up and down and connect with each floor. He gave it very favorable consideration and was willing—at least I thought he was—to refurbish old Morrill Hall, in other words, bring it up to snuff. So that would retain Morrill Hall, the first building on the University campus. The wings were to be named the Getchell Administration Building. The idea was opposed by some Regents and faculty and died a natural death. I am happy that eventually we have a building named for Getchell on the campus.

Now, another thing happened close to the end of Moseley's administration. You know, in our 4-H work and that agricultural experiment station, we cooperated with the government and they cooperated with us. Through Mr. Wingfield, who was interested in the Fallon area, they acquired a farm

out of Fallon. I think they called it the Newlands Experimental Farm; I'm not sure. But the powers that be were about ready to abandon the project, or they weren't able to finance it. Mr. George Wingfield, a Regent, investigated the problem and solved it with the result that the farm was offered to the University. The acceptance was during Moseley's administration.

It was during Dr. Moseley's administration and after they'd moved into the Clark Library that the Regents set aside sections as browsing rooms, where all the books that were donated by any one group would be named "such and such a browsing room," and other books could also be placed in the room. Moseley gave them his entire library. I don't think that idea was ever carried out during the balance of Moseley's administration.

Dr. Laird was brought in to replace Dr. H. W. Hill in the English department. Hill was retiring and entered the prune business near Oroville, California. Other faculty members who were interested in this same business and area were Peter Frandsen, Charlie Fleming, Dr. C. E. Rhodes. A. E. Hill had been brought in by Dr. H. W. Hill and succeeded as chairman of the department. Then when he (A. E. Hill) retired, I think Laird became head of the English department. But in that department, there were also young fellows like Bill Miller, Bob Griffin, and Al Higginbotham. New men were brought in by Dr. Laird. It was during the Stout administration that Bill Miller took a leave of absence to accept a temporary position in speech at the University of Alabama for one year. At the end of the year, Miller decided he didn't want to stay in Alabama. (They offered him a permanent position; he didn't want it.) I think it was Dr. Stout that ruled that Miller was on leave of absence, had a right to come back to Nevada. Journalism and speech were



taken out of the English department and independent departments created.

We can go over into the department of biology. Peter Frandsen retired and Dr. Phillip Lehenbauer was made head of the department. Dr. Ira La Rivers, one of our own graduates, was also a member of the department. The department grew rapidly. New personnel was recruited. Division grew between the new and the old personnel. Dr. Lehenbauer took his retirement and moved to California. The young people were not—well, Lehenbauer took Dr. P. B. Kennedy's place way, way back; he was primarily a botanist. These other people were more interested in the biological side. Lehenbauer was interested in trying to keep up with the reputation of Peter Frandsen. These others thought that they ought to expand more along other lines.

Now, I don't think that Moseley had anything to do with the appointment of any of those in that [biology] department. I think that that happened in the latter part of Dr. Clark's administration. Then when [Claude] Jones died (he was in geology), they brought in [Vincent] Gianella. He needed assistance and they brought in a fellow by the name of Wheeler.

It was about that time the Association of University Professors was organized on the Nevada campus. Some were not for it. Quite a number of faculty got in. But not knowing too much about it except from hearsay, I thought it wise for an individual to find out about it. The best way that I found out was to dig in my own pocket and get a couple of fellows to join it. I'd pay their dues, and so forth. One of them is dead and one of them is still alive. By virtue of that, we found out the source of a lot of our dissension.

Now, one other thing that Dr. Moseley did—some of them didn't materialize while he was there, but he set the background for

it. He brought Bob Hope here, and motion picture studio people, and the like of that. He contacted a man by the name of Herman, Mr. Herman, who was a very wealthy individual. He owned a ranch on North Sierra Street. William Kearny, an alumnus, was this fellow's attorney. We set about to see if we couldn't get Mr. Herman to will his farm to the University. He was alone, he had no one to leave it to outside of a brother, and this brother was not reliable. I think it was left to the brother, but tied up in such a way that he couldn't sell it or anything like that. After discussing it with Bill Kearney, Bill agreed that it would be well to see if he couldn't make an appointment between Mr. Herman and Mr. Moseley. That contact was made. It looked as though he was favorably impressed, but when he died, he left the University some money, but he didn't leave them the farm. Bill told me afterwards that he didn't live long enough to get this straightened out.

It was during Moseley's administration that, through Lester Summerfield, Moseley made some contacts with Max Fleischmann. He created quite a favorable impression. I think that's where he got the idea of the farm for us. Fleischmann already, you see, under the Clark administration, started these [Fleischmann] scholarships, and then they slowed down. But then it came to this farm business out there; John had contacted him and made a favorable impression. Nothing was done during Moseley's time, but he also contacted Jess Whited, who was from Wadsworth, and whose father, together with a Mr. Esden, owned the Wadsworth water company. This fellow Whited was a bachelor. He was in the first student body at Nevada, and then he went down on the coast and he made quite a success. He remembered the University in his will.



Moseley also contacted the son of LeRoy Brown (Brown was the first University president) when he presented the University with an oil painting of his father. He also contacted the Jones brothers, who were the children of Mr. Jones (the second president) and cultivated them. As a matter of fact, Dr. Moseley had them up to the University at one time, and Herbert gave the Phi Kappa Phi address, and Gus gave the commencement address. And they provided an oil picture of their father.

Now, this lady (I can't think of her name) that I met socially, she was very wealthy. She said she was interested in music in the University and wanted to know why it wasn't developed. I explained to her that our funds were limited and we were a land grant college, and the only provision they made for music was to teach the fundamentals for teachers teaching in the rural areas. I told her I'd have Dr. Moseley call on her. He did. She then came to me and she said, "You know, I've relatives that will be taken care of in my will. I will provide something in that will for the music department at the University of Nevada." That has materialized. I was pledged not to mention that conversation during her lifetime. I can't think of her name. Moseley contacted those, Jones's, Brown's sons.

Then another lady, I don't remember her name, [willed] money for a loan fund. Well, I had met her socially. She was interested in the University and told me she was going to leave some money to the University, a scholarship or loan fund. She asked me what I thought about it. "Well," I said, "I'm prejudiced, so maybe you better not ask me."

"Now, then," she said, "which of the two are the best?"

Then I said again, "I'm prejudiced."

She said, "Please tell me."

I said, "You can get all kinds of fellowships and they're usually based on all kinds of scholarship. But they're usually based on scholarship entirely and not need. And," I said, "we have one loan fund at our University, and it has done a lot of good. The income is used for young people that want to go to college at a low rate of interest, but they have to have an endorser. That, then, makes the young fellow realize that he isn't getting the money on his own. That helps him out, but he has to have somebody to vouch for him so he can pay it back in time. The scholarship is taken and you then can select these people that are largely self-supporting."

She said, "I'm going to do something about it. And say nothing." But what she did was make it a loan fund—and I don't know what her name is. I did arrange an interview with Moseley. Now, these things all materialized after he left, but it shows that these contacts that this man made were not local, but they were all over the country. He laid the ground so that it would help them.

The trips that he made out through the state, his frankness and speed, his friendly way of approaching the thing, and the like of that, did make him a lot of friends among the news paper people, and even school people. He had been groomed at his own request about the legislature. He knew the experience Dr. Clark and others had, so he was very careful. He was welcomed in the legislature. He was well received in the legislature, and by golly, even [by] the old hard heads like Dressler and others.

Now, John [Moseley] would speak when invited to different service clubs, and the like groups. I followed this pretty closely. His speeches were very, very friendly. He had enough background to be able to tell stories and make them like him, and they'd ask him back.

Oh, I am at a loss to know two things, and I've got to think about it. I've got to research it because I am confused. One was the schism between the Mackay School of Mines and the school of engineering. Now, I know it started under Dr. Stubbs, and he very definitely claimed that the School of Mines was a part of the engineering department and was kept there. But when George J. Young left, he was succeeded by a mining engineer by the name of Lincoln. Then sometime in that area and previous to '39, John Fulton succeeded Lincoln. So that would probably have to be during the Clark administration. John [Fulton] wanted autonomy right away. It was during that time that an incident happened when he got the direct appropriation from Mackay. Then when he died in '39, Jay Carpenter was appointed. Jay contended for autonomy. Moseley made extensive research in the matter for the Regents. As near as I remember, the only thing that was suggested was that they should be interrelated, but if it ever did become autonomous, they ought to have a man with a varied background like geology, mining, civil, - mechanical, and electrical engineering to coordinate properly. He should also have a theoretical background, and he could appreciate the fiscal side of the thing, and so on down the line.

When Dr. Vernon Scheid came here, he was made dean of the Mackay School of Mines. And they had autonomy. But he broadened his field. Right after he came—and that would be early in the Love administration—Jay resigned. And Scheid went from there. Now, that was finally settled.

Now, in that particular thing, we have to go over to the school of engineering. The organization at that time was a dean of the school of arts and science, a dean of agriculture, a dean of engineering, and the dean of education. And that first [education]

deanship, I think it was a Dr. John W. Hall that was brought -here by, I think, Dr. Clark—it could have been earlier. And when he retired—anyhow, that was the organization.

At that particular time, too, the schools of mines had realized that they had to go beyond the metals, so they tried to change the name to the "school of mineral sciences." So that tail was added to the name when they created the school. It's the Mackay School of Mines and Mineral Sciences.

Sibley, the dean of engineering, died, and that was during the Hartman administration. At that time, I think one of the school of mines men wanted to be the dean and Hartman appointed Stanley Palmer as acting dean. I think in '41 Stanley was made dean. (You see, Fulton died in '39, and Jay stepped up, and Stan was made acting dean and then recommended by Hartman to become dean. That was why, when he was on this committee to review these things, he could cover engineering.) Dean Wood was head of arts and science, and he could cover that. The special committee that was appointed to review these things was made up of Dr. Traner, representing education; Wood, representing arts and science; Palmer, representing engineering; and Cecil Creel, representing agriculture. Added to that, on the committee to arrange for this program (were] Jay Carpenter, who had come into the picture at that time, and Fred Wilson, who was the head of the livestock department and was the acting dean, and Higginbotham to serve on publicity.

Now, there was a schism sprung up, and that goes way back into the tail end of the Clark administration—I think I mentioned this.

Another thing that happened over there, when Dean Stewart retired, they brought in a Dr. Claude B. Hutchinson, and I'm not so

sure but what that happened during the latter part of the Moseley administration, because Dean Hutchinson represented the University of California at that time, representing the president. When Stewart resigned, they brought in Dean Hutchinson, who was retired at California at that time, to take over temporarily as an all-around dean; under him came the experiment station, the extension division, and the school, because he had all of those under his fingers while at California.

Then he left, and they decided maybe Creel was the man, and he took over; that's when there was trouble. Even the bureau of experiment stations got into it and didn't feel that Creel had the necessary training to act as director. Dean Hutchinson was asked to coordinate the agricultural division. Then he resigned. I think he served through the latter part of the Moseley administration and into the Love administration. He was anxious to get out. He had a lot of things in mind that he wanted to do, and his decision came through at the time of the Love administration. Love appointed a chap by the name of Bertrand as the head of the school of agriculture. Now, Hutchinson had started a good organization. Bertrand was with us just two years. But I think this area—I don't think these people liked his leadership, and maybe he was a little bit too liberal. He resigned and he went back in charge of one of these agricultural schools, like the School of the Ozarks, back East. Then Dean Adams was appointed. Now, he was appointed under Dr. Stout.

Oh, really, I don't know what more I can say about Dr. Moseley. I've covered things in general, and I haven't stopped to think of whether there were any buildings built while he was here or not. I think maybe the engineering school was built. That's the one down the hill. That's the civil engineering school. I don't know. I've got to verify a lot of these things.

I know something about his resignation. I also knew that for years, the chapter national of the SAE was trying to get John to go back there and take the national recorder's position and operate his headquarters in Evanston. He'd done a remarkable job when he was national archon, and he was nationally recognized. He was the one that also started that leadership school. This gave him an opportunity to go but still deal with youth. Well, I made a statement that he resigned. Then you have the resolution.

Now, Parker took over temporarily until a new president could be elected. Parker was a retired Army colonel and the head of the military department at the University of Nevada. We thought that he would be a pretty good man to get things together, because at the end of the Moseley administration, there was differences of opinion between faculty members themselves and the faculty and administration and some students— and when I say administration, I mean John, as well as the Regents.

Now, of course, I think that one of the great things that Parker did was, being a military man, he made comprehensive charts of the whole divisions and departments of the University so that you had a chart. You could see just what everybody was and who they were. I think that was the most important thing. He also suggested that we give further investigation of the extension courses at Nellis Air Base because it again cropped up that they might want that. It was recommended to have a committee appointed to work with those people down there.

Then during his time, there was a settlement of the Charles Cutts estate. I looked this up. I knew that there was money there and that there was a bond, and I was right. The total of our portion of this estate amounted to \$720,650.24, and one Yokohama bond

(on the appraisal, they said it was appraised at fifty cents). Now, this was a request for a scholarship. The scholarship was to be taken from the income on the investment and given to students that had the highest character and best scholarship record. It was to be known as the Charles Francis Cutts scholarship fund. I don't know where it is. Now, they've got these things fixed up there differently than they used to be.

Then this problem arose. A lot of country boys out of high school had no desire to enter a professional field, but they did wish to get training in special subjects in which they were particularly interested. Mr. Parker recommended that we establish this two-year special course in agriculture. A study had been made—Wittwer, I think it is—I think Wittwer was head of the teaching division at that particular time and he was anxious that it be done. We talked about this once before in the previous administration. So Wittwer took the initiative and discussed the matter with his own faculty plus those from the general faculty that were teaching subjects in the agricultural department and obtained their endorsement. But when this was accomplished, they had to have the endorsement at that particular time of the entire faculty. The majority of the general faculty voted against the program, and the matter was then tabled by the Regents. One of the arguments used against it by the entire faculty was this: This was just another avenue to bring in athletes. It was a short course; it didn't have to have too much academic standing, and so on. I'll speak a little later about that.

At that particular time, we had the school of engineering, and that included mechanical, electrical, civil, and mining. We had a dean, a chief of all departments of engineering. The school of mines wanted autonomy; at least the director suggested it be made, instead

of being the school of mines, the college of mines. So Col. Parker recommended that the school of mines be established as a college within the University and that it include geology, metallurgy, and mining. Now, that's as far as it went. It was to be administered by a dean. Then they got into an argument and they had the public service layout, state analytical laboratory, and related public service divisions, like the bureau of mines. I'm quite sure that that caused a lot of discussion and a division between engineering faculty. But anyhow, he recommended this particular thing and further recommended that the president should go ahead and contact people that would be suitable deans. Now, as I remember it—I haven't said anything about dean in there until the school of mines wanted autonomy instead of a director. In order to clarify, they inserted this plan—the new president, you see, was to go ahead and contact people. I think the reason behind the thinking there was this: with the new president coming in and Parker was only acting as such, they wanted to lay the ground so that this new man would have an opportunity to decide [in] his own mind what was to be done.

Now, during that administration, there was a request came in from some group of Indians; I don't remember what it was. But they requested extension courses and Parker recommended that we make a study of it. He thought that there were possibilities, but he didn't have the least idea of what the mechanics would be. He also thought that if he started at one place, with all the reservations over the state, he'd have difficulty and needed organization. But he recommended that it be given study. By the way, after that, the Regents decided "no" because they had Indians in Dresslerville, and there was no place—it's—oh, they were scattered from way up in Elko County and Humboldt County, and up

around Quincy, down around Fallon, Schurz, and Dresslerville, that I can remember.

They had been talking, even in Moseley's time, about creating a department of athletics, and to set the department up on a certain basis, but Moseley never got around to it. Then this thing [came] up that I just told you about. Parker got the people interested in the athletics to work out a plan— call it an athletic control specification, something like that, and there was quite a bit of research done. Anyway, it was delayed at that particular time for further study. But he was the one that recommended that we get this athletic control together because you had people [scattered], and students into the thing, and athletic people down here, the coaches selected by the alumni, and things like that, and salaries to be paid by the University. I know that the last meeting we had with him, he said and recommended to us that the salaries should be increased—that would be the first thing for the new president to accomplish. Now, that's not much, but it covers a big field.

I think Parker did a remarkable job. I want to tell you he knocked the eyes out of some of these theorists when he came up with these charts! He'd go into a department here, and we got John Doe up here as the chairman, and this fellow— his name is this, and this, and this, scattered away out here [gesture]. It just showed how many they would have in one division and how few in another. And, of course, they tried to justify the plan because the demands were there. More people wanted more courses in English, more courses in history, more courses in biological science. Well, so much for that.

#### MALCOLM LOVE

Now, Dr. Love came and attended the last meeting under Parker, and he did talk

with Parker. Then he immediately began to study our problems. Dr. Love had an unusual background; I thought I'd look him up in *Who's Who*. Here was an interesting thing. He got his AB from Simpson College in 1927 and an honorary LL.D. in 1952, his AM from the University of Iowa in '33, his Ph.D. in 1939—it was in education administration. He started out as a teacher in a junior high school and he taught two years then, and he was made superintendent of schools in Iowa. Then in '37, he was elected professor of education at Toledo, Ohio. Then from there he was made dean of administration at Illinois Wesleyan; he was there four years. Then he got into the service, and when he came back, he had been elected dean of the college of arts and science at Denver University. He came from there, here. So, you see, he had a pretty broad background in a special field of educational administration to get into education first. Then he had a teaching job and then an administrative job oh the lower level; then he went to these other universities. It looks as though he was a sort of a transient person, but they were all promotions. We were impressed because we were looking for a good administrator as well as an educationalist. Remember, that goes clear back to Clark's time. But this fellow's background in administration starts at the lower level and goes progressively up.

This is an interesting thing, too. I thought maybe we had an inauguration for him; then I thought we didn't have. I tried to find it. There's no record of it. Mrs. Love said, "No, we don't want anything like that," but they had a reception for him.

When Love came here and before he assumed the presidency, he spent quite a time studying the budget and all of those particular things, and went out and met the alumni wherever he could throughout the state. I accompanied him on many of those for the



alumni because I knew most of the alumni. Among the things that impressed me about the alumni and the citizens of the state—the administrators, faculty, and students—they thought as much of him as they did Moseley. They knew Moseley, his humor. I would say Love was a little quieter—he'd speak when he was spoken to and asked intelligent questions. If they asked him a question, he had an answer. Now, these are from my own notes. I found that notes were valuable after I got started on the Board.

Among Love's first recommendations was this: we should plan to raise salaries in the brackets for deans and directors. Too, that employment of wives and faculty members of the University be discouraged. Then about the time that Parker was leaving, the U. S. Bureau of Mines wanted a space on the campus. It had been worked out satisfactorily and all, but it had to come before the Board through the recommendation of the president. He recommended a parcel of about two and a fourth acres of land on the northeast corner of the campus be transferred to the U. S. Bureau of Mines because they promised that they would establish the western division for confidential research. Boy, that caused a lot of trouble! San Francisco was mad, and everybody else.

He had inherited this friction in the "overalls dean" business, and the extension services, and so forth. There was quite a lot of dissatisfaction with the extension service in Las Vegas and he sensed it when he was down there; he recommended that the whole thing be reviewed and final determination made on it. That was approved. He certainly proved to me that he had a sense of perception. He came right back and recommended that a two-year agricultural program be set up for certificate. He said studies would begin and further consideration—he believed

it was good—and I emphasize, further consideration.

I guess they had a committee on health and something else on the campus, because the [idea of a full-time health service] was referred—oh, it was mentioned under Moseley and again under Parker as a Reno University full-time position. It was part-time formerly. That's settled.

It was also recommended that a complete study be made of the use of the physical plant of the University. His observation was that many rooms were not occupied. He thought—that thing was taught in Iowa—that they should make these buildings work. For instance, if you were a professor of chemistry, you shouldn't have a building and an office and a lecture room all to yourself. There'd be a place for you to lecture and such things as that, but when you were through with it, somebody else could use it. The laboratories, where possible, should be made for more than one type of work. For instance, you could put the instruments and so forth away in the cases, and then somebody else would take out his equipment.

Now, during the Hartman administration, the civil engineering building was constructed and they had a dedication service. It was for civil engineering and the plague will indicate it; there was no cornerstones or anything. Then during the Moseley administration, they put a wing on it, and the people that were in what is called the electrical department, and mechanical, and so on were moved over to this wing. He made that recommendation and it was approved. He also recommended that a study be made on the possibility of converting that old electrical engineering building into a home economics department because the home economics department pretty well crowded one floor of the agricultural building. They approved the idea, but asked that they



do a thorough study as to whether it could be done economically to provide a more efficient department because it was an electrical engineering building, made up of a lot of big laboratories, and so on.

How, I have said that during the Moseley administration that he recommended these extension courses and so on. They got started on it and he [Love] came up with a new idea. He wanted to continue that, the regional education in the professional field, because he said there would be more than teachers, and such things as that, where we could be of help. He thought maybe it would be cooperative work with mines or industry, or related fields, and asked that the idea be approved in principle, but then make a study of it.

Dr. Love heeded the recommendation to the Board made by Colonel Parker that they get busy to select a dean of the college [of mining]. He looked over the field and thought that we had a man with a marvelous reputation in the mining field who lived in the East, and he did some teaching and consulting. Love interviewed him to see if he would be interested and would accept the position, but the gentleman turned the offer down because he was happy where he was, and he was mostly in a consulting field. So he interviewed Dean Scheid and offered him the position. In the interview, it was definitely understood that he would be the dean of the School of Mines, which included mining, metallurgy, geology, and related divisions in the curriculum, and also director of the bureau of mines, state analytical laboratory, and many of the other public services. In other words, he was dean of the whole shooting works, or, rather, he was dean of, and director, together.

Now, those were some of the accomplishments. One of the first things that he did was to make suggestions, or raise questions with the Regents for study

and definition. One of his first was how to work with the faculty. Now, he knew of the difficulties. He knew that there was a problem. So what he wanted was this: to have this worked out and studied up and a conclusion drawn. His title was something like this: to set down certain guiding principles as a basis for discussion, we expect decisions from the president's office to be made. So, you see, it was pretty broad right there—how to work with the faculty, how they wanted to construct their budget. In other words, you'd figure that some educational institutions had one want, one, another, and they had the state law and they knew the legislature would want to study the requirements. Let's find out; let's do it. What is the responsibility or responsibilities of a state university? He wanted to arrive at this particular thing. What programs for students? Now, that was promoted very carefully and very definitely by this division and misunderstanding in the matter of the department of athletics and all the athletic divisions. And further, that "further study" on this agricultural setup—that is, what programs were still—"what public relations?" And I think by that that he meant this: "What do you expect of me in the way of public relations as a representative of the University? Now, am I to handle it alone, or am I to delegate responsibility?" (A three-point question.) And, "Shall we enter this field, or that field, or the other field?" In other words, we'd go down and get into a squabble with two divisions down there, should we take one side or the other, or should we listen and get both sides and then resolve them? Now, these are notes of my own, and I'm guessing on that.

He recommended that we get busy and create an athletic department which would encompass all of these things. Now, the athletics was a part of the department of physical education. Correlate the things.

Then he raised a question, "What about the faculty-student relationship?" I remember I asked him a question about that. He said he meant by that the cooperation between members of the faculty and the students and matters pertaining to the assignments, the extra time which was necessary out of school hours to help the student, and so forth. In other words, the students that were behind should attempt to cultivate the relationship, cultivate this idea. It was a policy. And it was up to the faculty member to give this time outside of class time to help out.

Now, these are the accomplishments that I can think of in his [Love's] administration up through to here. Now, someone had died and had left money to establish a student observatory. There was sufficient money left as a gift to build this building. So they established and authorized the erection of the building. That's the one that's up on top of the hill. (I went up to inspect it and I found an old, old stake—survey—with my name on it and several others.) The University bookstore was established. Nellis Air Base, for instruction, [was] called off for the present because of the unsettled conditions at the base, and a lot of moving of men. He created this department of athletics and got the approval of his recommendation. He submitted a policy on tuition fees, and those were approved. Then he set up future building plans as a policy to be studied, and the policy of the Board of Regents.

Now, this, I think, was a fine thing; he recommended the appointment of Dr. C. B. Hutchinson as the dean of the college of agriculture, director of research, teaching, and director of the agricultural extension division, effective July 1, 1952. He was also the director of the agricultural experiment station, subject to the approval of Washington. Now, Washington, if you remember, I told

you to begin with, didn't approve intruding in the agricultural experiment station. Dr. Hutchinson had been head of the school of agriculture down at Dixon [California] and all of that kind of work under the University of California. He later became president of the whole shooting works. (He represented the University of California here at the inauguration of Dr. Moseley.) He'd retired. Dr. Love thought that if he could get this man, who'd had a broad background in the entire agricultural field, and who was known back in Washington and every place else, to give us some time, it'd be a good thing. so, by golly, Hutchinson accepted and went to work in July, '52.

This idea of an increase in the use of the physical plant was completed, and when tried out, was successful. Of course, there was opposition to it, but the Regents approved the president's recommendation, and they went ahead.

It was during his time that we had the first notice from the Fleischmann estate that they had set aside a certain sum of money towards construction of a building for the school of agriculture and that they would add to it from time to time. That's the Fleischmann trust. Well, I said agriculture—it's the agricultural college and home economics. It was suggested that we deposit the money in a Security National Bank savings account and they'd add to it from time to time. At that particular time, the trust wanted preliminary plans and estimates worked out by the administration and the agricultural faculty. There was a misunderstanding there, because they—the faculty and all—had an idea that they were going to get the entire Fleischmann trust in time. [Laughing] By golly, they went after it! They got it spelled out: one, two, three, so that plan had to be changed, and all—it wasn't acceptable to the University. They

were thinking about the building only, and the other things could come later. So much for that now.

The agricultural faculty set down certain things for the building program. Love suggested as a building program for 1951-53 the agricultural-biological science building. Now, that's before this other [Fleischmann] offer was received. I remember they'd been talking about classroom buildings. But he thought that this was quite important. In '53-'57, the student union building. Remodel the old electrical building. '55-'57, the classroom building and men's dormitories. A corporation yard; now, that was a construction plan. In that, he included the beautification of the grounds. So all of this was approved in principle. Oh, yes, they wanted a greenhouse in there, too.

Love came in, also, and they drew up tentative policies which were adopted by the board of athletic control. Love approved it, suggested the adoption of it tentatively, but before it became a realistic thing, he wanted the financial problems solved.

A particular time in his early administration, we used to get delivery of oil by rail from the Western Pacific, and they built us a switch line from their main line. They called it the "Gorman Shortline." But then they got these big tanks and they didn't need the switch any more, and this was abandoned.

Dr. Love resigned after a relatively brief administration and went to California. I have told about the circumstances of the resignation in my chapter on the Board of Regents.

### MINARD STOUT

Dr. Love had been in contact with President Stout, and he told him that the dean of men was sick of being the dean of

student affairs—sick of his job. He wanted to resign the job to get back into the English department. That was Bob Griffin. He'd better look for a person that was pretty well groomed in this combination, because Griffin had come up with very little experience. He had had a lot of experience by appointment of Gorman as sort of chief mogul, handling the military, and so on, and financial setup. Then he was appointed, I think, by Dr. Moseley. But he didn't like his job, and as things matured—.

You know, there was at one time quite a bit of criticism at the University on the part of students of journalism because its policies were dictated by another department, of which it was a subsidiary, so it was separated from the English department. The department of journalism was created, and Dr. Alfred IL Higginbotham was put in charge in the school of arts and science.

Then later, the same situation came up with the department of speech in the English department in the school of arts and science. There were handicaps there, and the Regents separated it and created the division or the department of speech in the college of arts and science. That put Higginbotham and his associate into journalism, and put Griffin and Miller into speech. This latter happened right after Bob [Griffin] resigned as dean of men and went back to the English department.

Anyhow, Or. Love advised with Dr. Stout on this problem about a replacement for Griffin. Stout said, "I've got the man." He doesn't have his Ph.D., but he has this experience. And I think he's tops."

So Dr. Love at that particular time recommended that the Regents extend an invitation to William D. Carlson [from the] University of Minnesota to be dean of student affairs. Of course, it was resolved by Stout upon invitation of Love, because Stout came to Reno and spent quite a bit of the summer

with Dr. Love, studying the entire picture. Carlson had suggested that he come down to Reno and look over his responsibilities. He accepted the position and took over in November. All right, here's the note: Carlson to be on the campus the first week in November to research and advise and be on the campus in January '53 to take up the duties. (That's when Griffin resigned, too.)

To get Stout's background—I thought I knew it, but I referred to *Who's Who in America*. He was born in Iowa, February 28, 1908. He received his BA degree from Iowa State Teachers College in 1929, his MA from the University of Iowa in 1933, and his Ph.D. in Iowa in 1943. He got out of Teachers College, he taught high school for a while, for two years, and then he was a principal in one of the junior highs for four years in another place—I think that was Fort Dodge, Iowa. Then he went to Rochester, where he took over the University of Minnesota, I guess it was—high school (like we used to have, prep), and handled that. Oh, I'll go further here. Now, we're '34 to '39. Then he was a lecturer at the University of Minnesota and high school principal there for five years; then he was a visiting professor at the University of Missouri in '46, and then high school principal at the University of Minnesota, lower division, and was made assistant professor in '48; associate professor, 48 to '52, professor in '52, and a visiting professor at the University of Texas. He was in the Navy during the war and then came to the University of Nevada. He had a splendid record, according to the University of Minnesota men, the Iowa men, in always being a success in the matter of administration, and so on. I find also that—I don't know what this is—he had the Shattuck Centennial Award for outstanding contribution to secondary education. And, of course, when he was here in Nevada, he was put on the advisory committee

of secondary school education. Anyway, so much for Stout in that.

Now, Stout got out and met the people of the state very much as did Moseley and Love. I traveled with him at some of these meetings, to be his contact, and they liked him. They thought he looked quite young, and, of course, he did look quite young. Yet there's only a few years' difference between Love and him. Love was born in '04, and he was born in 1908. But he had a smile and a twinkle in his eye. He was a lot bolder; he was a good mixer. He could tell pertinent stories, but I never heard him tell a dirty story. He told stories to illustrate a point. Well, he'd had marvelous contacts all the way through.

One of the first things after Stout got here was to dedicate the astronomical observatory. By recommendation to the Regents, they approved that it be named the Blair Astronomical Observatory. That was for Dr. Blair, who did so much fine work in the physics department of the University of Nevada.

Stout reiterated what was suggested by Moseley, which was recommended by Love, that faculty wives cannot be employed, he didn't have any inauguration ceremony.

Just about that time, we got notice of the bequest of the Wesley Elgin Travis student union building contribution, and the name was to be known as the Jot Travis Student Union building. The bequest also provided that a like contribution should be made by the state, and that was provided at the next [legislative] session—at the first session after the bequest. There was a reception for these people. The funny thing—we used about the same committee for all three receptions.

Another thing that pleased him very much was that portrait of Dr. Love—where they made a provision for a portrait of Dr. Love, and Meyer-Cassell did it. I can remember

this: \$650, I had already thought that was high, and we compared that with what these artists charged for painting a portrait of the governor; it was awfully low.

You see, Meyer-Cassell did this, but it was I who got him busy to do the portraits of the presidents from the beginning. I made the appointment for Dr. Moseley with the son of Dr. Brown to pay for that portrait, and Meyer-Cassell worked from a picture then. I made the appointment for Dr. Moseley with the Jones boys, Herbert and Augustine, to commission Meyer-Cassell to do one of their father, the second president, just from a picture. And by golly, he put Dr. Jones right in the old seat and the old desk—. Oh, it's a marvelous thing, and they were tickled to death. So they were pretty happy about that.

Now, during a previous administration (and I don't know just when, but it goes way, way back, probably the Hartman administration), the Shrine were given permission to have the Shrine Circus on the University campus for funds to go to the Shrine Hospital for crippled children. They always did some little thing, but the first part of the Stout administration, they gave two banks of lights for the Mackay Stadium. You know, they contributed something every year towards it. They finally bought the reporter's booth up on top and such other things; they gave a piano or an organ to the music department, and so on down the line.

I forgot to say this: that in this department of athletics, they had recommended skiing and boxing as a part of the part-time sport. Stout was to recommend these things, and he did it on the basis of the recommendation of the athletic faculty. He recommended Chelton Leonard for ski coach and Jim Olivas for boxing coach, and took out of the general fund the fees. If I remember correctly, they paid Leonard \$500 and Jimmy \$700.

Now, then, in this agreement they had in the creation of the athletic department, the graduate manager was to be appointed from a list submitted by the athletic faculty to the president to be appointed for approval. James McNabney was made graduate manager at a salary of \$5,100 per year. Also, I find in some of my own notes—and I dug until I found it—that in this whole athletic setup, they provided a salary for the president of the student body. At the same time, Stout recommended the approval of a salary of sixty-five dollars a month.

Now, Joe Moose was brought in here to head the chemistry department by Moseley, and then the University created the graduate school. Stout was pretty much impressed with Moose for the reason that he had a splendid record academically, a splendid record as a teacher, and also a splendid record as a businessman in numerous fields of industry, also experience as director of research and graduate study. He was appointed to chair this department.

One of Stout's first recommendations, in keeping with Moseley and Love, was that there should be a general raise in salaries—clear across the board, in this particular case, for the people employed at the University.

The Las Vegas extension program was established. James R. Dickinson was in the English department in Reno. You probably remember him or his wife; she was quite a songbird. He was sent down to Las Vegas to establish the extension program and was going to teach English, geography, and a few things like that. They used the high school during evenings to teach the subjects. That was the beginning. Dr. Stout recommended that we continue the statewide educational program.

The contract was let for the remodeling of Lincoln Hall, Manzanita Hall, and the Mackay School of Mines building.



Dr. Stout made contact with the United States Office of Education for help to assist in a study of the educational needs in Nevada. Dr. William A. Wood was assigned to Nevada, and with Dr. Stout, made a trip all over the state to study the situation. Dr. Wood made the recommendation that the name be changed from the “school of education” to the College of Education under a dean. Then he made the recommendation that we have a dean of the statewide development. Those things were approved by the Regents.

About that time, there was a move on foot to change the name of the Mackay School of Mines to the “school of mineral sciences” or “school of mineral industries.” And it was argued back and forth, and back and—Stout recommended very definitely we would retain the name “Mackay” with reference to the school of mines. That was approved.

Then he recommended that this dean of the school of education, they add a little bit to his name and give him—also make him director of the summer sessions. It used to be that they’d have to appoint somebody.

Now, I’d like for a few moments to jump to some of the appointments that he recommended. Let me think. This was William O. Carlson as dean of student affairs. That, of course, was supported by Love, too. They brought him from the University of Minnesota. He brought in Garold Holstine, who was a dean of the college of education in the University of South Dakota (and) Dr. William R. Wood from the U. S. Office of Education as professor and dean of the Statewide Development Program. He took him out of this department of educational research back in Washington, D. C. It shows the type of men they were getting. Then Dr. Wood, dean of arts and science and professor of mathematics, wanted a little relief and said that he was going to retire at a certain time. Dr.

Ralph Irwin was appointed as assistant dean. Then Wood retired, Irwin was appointed dean and professor of arts and science. C. S. Hutchinson resigned. I think the trouble was this: he was in favor of this two-year setup and it again came up and the academic faculty turned him down. Dean Hutchinson was a strong individual and he wanted to just forget this and do it anyhow. I think Dr. Stout told him that he had to observe protocol and he could change it later. Anyhow, Hutchinson resigned and so we had to look for a man. They made a contact with John R. Bertrand of Texas A and M, who had a very fine record back there (and I don’t know whether he was an assistant to the dean, or what, or subdean), and he came out here. He was made dean and professor of the school of agriculture and agricultural research, teaching, and so on down the line. And he worked for a period of time, and he ran against the former difficulty. It bothered him, and he inherited some of this trouble we had back when they were quarreling between the extension, teaching, and experimental station—that goes back to the Creel episode. Then he resigned, and by golly, Dr. James Adams, who was dean of the college of agriculture in Texas, accepted the position.

Now, Stout wanted a dean for the school of business. That’s one of the first recommendations that he made, too, along with education, that we revitalize the school of business under a dean or professor. He had heard of this man Weems. Of course, Minard got around and he knew a lot of things, and he knew that Weems was offered a position or else a retainer as a consultant for one of the large firms back East. Oh, it’s [one of] the largest hotel associations in hotel management and restaurants. They tried to hire him and he said no, that he didn’t want it. He liked teaching, but he would do this. He’d



undertake the study, and they would supply him with needed information, and he'd use his students for researching. He came up with a marvelous solution. Then they tried to hire him outright, and he turned it down. Stout had known him, you see. He got in touch with Weems and interested him, and he left the deanship of the school of business (at the) University of Mississippi out there and came to Nevada. The school of business has grown immensely since Weems took over.

So Moose was in as dean of graduate study. Stout brought Helen M. Gilkey here as professor and dean of the Orvis School of Nursing from New England. He promoted Howard Blodgett from head of the civil engineering department to professor and dean of the College of Engineering; that's after Stan Palmer retired. Then when Dickinson didn't want to assume the responsibility of the Las Vegas unit, Dean Carlson was promoted to the unit at the University of Las Vegas. Then Sam Basta [was named] as dean of student affairs. Now, you see the [fine] type of men Stout was bringing to our University.

Another thing had happened. Dr. Post retired as the head of the department of music while Minard was here, and it was really just about a two-man department. In the meantime, we got a little windfall. Stout researched it and called one fellow that was a pianist, and then this Mr. Macy. The pianist was number one, Macy was number two. The pianist didn't last at all. Macy has created that department and developed it. He's been quite a success, I think, because I've talked to musicians and also the students.

This college of agriculture money came in and we finally agreed on plans, and on the recommendation of the president (that's President Stout), it was to be named the Max C. Fleischmann College of Agriculture. The unit in the home economics was named the

Sarah Hamilton Fleischmann School of Home Economics.

After we obtained this ground that connected us with the Evans people, we entered into a negotiation with a fellow by the name of Capurro (this was during the Stout administration) similar to the one that we entered into with the Evans estate to get that additional ground north from the Clark Field that extended down into the swale. We were able to purchase it at so much down and so much each biennium with a very low rate of interest, and the contract was kept open. The contract was this: that he, Capurro, be permitted to use the pasture and this land that was under contract without any expense to him, except the assessment on water rights, and so on. We purchased forty acres to begin with, and later, we purchased eighteen more. Here's an interesting thing: the matter of water rights came up, and Capurro held that he didn't sell any water rights. He came to me about it, and I said, "I don't know. You'd better look at the contract or talk to your attorney. But usually, when you buy land and you have water rights behind that, you sell the water rights with it." (Laughing) It went to court, and that's what happened.

Now, an interesting thing—Dr. Stout recommended a general raise in salaries across the board. That was the time when they raised his salary at the University. That was July '53, or about that time. Then later, he made the same recommendation, but in April, 1954, the Regents changed his title from president to president of the university of Nevada and professor of education, with full tenure as said professor. In other words, they gave him tenure. You notice in his recommendations on his deans, as "the dean and professor of—." This made it possible for an administrator to resign as such and still retain tenure as a professor in his particular field.

I was amazed that Dr. Stout was able to reach out and get such reputable people to join us in the different schools and on the different faculties. They'd had splendid positions with an equivalency and rank in an older and larger university. I asked each one at the time, how did you happen to make up your mind to come here into a smaller university with perhaps not the physical assets or laboratories to carry on after you were established elsewhere?" And without exception, they said because of the opportunity to work under a man such as Dr. Stout, who is so well grounded in administration and the principles of education and his desire to see that the University function in all fields in the state, which made it their opportunity, too, to get out and help develop the programs.

Another thing about it was this. Stout did look over the local material that we had here, and you'll note that he did appoint some from our own faculty into administrative positions. He must have had confidence in Dr. Moose and his background. He must have had confidence in Dr. Irwin and his background. He must've had confidence in Dr. Blodgett when he was the head of the CE department and he made him dean of the college of engineering.

Well, that is an interesting development, the number of appointments, executive appointments, that Dr. Stout made. Dr. William D. Carlson [is] still connected with the University, but at Nevada Southern, and Dr. Garold Holstine left here for an executive position in Washington and is now president of a university. Dr. William A. Wood was taken from us to be made president of the University of Alaska. Dean John R. Bertrand went to a school up in the Ozarks, as president of the institution. Dr. Joe Moose retired, as has Dr. James E. Adams, when they reached the age of sixty-five. It would seem that our

fellow [C. J. Armstrong] got rid of these deans as fast as he could. Miss Helen Gilkey left here. She was the first dean, you know, of the Orvis School of Nursing here. She was a New England girl, and she left and went East and took over the management of a hospital in the Eastern area. Blodgett is retired. Every one of these men, unless they retired up here at sixty-five, stepped into better jobs. I really think that that's a record.

You know, Minard was tenacious. He would propose these things and receive permission to pursue them. When he determined the kind of a man he wanted, by gosh, he stayed with him 'til he got him.

There were some other events connected with Dr. Stout's administration which seem more properly to belong in the section on the Board of Regents.

#### **UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA BOARD OF REGENTS, 1931-1957**

Late in 1931, Walter Pratt, who had been elected in 1924 to serve a ten-year term as a Regent, had moved to California and was employed there, notified the governor that he was resigning. The governor immediately contacted him and said that he accepted with regret, but to please not release the information until he, the governor, had an opportunity to appoint a successor, and then let the governor release him. In the last part of '31, I received a letter from the governor, sent special delivery. That evening, Mrs. Ross and I were out to a party. We had a babysitter and she signed for the letter and gave it to me when we came in. After we took the babysitter home, I opened the letter, read it, and I handed it to Mrs. Ross. In it, Governor Balzac said that he wanted to appoint me to the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Pratt, and he wanted me to keep it a secret

until such time as he announced it. I reread the letter and handed it over to Mrs. Ross and she said to me, "Are you going to accept it?"

And I said, "No."

And she said, "Why?"

I said, "Well, for the reason that I've always advocated that there should be an alumni of the University on that Board of Regents, and we've only had one or two up until that particular time."

And she said, "I think you'd better sleep on it."

So the next morning, when I awakened, I looked over, and Mrs. Ross was by my side, looking right at me, and she asked me very definitely if I had changed my mind. I said, "No, I haven't changed it."

And she said, "Do you mind if I suggest something to you?"

And I said, "No, it's all right."

She said, "I think that you should accept that irregardless of your former statement. Governor Balzar wants you or he wouldn't have appointed you. He will make the announcement when he does make the appointment. He isn't going to be bothered with other people. You worked for his election and it's up to you to support him in every way that you can."

I called the governor on the telephone and said that I was coming over. I had this meeting with him and told him what my attitude had been. And he said, "I don't care what it has been. They can't say that you solicited this job, because I've solicited you and I want you to take it." So I took it.

Now, the interesting thing was that after I was appointed, I had a half a dozen men come to me and tell me that they suggested me to the governor. Some of them were faculty. I took over and those were the conditions under which I was appointed to fill the unexpired term.

I attended the first meeting and listened very attentively, but whenever there was a vote, I asked to be excused from voting because I was there to learn and couldn't vote intelligently on any of these questions. And that was granted. But I asked a lot of questions so that I could be prepared. [The] first [thing] that I asked for was a copy of the rules and regulations of the Board and of their operations, also a flow chart of the operation of the University.

I read this information thoroughly and I observed that on recommendation, the Board had set their regular meetings on the recommendation of the president. There weren't many meetings at the time. One in particular that I recall (there were two) was one that we had to meet two days before Baccalaureate Sunday and the graduation exercises on Monday to approve the graduates. And the other, the year that we were to submit a budget to the legislature, we had a meeting in the fall, late in the year, to go over the proposed budget that was going to be sent to the legislature. The important interim between these meetings didn't impress me as being good. Then I asked for the minutes, and in one of them I noticed that there was no agenda at the meeting, excepting the paper from which Dr. Clark read. It appeared that policies and so on were established, and afterward approval was asked for. This policy didn't appear to be quite right for this reason, that the Board couldn't be as familiar with the operation as it should. The reports that we acted on were the report of the president and the report of the comptroller, and that was about all. Then if they had special committees appointed to do research or something like that, they read the report of the committee and the president's acquiescence in it, and we were asked to approve them.

Let me say here, at this time—this takes us back a little bit—in reading the minutes, it was of much concern to me that the discussions that were recorded concerning the type of heating plant to be installed were brief and incomplete. Most of the discussion was on whether we should put in steam or hot water. We had experts on it, and some said steam and some said hot water. Mr. Pratt very definitely seemed to be in favor of hot water. Something had to be done and they turned it over to Mr. Pratt to negotiate the thing, and he decided on the hot water. And it was installed. I gave the matter further study. The hot water system wasn't in a gravity system. It was gravity up to a certain point, but when they got as far as Manzanita Hall, they had to pump the water across and back to the heating plant, which meant that the circulation wasn't uniform, and the like of that. I had heard that there was quite a bit of criticism of the heating plant in Lincoln Hall and the little hospital up there (they called it the infirmary) and the dining hall and Manzanita Hall. However, they got along with it until additional buildings were erected. The heating plant was not large enough to accommodate the new buildings. Further than that, it is hitched up in such a way that the only places that had heat at night up until about ten-thirty was Lincoln Hall, the dining hall, and Manzanita. In other words, there wasn't enough heat to accommodate classrooms and laboratory buildings. A decision was then made to convert the system to steam instead of hot water. With the new buildings to be added, it was determined that the original boiler was not large enough to handle the increased load.

From the advice of builders and architects, and also plumbing and heating engineers, the Regents decided to install individual heating plants in some of the buildings, thus decreasing the heating load on the original plant. And all of these were steam heated.

Now, back to the procedure of the Board before I went on it. I was looking for something that I could tie to to show that there should be more meetings of the Board, or special meetings called whenever an emergency came up. The first [thing] I discovered was that they were doing a lot of work in the basement of the Mackay School of Mines. I saw what was going on, and I asked the head of the school of mines what was going on and he told me. He said, "Well, we're remodeling this whole area downstairs and enlarging it, and we're going to put in a museum and other laboratories."

I asked him where the money came from and he said, "Well, I got a direct appropriation from Mr. Mackay."

I then went over to the president's office to find out the details of the project. The Board minutes didn't show anything. The president wasn't altogether familiar with the entire transaction. The matter was placed before the Board at the next meeting. They decided that the procedure was irregular and instructed the head of the department to submit plans and specifications, and such other details, and justify them to the president and the Board before proceeding, and that the money would be handled through the Board of Regents.

Another time was this: the Board members were talking about an additional athletic field and decided to place it on top of the hill, east and south of the training quarters on land that the University had purchased from the Evans estate. We called it Clark Field. Sometime later, I happened to be wandering around the campus and noticed the field was under construction, but not on the location which had been specified by the Regents.

I asked Mr. Gorman how about it and he replied, "I don't know anything about it." He checked into it and he said, "Well, the president has entered into this contract."

So I went to the president and asked him why, and he said, "Well, I decided that it ought to go over here."

Well, now, there again was a little error. If we're going to do a thing like that, it should be reported to the Board, and the Board should take action in order to make it right. It shouldn't be changed without approval of the Board. A lot of little things like that made it necessary for us to try to adjust these rules and regulations and get them up to date.

The Board adopted a policy of meeting oftener and said that whenever any major project came up, the Board should be called in and the administration should receive the approval of the Board before they went ahead. More meetings of the Board were called. And if anything came up—an emergency, the chairman of the board would call a special meeting of the executive committee in the area. Then they began to have agendas.

The Regents also became interested in reading back on the contracts. And there they found it was the policy of the president, when he met a good man and couldn't meet the salary, he'd offer a certain amount of money and verbally promise him a promotion the next year and the beginning of tenure. Well, that created quite a bit of dissension among those that were working with the AAUP. The administration then brought it up before the Board for confirmation. Clark said that he had to do those things in order to get [good people]. So we suggested that he say that he would recommend this plan to the Board for an increase in salary on any one of these. Dr. Clark graciously did that, but I think he got in the habit of doing these things because he had to take action in the past.

As soon as I became a member of the Board, I thought, "Well, now, if you're gonna be a member of the Board, you should know something about the operation of the

institution." And the first thing I wanted to know was the salaries of the professors in the departments and their resources and the contracts (if they had any) and the conditions, and how they allocated their funds, and such things as that. So I went to Mr. Gorman to get that information and he said, "You'll have to give me a little time because I take my instructions from the president and I'm not supposed to give out all these things.

But he did go to the president on it, and he said, "Mr. Ross is asking for this information and I can't give it to him because of your order. Now, what am I to tell him? Tell him that I don't know, I can't give it? It's not a matter of record, or something like that?" And he said, "If I do that, Mr. Ross is going to have to come before the Board another time and ask for the resignation of Mr. [Gorman] so that he'd get somebody in there who could supply that information. Now, on the other hand, if I tell him that you have ordered that we shouldn't give out this information, he'd probably come before the Board and say, This is my understanding, and if that is so, let's ask for the resignation and get a man who will do it.

So Dr. Clark says, "Well, give it to him; but just in general, not too much in detail."

Now, a thing happened later, and I'll allude to it, that may have been the reason why the administration, at least—and some of the professors—thought that I was an enemy of the University.

Well, we go on through that and we bump into the matter of appearing before the legislature. The president and Mr. Gorman used to represent the University over there. Now, [at] a later time, Dr. Clark was not at the University, and Dean Adams was acting President, and I went to him to get information on the number of teachers that were in English and all the different departments of the different schools and the salary breakdown.



And Adams gave me the names of these people and the teaching load, but he couldn't give me the breakdown on it. When Dr. Clark came back, Adams told him. Well, Clark came down right away, and he said, "Now, what you have is a copy. But," he said, "I'm the only one that's supposed to give it out. Dr. Adams didn't give you everything, and he wants you to know you can have everything you want."

And I said, "No, that isn't what I want."

And he said, "That's really a gentlemen's agreement," and so forth.

And I said, "I want to know."

And he said, "Well, I'll get you something." And he did. He explained to me at the time that there was probably a division in the faculty and a division in the townspeople, and they kept all of this quiet in order to keep down unfriendly discussion. In other words, that's when they realized that there was something wrong.

Well, then, Dr. Clark and Mr. Gorman used to go over and meet with the legislature, and the finance committee of the Senate sent word (and I don't know whether they went to Mr. [George] Brown with it or not; he was the chairman at the time) to leave the president at home and have Mr. Gorman present the budget and explain it. Now, when I found that out, I wanted to know why. Finally, Senator Dressler told me. That committee consisted of Senator Dressler, and Senator Tracy Fairchild, Senator Getchell (he was alive at that time), and Senator John Miller. And Dressler, whom I knew, I asked him one day about it, and he said, "Well, when Dr. Clark comes over and we ask him questions, he talks in generalities and all around the subject. We don't get the facts. Gorman has them and he can give them to me and prove it with figures. We've wasted a lot of time on that thing."

So that was done, quietly. And really, it was surprising, the results. The unfortunate

part of it, though, the first thing I knew, Mr. Brown had asked me if I wouldn't go over with Mr. Gorman.

And I said, "Well, you're the one that's supposed to go."

"Well," he said, "I can't get away, and," he said, "damn it, 'You know everybody in the state and they know you.'"

So I would go over, but I made it my business to keep my mouth shut unless they asked me a question. If I couldn't answer the question, I referred it to Gorman. If we couldn't clear it, I'd really get the information. There were little things, don't you see? The result was that we got along pretty well, but that bothered Dr. Clark. Then it began to bother some of the faculty. We found them going over there and introducing bills—rather, fathering bills that hadn't been approved by the Board and the President, but making claims for their departments, and so on. Now, there weren't many, but there were a few.

Dr. Church came before us and wanted the Regents to accept a deed for ground all the way from Mrs. Dinsmore's property clear up to the back of the Scrugham property as a site for a memorial art gallery. He appeared before the Board; he appeared before different groups. I thought I knew something about this thing. I suggested to the Regents that we defer action on it until we could investigate a little bit. I found that [Church was in] no position to issue a deed to this. This property that Dr. Church owned was deeded outright, see, but the others, like the Lattimer Club, some of those—part of the Scrugham property and the Dinsmore property was conditional. In other words, they were going to think about it; they might like it, and so on. But particularly the Lattimer Club, that was conditional, and Mrs. Dinsmore never did sign that form.

So when I reported back these conditions, I said, "I think before we would accept



anything like this that we ought to go to the legislature and get an enabling act to accept it and have all of the conditions in there.”

So they introduced the bill and the legislature amended the bill, carrying the clause that at no time would there be any expansion of the building, erection of the building, care of the building, or street improvements, or anything like that against the state through the University. Now, when the [Church] memorial building was built, these people wanted the University to deed it back to them. This was during the last president’s [Armstrong’s] administration, right after he came here. They searched the minutes and such things as that, and some member of the Board said, “Why don’t you talk to Si Ross about it?”

So one day at Rotary, Armstrong asked me if he could talk to me about this transaction. And I said, “Yes.”

And he said, “Some day after Rotary, I’ll let you know ahead, and you and Roy Hardy come on up and we’ll talk it over.”

So we made the date and went up there. So he asked Roy, he said, “Now, what do you know about this?”

And Roy said, “Don’t ask me, ask Si.”

I gave him the story—the whole thing, the whole commotion, and I said, “There’s a lot of this that probably wouldn’t be in the minutes because a lot of this deal that went on was verbal, and there’d be no record in the papers,” and so forth. “But these are the conditions: As it stands today, you hold this [deed], providing—.Now, they know that we are not going to do anything up there because we have this building. They want it back. Now, we were able to accept it by statute. My suggestion to you is to take this request to the legislature and get them to pass the bill authorizing the Board to return the property to them.” And that was done.

Then I asked them, “Now, is there anything more?”

And Armstrong turned to Roy and said, “You fellows are right.” He said, “Gosh, just like that!” So that thing had not been questioned any more. This happened later.

Well, another thing that I did as soon as I got on the Board, I became interested in the University property. And I wanted to know—Well, I stayed with it ’til I found out—the amount of ground and the description that was given by Evans, and Then the little pieces as they were added from time to time, [and] with that done, the purchase of the Evans estate, of that piece of property down in the swale. Then the gift of Mackay for this piece of ground adjacent and up on the hill. He had wanted to go over and purchase the St. Thomas cemetery (at that particular time, Virginia Street was dead-end) and make that contiguous to the University and a part of the University campus. Mr. Mackay himself approached the priest in charge here, and the conditions were such that Mackay said no, and instead, he bought this piece of the Evans estate. Later, we acquired more ground from the Evans estate on a contract basis, took it out by the year, as we did the property to the north. But that’s beyond Clark.

That took me into the early days of the Agricultural Experiment Station. I remember when that was down on the site of that piece of ground between the Asylum Road west and up to about where that Kietzke Lane crosses that bridge and between the railroad track and the Truckee River. That had been purchased by the state for the state prison. They started to build a state prison there, and when that location was changed to Carson City, they used that as an agricultural experiment station farm. But the department in Washington said it wasn’t good enough and they’d have to do something better, or the University would lose its appropriation.

The Board then decided on this piece of ground that they now have off of Valley Road. That ground was originally a part of the ground that belonged to the English Mill syndicate that came in here. Mr. Enoch Morrill and his associates had purchased all of that ground. Morrill Avenue was named after him. He and his attorney made Washoe County a proposition that they would turn this property over to them for a certain amount of money, providing it was used by the University for experimental purposes. But if they ever ceased to do that particular thing, it reverted to Morrill, his heirs and assigns. And that is why they didn't take a piece off the north end of it for Sadler way, and why, during the first World War, they didn't take the south of it off for housing. And also why Reno High School wasn't put out there. It was that conditional deed.

And I want to tell you, I stayed with it until I knew every corner of any piece of land that had been acquired by the University, even the piece of land that they got from the Wheeler estate. That's, oh, quite a bit before Hendrick came into the picture. I knew the water rights then, too, and that was quite important. I can still throw up an issue on it.

Well, now, going back to this point that I made a little while ago, -that legislative finance committee made this request. By that time, there was a division in the faculty. It again cropped up. I don't know what caused it, but there was a lack of cohesion and cooperation, and some of the departments wanted to expand and put in more courses, and such things as that. There was a little quarrel between the arts and sciences and the school of education, and the engineering school and agriculture, and then the faculties had overlapped—for instance, some arts and sciences'd be teaching some subjects in agriculture and engineering. It sprang up

there, and that division was there. It wasn't good, but there were a few up there that hewed to the line and they were familiar with both sides.

Now, another thing came out during Dr. Clark's [administration] there, and Dr. Stubbs's. As I've said elsewhere, when Dr. Stubbs was president, a man by the name of David Russell, a stockman and a range man from Lassen County, a bachelor, who did business with the Washoe County Bank, made a will to create a sort of a trust at the University, the income from which could be used for necessary things to help the University along.

I don't know what ever became of all of the fund, but I know it was difficult getting back some of the investment. When Dr. Clark was in charge of the fund, he invested it and he was supposed to be pretty good on economy. Under the terms of the will, he didn't have to account to the Board for this, and he made the investment in good faith. He bought certain securities, and among those were some foreign bonds (from], I think, South and Central America. There was income for a while, and they had difficulty and these bonds seemed worthless—they couldn't pay up. Some of them were repudiated, as far as that's concerned. Some of the countries did retrieve, and finally, while I was on the Board right after Dr. Clark retired, we got some money out of them. But that worried Dr. Clark, and Mr. Gorman, with a couple of the Regents, investigated the law relative to the investment of trust funds in foreign securities. Our law was silent, but our state was following the custom of other states, and if I remember correctly, the other states had a condition that they could not invest any trust money in foreign bonds, which meant that Dr. Clark hadn't abided by the law. And that's when he began to break and worry.

Then when we had this depression all over the country, banks were failing, and such things as that, our state was pretty hard hit financially. The Board met and discussed the budget and directed the president to inform the heads of the departments, "Do not ask for any increase in budget for the biennium," and to pare every place that they could so that it wouldn't be such a burden on the state and we could cooperate with the state in getting back together. You will find that in the minutes. So Dr. Clark said that he would do that and he would make a report. "Now, in view of this," he told Gorman, "don't say any more than you have to."

I got to wondering. The president agreed that he would do this thing and report at the next meeting. In the meantime, I sought the assistance of the comptroller and the books to investigate to see what the budgets had been in the past and the increase of the budget and the cause of these increases, and such things as that, salary, so that I could analyze them and determine in my own mind where they might be cut—or, rather, suggest that they be cut. I had all of those things, and Mr. Gorman had a tabulation of it, too. So we went into the meeting and transacted the regular business. Then we came up to this matter, and Dr. Clark reported to us that he had taken it up with the faculty and had obtained their consent and cooperation and that he suggested that they cut their budget. He also suggested that if it was suggested he cut some salaries, that it shouldn't apply to these lower divisions because they were getting just a small stipend, but only the heads of the departments. Now, if you look in the minutes, you ought to find this, but my recollection is that the faculty came in voluntarily and took a ten percent cut in their annual salary. Dr. Clark didn't take ten percent, but I think it was \$2,500. "Cut my salary by \$2,500." (And incidentally, when we

got back on our feet again, Dr. Clark said, "I don't need a raise. Leave it where it is.")

Now, an interesting thing, after this was done, Mr. Williams spoke up and he said, "How, what shall I report to the papers? They're waiting for me. They want to interview me, and all," such things as that. "And please tell me what I'm to say."

I looked up and I said, "Mr. Williams, I don't think there's anything for you to say, or any of the rest of us. This has been an action of the faculty and the president, and it was suggested by this Board. The only people that make this release is the chairman of the board and the president of the University." And it was done.

As we walked out of that meeting, we passed Miss Beckwith, who was secretary to the president. She'd been taking notes, and she came up with a tear in her eye and grabbed both my hands and said, "Oh, I knew it, I knew it, I knew it all the time." She was crying.

I said, "Miss Beckwith, what's the matter?"

Well, she said, "you proved it today that you weren't an enemy of the University. They said you were, but I knew you weren't."

And dear old Dr. Clark overheard that, and Lord, he rushed down to my office right away to explain. Now, I guess my nosiness probably might've confirmed the idea that I might be an enemy. I've never been an enemy of the University.

When we went over to the legislature with our budget, by golly, they almost hugged us. We were the one institution in the state that volunteered a minimum budget and cut in salaries. We, of course, were one of the largest beneficiaries. But it gave us pretty good ground for the future.

Another thing had happened sometime after that (during the Hartman period), increased entrance requirements. A young chap applied to the University later and he

did not have qualified credits. He was denied registration and told that he'd have to make up these deficiencies and then come back to register. He went elsewhere. But anyhow, the father, Ralph Lattin, was in the legislature the next year and he demanded an investigation. He was in the senate. A committee was appointed to make this investigation. The Board was present for it, but the only one to show up was Lattin, the chairman of the committee. Between the time of the appointment of the committee and the date of the hearing, Mr. Lattin individually gathered rumor, complaint, and gossip from every source possible. At the time of the meeting, he appeared alone and began to lay the law down on the Board and the president. It was my pleasure for the Board, with the consent of the Board, to tell Mr. Lattin that we were ordered to meet with the appointed committee, not one man, and we'd be perfectly happy to listen and lay everything we have on the table when he could bring his committee to the University so that everybody could have a look at the problem if they choose to look at it—not just one person to make a report for the entire committee. “You mean to tell me...” and so on. He said that.

Well, he hurt us, all right, in the legislature a little bit, but not as badly as I think he expected to hurt us. Because there're always some people in a legislature that don't get to the bottom of everything. I guess they thought that he was mistreated, and so on. As a matter of fact, I don't think that any individual should alone investigate a University department.

But anyhow, when the legislature was over, whenever I would meet Mr. Lattin, he'd go over on the other side of the street. One time, I met him in a group and he got as far away from me as he could and I made him speak to me. I went over and took him by the hand and told him, “I'm glad to see you,” and so on. And I said, “Well, we've had our

differences, but they've been taken care of and there's no need of carrying this on.”

Now, I ought to call your attention to this, that during the period of 1943-44, Dr. Clark was ill part of the time and we had three Regents die within that period of time. Their places were filled by competent people. But at that particular time, the chairman of the board had to make pretty near all the decisions. Maybe that's where I got the reputation as a dictator. I had to make them. But honestly, I even checked into the social side. Mrs. Ross and I, at our own expense, entertained dignitaries. And you know, I didn't have to do it, but the other Board members were glad we did do it. And they approved it. We didn't overlook that.

We now come practically to the end of the Clark administration. I think I gave you the list of the buildings that were constructed. I told you about the enlargement of the departments, the increases upon the curriculum, the buildings, some of the services, and so forth, all along the line. And I brought you up and showed that there was a division in the faculty towards the end, which made it unpleasant for Dr. Clark. These later years were years of worry. But they were not years of lack of effort. He tried. And it was during that time, you know, that we received the Fleischmann scholarships. And I think I mentioned that it was during that time we knew that Alice McManus [Clark], the wife of the head of the Great Northern, had decided to go ahead with a gift to the university and pledged her husband to build this library and name it after her.

During the time that Hartman came into the presidency, we had three deaths in the Board of Regents and three replacements, which meant that he had two of the old Board to work with and three new. I suggested that he prepare an agenda for meetings of the

Board and mail it to each Board member several days before the meeting. He did that meticulously. Further than that, I never saw him move one way or the other beyond carrying out the policies that were laid down to him by the Board of Regents. If there was a decision that was his duty to make, he would make it. If it was a doubtful situation, he'd say, "I will refer it to the Board of Regents at the next meeting."

During the time that Dr. Hartman was adjusting the physics department and then established in the president's home, Mrs. Ross and I took over a lot of the official entertainment.

When Dr. Olmsted died, the governor appointed Chris Sheering of Elko to the Board. When Judge George Brown [died], the governor appointed Leo McNamee of Las Vegas. Then (when] Mrs. Wardin died, the governor appointed Mrs. Mary Henningsen of Gardnerville. But we had selected Moseley before Mrs. Wardin died. The others—I think we were working on it.

Just to broaden that a little, Dr. Olmsted was the first to die, and the governor appointed Chris Sheerin from Elko County and a graduate of our school of journalism and the editor of the paper out there. He was just as fine a Regent as he was an editor. He didn't know much about the University, excepting what had heard, but he had an open mind and he applied himself very diligently from an administrative point of view. He was the one that said, publicly, that as a Regent, I had no peer. He gave as his reason this: that I insisted that every point that came up be argued both ways. And then when the meeting was over, I recapped the whole thing from my own notes so that we understood each other. He also said that, "If there's a man that knows the University and its alumni, it's Si Ross—a memory like I've never seen."

Well, now, of course, he was working with me. To my way of thinking], the only place that he faltered, and he wasn't the only one, [was on the Cutts affair].

Mrs. Wardin defeated George Wingfield. The womenfolk got behind that movement. I know that I was approached to get out and support Mrs. Wardin, and I said, "I can't do it for the reason that some of us got together and we'd asked Mr. Wingfield to run. And we did it because we thought that he had been a fine Regent and he was a good weight in there in the matter of finances, and so on." Gee, I was pretty unpopular with the women. But Mrs. Wardin defeated him.

But the moment that she was elected, the women went to her and warned her against Si Ross, that he does this, he does that, he does the other thing, and you do this, and you do that, and you do the other thing. Now, Mrs. Wardin came up there unprejudiced. That's the type of woman she was. And she listened. Some of these ladies went to her one time and said, "Well, have you done anything about Si Ross yet?"

She said, "No, why should I? He knows more about the University than all the rest of us put together, and he's dedicated. He's a man of principle. I had him in school and know the kind of boy—the way he operates. And he insists that anything comes up, we discuss pro and con. And the things you say about him he hasn't demonstrated at all and I don't expect him to."

Leo McNamee went further on that. He said he'd sat on many boards of directors, and such things as that, and had been a chairman, but he'd never sat on any under a chairman like Si Ross. He said, "He's meticulous, takes notes, and reviews everything that's here, but," he said, "he will even take the other side to make sure, and one thing was that he insisted his name be called last. He didn't want to influence anybody."



Then Mary Henningsen came on, she came fit with an open mind and with a good academic background. She was very quiet and observant. But she was cooperative. Her interest was the University of Nevada, and she definitely felt that the success of the University depended upon the administration, and the loyalty of the faculty to the administration, and to the people of the state.

Honestly, I think that the University was to be congratulated on having those four people on the Board when Dr. Hartman came in. I think Frank Williams was on the Board when we were discussing this thing, but he was defeated or didn't run any more. But when Dr. Hartman became president, the following were his Regents: Sheerin, Wardin, Olmsted, McNamee, Ross. That was a darn good Board of Regents. It was a group that would never let an individual come to them and discuss things that pertained to the University of Nevada. If they wanted to talk man to man, and such things as that, they could do that. But if it concerned the University, they'd go through channels and it would come to us eventually. The Board stood on that principle. As a matter of fact, every Regent with whom I served was an excellent person.

After Dr. Hartman died, the Board decided that Mr. Charles Gorman, the comptroller, could best handle the office as acting president. He didn't have an academic degree of any kind, but we thought that he had the business ability and the know-how of the institution to be able to carry us through.

The Regents also decided, after studying the situation, that we should search for the man. We would accept applications, but we thought maybe we'd better look upon applications with a certain reservation because of some of the experience in the past with applicants for the position of president. The Regents directed the chairman of the

board to appoint a committee from the faculty to advise with us on specifications. They further directed the chairman to write letters to the heads of the land grant colleges and the state universities to determine if they could recommend anybody who had administrative ability and teaching ability and also was competent to meet people, friendly, and so on. When the names were received, we would write those recommended to see if they might be interested in the position. We also wrote the people that had made application to see and get their background and what they were doing and why they were interested in moving. Most of the answers indicated a desire for administration but had little or no experience at such a position. Now, many of these people that were recommended wrote back and thanked us for the letter of inquiry, but they were more interested in their own department and they had projects that they were trying to finish. Others wrote and said that their chance of going ahead in further administration was limited; they'd have to look to other fields, but they wanted more information. Now, as these names came in, we referred them to the special committee appointed from the faculty.

Among these people, John O. Moseley was recommended to us. We received his record and found that he didn't actually have a Ph.D. but did have an LL.D. He had an excellent scholastic record and a Master of Arts. He had splendid experience as a teacher and as an administrator. He also had work at Oxford. I forget what fields he was in, but these credits were also submitted as a part of his record. The credentials were submitted to Dr. Traner, the chairman, and I don't remember the names of the others—asked them to evaluate his graduate work at Oxford. In due time the committee advised the Board by letter that it had communicated with Oxford in England



and found that Moseley's work far exceeded what would be required for a Ph.D. degree.

Now, some of the people wanted to come and see us. They came and we listened to them. One in particular was a fellow that was teaching in Idaho. We found he was a wanderer who kept moving from one place to another, and he wanted to use this as a steppingstone to something better. He was afterwards elected as president of San Jose State. He didn't last very long.

Now, Mrs. Wardin was one of the finest women I've ever met; she was a perfect lady, but she thought and reasoned like a man. She'd had a lot of experience as a teacher and in business, and she'd analyzed the applications and recommendations of each applicant. She believed that Moseley was the man for the position, giving as her reasons: "Moseley, who had the experience of University administration, had the experience of handling people and youth. [And then there's] the record of lectures that he had given over the country at different universities."

The Board settled on him. Mrs. Wardin said she hoped to live long enough to see him inaugurated. The dear lady did.

Plow, along about Moseley's time, we had a change of personnel in the Board of Regents. During the '40's, the Regents consisted of George Brown, Anna Wardin, A. C. Olmsted, Paul Sirkegian, and myself. That takes us through '44. During that time, three Regents died, and the president died. Three appointments were made, and Paul Sirkegian's time was up and mine was up. I was reelected in '44, and John Cahlan and Albert Hilliard got on. Leo McNamee just filled out the unexpired term of George Brown and he didn't run again. Mary Henningsen filled out Wardin's term; she didn't run again. I don't think Chris Sheerin ran again. Anyhow, there were two vacancies, and John Cahlan and

Albert Hilliard were elected. Sam Arentz was elected in '48.

Dr. Moseley made a mistake. He had a very eminent minister of the Episcopal diocese. He was the dean of a cathedral in Washington. He was also a regent of Washington State University (that's the A and M). Moseley asked him to be the baccalaureate speaker, and he told him that he would confer an honorary degree on him. Well, that information got out and we had three Regents that got irate—two in particular. Well, right towards the end of Moseley's administration, we had this change. The attitude within the Board of Regents had changed considerably, too. Some of them seemed to think that they should run the University, based on the fact that they were the Regents and the president was an errand boy. They did a lot of running around and listening to gossip and gossiping.

Well, after that, they thought things were wrong and got mad at Charlie Gorman. Gorman was up for retirement. They asked Charlie [to retire], and then Moseley resigned. Well, honestly, Moseley at one time felt rather oddly about these people going around and getting information from department heads and members of the departments and concluding that that was the whole answer without going clear through, tracing it from the bottom on up. He said that he would appreciate it [that] if they wanted change, that the changes would be done in an orderly manner, but let him know that it was being done, so he could be thinking about it, too. But anyhow, they called for his resignation, and Charlie retired. You know, those men were good friends of mine. It was up to me to tell them.

About the time that Moseley came to us, by statute, the Regents met four times a year. The one time that was really set was just before commencement, and the others were

set up on the convenience of the Board. So we only met four times a year. They would have executive committee meetings, or such things as that, but sometimes, we'd have a meeting of the Board that were around Reno. When the thing'd come up, we'd call up these people. He suggested to make provision for "special meetings" subject to call. Now, that involved something, too, because in the budget, they used to figure the expense of coming to Regent meetings on a four-meeting basis, but, you see, the special—. Anyhow, we recommended that provisions be made for special meetings and a consideration for an executive committee. In other words, by resolution, the Regents say the executive committee shall consist of three to consider these particular things and give quick action subject to the approval of the next Board meeting.

Now, we're ready for Malcolm Love. Well, when Moseley resigned, the Board adopted the procedure for selecting his successor. The specifications were practically the same as they were under the investigation to get Moseley. They eliminated universities that were private, independent. Well, let's put it this way. You go to the state university, the state agricultural colleges, and teachers' colleges, you see, for our information, through the presidents. Our setup was exactly as before.

But John Cahlan, after one of the meetings, was on the plane going back to Las Vegas, and he sat in a double-seater, and Dr. Love was on the other seat. They introduced themselves to each other. Love told John that he was at Denver University, the dean of education there. John told him we were looking for a president and writing out to get recommendations, and so forth. Love queried him a little bit and he said, "You know, I'd be interested, too, in that." He said, "I'm happy where I am, but my background is administration."

So John got in touch with me and asked me if I wouldn't write Denver University and then write Dr. Love to see if he would consider the position, and if so, give us his biographical sketch and experience, and so on. I had a little hunch, for some reason or other. He was a graduate of Iowa. I had heard, in our previous search for a president, that if you wanted to get good administrators with their feet on the ground, look to graduates of the University of Iowa, the school of educational administration. This man was a graduate of Iowa. I did' check into it, and by golly, they had more successful presidents in universities than most any other school! But they were where the tall corn grows, and so forth. But they were thrifty. One of the things that they did at Iowa—it came out under Love's earliest recommendations, and it had been hinted by Moseley—was to use the physical plant to its full capacity.

After we received applications and recommendations, we referred them to that same type of faculty committee. The committee sifted the names to four people and gave us the reasons for the selections. We invited the four of them and tried to have them come at a regular Regents' meeting. Three of them appeared, but one of them asked to appear earlier because of another commitment. All of them were interested and all of them were interviewed, and the position was offered to Dr. Love. He accepted and said he would be available, I think, in August or September. He wanted to know what the perquisites were. The salary was set; it was \$10,000. His perquisites went up to \$1,500 per year for entertainment. We furnished him a car, and we allowed a moving expense of \$1,000, and the residence, which included utilities and such furniture as was [included]. The contract would begin September 1, 1951.

Now, then, late in 1951, the policy of the Board of Regents was first mentioned and defined at the time that Mr. Arentz was chairman of the board. He very definitely said that it was the policy [that] when people are hired to teach, then they should teach. The administrators were appointed to administer. The Regents should adopt certain regulations, but they were not to administer. This following plan for the control of the University provides for a Board of Regents, and it was introduced by me late in '51.

The plan for the control of the University of Nevada provides for a board of regents in which final authority is lodged. This board is a body corporate and thus becomes legally responsible for the final control of the University.

The president of the University is responsible directly to the board of regents, and all other administrative officers and staff are subordinate to him and are responsible to the board through the president.

There is a rather universally accepted opinion that the function of a board of regents should be the consideration and approval of policies rather than the execution of these policies.

Policy for the University boards has been developed through years of experience. Today it is accepted policy that the function of a board of regents is advisory and legislative. They, then, delegate to the president duties which are initiatory and executive. It is the function of the board to approve or

reject policies proposed by him in the light of such objective evidence as he can present. The president should develop educational programs for consideration, and the board should furnish the necessary legislation and authority for him to carry them out effectively. Sound administration springs from professional leadership and lay control.

The board of regents should seldom, if ever, concern itself with the details of administration. Upon the basis of the recommendations and data presented by the president, it should determine how in general the various problems and administrative jobs are to be solved or handled, and should leave it to the president to apply the policies decided upon single individual jobs or problems. Whenever a case arises where no policy has been established, the president should analyze the situation and determine the issue upon which the board needs to pass, and it will then be the function of the board to settle the policy with reference to this point. After the board has acted, the president will apply the policy to all particular cases.

The next statement is:

The board should always act as a unit. It controls the university as a body representing the people, and individual members have no priority singly. No member can bind the board by word or action, unless it has in its corporate capacity designated him as its agent for that specific purpose,

and then he can go no further than he has been empowered. Even during the regular session of the board, its control is exercised as a body and the individual has no right beyond his own vote in any matter.

What was the occasion for this? That prompted me to submit this? Knowing of these difficulties and the poor example that was set by interference (and at that time, the elements got started) and the fact that the faculty and everybody else would have more part in the administration. We'd have their advice, and so forth. Now, we had the advice in our selections and such things as that before, but not any more. Anyhow, this was to define the policy as of the time it was written. It was approved.

Now, Moseley appointed Inwood the head of business administration, but Inwood took many leaves, and the department became pretty loose. He'd be away, then come back, and so on. So he asked for another leave, and the Board said, "No. Stay home and teach." He said he had a chance to work for a period of time with the State Department, and they told him no, if that's what he wanted, he'd better resign. And he did resign.

About that time, there were two or three promotions going on regarding the South Virginia ranch here, the Wheeler property. All kinds of offers were made, and some of them had a lot of pressure brought to bear. Dean Hutchinson stepped into the picture at the request of Love. Dean Hutchinson actually spoke pretty abruptly and with authority because of his former experience. He attended some of these meetings, and he was opposed to any of it at all because he said they needed the farm for a laboratory for successful agriculture. He came in very emphatically—very emphatically—and said,

"No!" he said, "The value of the University to the state is the laboratory. It's dedicated to agricultural research and for the benefit of the people of Nevada."

I will tell a little about some of the pressure on that South Virginia ranch property. That was a very interesting transaction, and there were many rumors and counter rumors about the pressure that was being brought to bear, about rumors of bribery and the governor getting into the project, and all this kind of thing. Well, one of them went so far as to go to the governor to try to get the governor to force the situation. And he was disappointed, that's all. [Governor Russell] said no. It was based very definitely upon the recommendation of Dean Hutchinson. Well, of course, some of the Regents thought we ought to sell, but the majority kept saying "no" on this recommendation. I think if anyone is interested, they could get more information on that by referring to the recorded actions of Governor Russell. Did I approve of the way it finally came out? Oh, yes, definitely, I did. Now, frankly, I question (I was a kid on a farm) as to whether this particular farm was the type of farm we needed for all kinds of agricultural research. But we owned it, it had a pretty fair water right, and it would be a good laboratory for certain agricultural research. It wasn't large enough to carry on a big layout, but we ran part of it there and part of this other—now, we got it all together, don't you see. But they decided to buy it. (On the original purchase of the Wheeler property], that's when Mr. George Wingfield came into the picture. The Regents and the state didn't have any money to buy at the figure at which it was negotiated. If the truth were told, the person that put up the money for it was George Wingfield, quietly.

Now, Dr. Love gave us notice that he was going to resign effective a certain time

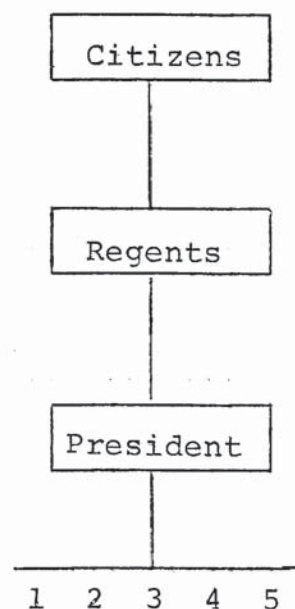
to accept a position in another university in California. There were a number of people who were just kind of surprised—well, of course. But I know he talked to me about it. I knew that they were courting him for it. I also knew that Mrs. Love would like to be down south. She'd like to go down south because her father lived down there. She wasn't too happy with the house she had to live in on the Nevada campus. He told me, as chairman, that he was going to resign, but he would carry on and help us in every way he could to get a successor and help the successor get started.

The Regents again started to find a president. We used the same plan in selecting Stout as we did the others. The interesting part of it, as I remember it, Dr. Love told us to look over Dr. Stout and the experience that he had had (he was also an Iowan), with a Ph.D., and so forth, and who'd had a good academic background, and he worked up 'til he was the head of the department. And he was also a lecturer—Texas, Missouri, and such places as that. Dr. Stout had some of the same recommendations as Dr. Love had. He attended the University of Iowa. Washington, the state of Washington was another one—Minnesota. So we went over the list of potential presidents. I really think a lot of us were influenced somewhat in favor of Minard because we thought so much of Love.

I'll now relate some highlights of the Stout administration. Dr. Stout was elected, and the last meeting of the Board (that was the year that I came down with bleeding ulcers and I was at Lake Tahoe recuperating) was held at "Suits us," Lake Tahoe, Nevada. Dr. Stout came out and sat in on that meeting.

Dr. Love, at that meeting, suggested that the Regents set up a plan graphically to understand the relationships. (I don't know how to get this darn thing into the record.

I can find it right here in a minute.) Well, the chart was set up as follows: On top is the citizens of Nevada. Beneath that is the Board of Regents, who are responsible to the citizens of Nevada. Beneath the Regents is the president, who is responsible to the Board of Regents. Beneath the president are: on the left, the comptroller (1), who's directly responsible to him. On the right, the dean of student affairs (5), directly responsible to him. In the center are deans of the faculty (2, 3, and 4), which are directly responsible to him. The faculty is responsible to the deans. Further details were provided by the chart. I do not remember them.



During the Love administration, a question came up as to the policy on consulting services. (You see, these regulations we had here didn't apply.) Love didn't know what to do about it, as the old regulations indicated they were supposed to teach. They liked the idea of consulting services because it was good public relations for the University and good experience for the individual. Love



had this in mind and he let Stout know why he advocated the idea, and it was approved by the Board. Now, it reads here in my notes, "President Love presented a policy on consulting services" (that was at that meeting at the Lake) "which had been prepared from a study of universities as a substitute for the policy on outside employment of faculty members." That was May—this policy on outside employment of faculty members was established in May, '48. This is called the "Consulting Services Policy":

#### Basic Provisions

Consultation within his professional field is recognized as a legitimate activity for a faculty member of the University of Nevada. Faculty members can not devote their entire time to teaching and at the same time keep abreast or ahead of progress in the field of knowledge in which they are interested. It is desirable, therefore, whenever feasible, that faculty members engage to some degree in consultation work (and/or research professional or technical writing). Non-curricular activities of that nature should tend to improve and broaden the knowledge of the individual so engaged, and should bring prestige to the individual and the University.

Private consulting service by a member of the faculty of the University of Nevada, unless specifically arranged otherwise in his agreement of employment, is restricted at all times to engagements of a professional nature which in the opinion of the head of his department and the dean of the division do not interfere with the performance of

academic duties assigned him and are proper for a member of the faculty of the University of Nevada to accept.

Consulting fees shall be commensurate with the professional standing of the consulting faculty member and his association with the University of Nevada. In general, fees shall be at least as high as those of independent consultants of similar professional standing in the same field.

In all private consulting engagements, the client must be informed that the faculty member is acting as a private consultant; that the University of Nevada is in no way a party to the contract or liable or responsible for the performance thereof; and that the University of Nevada is not liable in any way for property of the client utilized for test, observation, or otherwise in connection with the consulting engagement, nor for consequent damages. No official University of Nevada stationery or forms shall be used in connection with such work, nor shall the name of the University be used in advertising or in any other way without the express consent of the dean of the division concerned.

The University of Nevada will permit the faculty member to use the space, equipment, and other facilities of the University of Nevada in consulting engagements so long as the performance of the engagement meets with the approval of the University of Nevada under the following conditions:

a) The estimated amount of time which he is to spend at such work

and his rate of compensation shall be established in conference with the individual concerned, the head of his department, the dean of the division, and the president.

(b) The member of the faculty undertaking private consulting work may be assessed a sum by the University of Nevada to provide for cost of power, light, heat, and equipment and for all the facilities of the University of Nevada used in the conduct of the work and to cover all overhead expenses.

(c) The use of assistants by a faculty member acting in the capacity of a consultant shall be subject to the approval of the head of his department and the dean of the division.

That, to me, is quite important.

Now, I think we've got something else here. Acting on the graph that had been presented by Dr. Love, shortly after Stout got organized, he came in with a simplification of [the policy].

(a) The president presented the results of his study on university administration and recommended its simplification as follows:

#### THE BOARD OF REGENTS

The control of the University of Nevada is vested by law in a Board of Regents consisting of five members elected by the people of the state of Nevada. It shall formulate and establish the policies which shall be

followed in the administration of the University.

#### THE PRESIDENT

The administration of the University is vested by the Board of Regents in the President of the University. As the executive head of the University, it is his duty to secure an effective, efficient, orderly, and economical administration which provides a healthful development of the University.

#### THE TREASURER AND COMPTROLLER

The Treasurer and Comptroller is authorized by the President to receive all moneys arising from gifts or bounties in any form to the University or from its benefits; all fees from students or others; proceeds from all sales of whatever nature or kind; fees for services rendered in any manner, and funds from any sources whatsoever other than in cases by law required to be paid to the State Treasurer. He shall keep the accounts of the moneys in his custody in such separate funds as are necessary for proper and systematic accounting.

Now, I know why that was done. Because the Board of Regents set the screws by the request and the demand that came from the legislature. People would go over from departments and try to get bills through, and such things as that, and get it all confused with budget. Many of them would have it earmarked for a particular department, and they wanted to handle the funds independently. I told you

the one some time ago that was received by the head of a department and we didn't know that he had it, and he started his program.

This statement goes on:

#### THE DEANS

The administration of the various colleges and of student affairs is delegated by the President to the respective dean of each. He is responsible to the President for the efficient, effective, orderly and economical administration of his area.

#### THE DEPARTMENT HEADS

The administration of the various departments within a college may be delegated by the Dean of the College to department heads, who shall be responsible to the Dean for the efficiency and educational effectiveness of the respective departments.

#### COMMITTEES

An administrator may appoint committees to advise him or to aid him in carrying out his duties. Committees shall be responsible directly to the appointing administrator and through him to the President. The administrator shall be responsible for the committees he appoints.

Now, that was the simplified policy which was recommended by Stout.

Early in the administration of Stout, it was rumored that a bill had been drawn to require

that all funds under the control of the Board of Regents be placed in the state treasury, thus doing away with the Regents' bank account. It was to go to the state treasury. The Regents opposed this idea because they knew that certain federal funds were paid to the Regents only. The plan died a natural death.

Dr. Stout had investigated, right off the real, the advisability of associate membership in the western college association, which was a step in the right direction. He recommended joining the association. His recommendation was approved by the Regents.

Now, during his administration, this matter of Communists teaching and Communists on the faculty came up. Dr. Love was absolutely against it and Dr. Stout was against it. The idea began to push itself in under Love. Love recommended that we do something to halt it. Newton Crumley introduced a resolution and the gist of it was this: That knowing that a member of the Communist party is not free to teach the truth, the Regents will not appoint a member of the Communist party to the faculty. It was adopted as policy.

Was there anything in particular that I remember about this Communist issue that made Mr. Crumley decide to bring it in? Well, we had a faculty member who was a Russian teacher and he was quite active—he was a scholar. Well, he was the main one, and frankly, it was sensed a little bit in other departments, but there were none as active as this fellow was. The Regents thought that the sooner that we expressed ourselves on it, the better.

Another thing occurred early in the Stout administration. Mrs. Wilbourn gave the University sixty acres of land in the Las Vegas area in memory of her mother as a memorial to her mother, Mrs. Anita Julia Cornish. That was on February 14, '55.

Along that line, let me say this, that there was a lot of land offered, or spots offered for the location of the [NS] University. I know we started out with Moseley, and Love carried on, and then Stout came up when we began to do things. Ground was offered to us up around Boulder City, other ground around Henderson, and then ground west of Las Vegas—that'd be west of the Union Pacific track. I think they call it the Charleston district. Then Mrs. Wilbourn offered this as a memorial. The Regents and the president went to Las Vegas to inspect the sites suggested and decided that the best area of ground as a sight for the University was this gift of Mrs. Wilbourn, although we would need more ground.

There were two reasons why they selected this site. One was that there was additional open land around there that we might purchase to expand the campus, and the other was that it was close enough to Las Vegas so that students could find jobs to work their way through the University. Now, of course, Boulder City was an ideal spot for the University—quiet and everything like that, but it was too far away. Henderson was a little bit too far away and it didn't give promise then of too much development. It was a manufacturing center. Then across the tracks on the west side, what was offered was limited in total acreage. Mrs. Wilbourn gave us forty acres first to begin with; then she increased it to sixty acres. That gift came after—at the end of that particular time. It was a memorial to her mother, Mrs. Anita Julia Cornish, who was from the Comstock, Virginia City, in the early days. A memorial plaque in memory of Mrs. Cornish is in the first building on the Las Vegas campus.

Later, Dr. William Wood, who was the dean of the extension division, told Dr. Stout that we ought to try to get more land to expand in that

particular area, and we began to look for it. But in the contiguous area, we found large blocks of land privately owned but unimproved, but they were held for speculation. It took us some little time to run this thing down. Finally, local people in the area found some land. The University was finally in a position to pick up some of this. They had to buy something to expand the campus; there were no donations until the time that Wayne McLeod offered the University as a gift a piece of land-locked land that he owned there; it was immediately adjacent to, or contiguous, with the University campus. There was a condition with it that they have an athletic field that would be named for Wayne McLeod. The University took the offer under consideration. On legal advice, the Regents didn't accept the offer for the reason that if somebody wanted to put up a field house there, there would be a conflict of interest. So Mr. McLeod gave this land to Trinity Episcopal Church in Reno. And later, the University and Trinity Episcopal Church entered into a land exchange agreement, the University acquiring the church property contiguous to the University land, the church accepting property in the same area, but not contiguous to the University property.

The location of the Fleischmann School of Agriculture and the Sarah Fleischmann School of Home Economics was determined by the Regents. By placing the agricultural building on the south end of the lower campus and the home economics building on the site of the president's residence, the two buildings could be connected. This idea was approved by the Regents.

It was the opinion of the Regents that we ought to have the president's home away from the campus so that he'd have some privacy. The residence of Mr. Leo Ginsburg on Mt. Rose Street was purchased for the president's residence.

We had a little remodeling to do. The Stouts moved in, and they continued their hospitality to the students, members of the faculty, friends of the University, and so forth, the same as they had done before. You see, Moseley was the first one that built up the social hospitality idea (that was mentioned in the address of the president of the student body at his inauguration). Love continued it, as did Stout. [The residence] was occupied by Dr. Armstrong for quite a while.

The University had the first gift from Arthur E. Orvis of \$100,900 to establish a department to be known as the Orvis School of Nursing. The contribution from Orvis was that the school be named the Orvis School of Nursing. Later a provision was made for a dean and a separate department.

Well, now, in 1956, the Regents again had a matter of salaries and appropriations, but in making up the budget, Dr. Stout recommended this [a standard budget]. Then in addition to that, a seven and a half percent increase in the salary budget be included in the first year of the biennium and another seven and a half percent in the second year of the biennium, and that the income from that would be used to increase the brackets and individual adjustments. Now, this is the first time this has come up, you see, within the bracket.

Under the old practice, you'd have people in the bracket, and it might be an assistant professor or associate professor, or something like that. A man might be brought in here as an assistant professor, but he would come in at a lower salary—we'll say the instructor—with the understanding that he would be promoted to this without any increase in salary. So there was a differential, and Dr. Stout felt that that thing should be adjusted. Now, some of the reasons given for this other layout was that a man might not have had his Ph.D. degree, and

they required that as necessary, and so forth. Or he might be a vitally good teacher but too old to go ahead and get his Ph.D. degree, and he would be held down on this pay level.

Now, I know that it was never intended to discriminate or anything like that, but he only had limited funds, and he had to work within it and adjust to it as best he could. At least the administration did. Moseley did recommend that, the seven and a half (percent), the first year (and seven and a half—it was used to increase the brackets and individual adjustments within the brackets to correct that). I'd like to emphasize that because I think that he opened a door that had been overlooked by the other people and something ought to be done to maintain good discipline within the faculty.

Now, then, they were forming this western commission [WICHE] to set up areas for medical schools. Each state was to pay in a certain amount of money towards the administration of this. One of the privileges you got in that was to guarantee entrance of your qualified men in a medical school or dental school, or whatever it might be. To begin with, the Regents weren't quite satisfied that that was necessary, holding that if the people did have the qualifications, they could get into the other medical schools. Then we didn't have the money to pay this turnover. And there was a legal part of it, as to whether we had a right to turn it over to this commission to administer. Well, anyhow, this was brought up by Minard again. And it wasn't approved because of the lack of funds at the present time. Later, you will find that we got it in there.

Now, during his administration, the question came up of changing the course of the Orr Ditch, and for two reasons: one was the hazard and the other was the nuisance that it had become, going around the campus that way. You know, there were a lot of drownings



in that ditch. Now, in order to protect that, Mr. Wingfield at one time told them to go ahead and put in concrete sides and footings for the Orr Ditch from the bridge down around the turn. He gave them the money to do that. You know what I mean? You had the canal right near the walk and it went underneath, and then you had just earth right along the banks, and it went around a corner. Then later, we had trouble back of the mechanical building and above the dairy building there on that turn, with the banks, and so forth, and Wingfield thought they needed it. He said, "Go ahead and do it." He paid for it. Then when they got the WPA, that was continued clear around the corner. (Gee, I never saw such laziness of men in my life as I did on that WPA project!) Now, when the Orr Ditch siphon was completed, we needed money from the legislature. There was a little engineering problem, but they decided to put that good one right across the street.

In the Love administration, he recommended that we deed to the research Bureau of Mines two and some-odd acres of land in the northeast corner of the campus. When the building was completed, they moved out of the building back of the school of mines. It was thought that they could tie that old building into the school of mines and give them more working space. But I remember Dean Scheid came in and made a survey of that. He came to the conclusion that it wouldn't be possible to put the things in there that they really needed because the building wasn't properly constructed, but it could be used for other purposes. What those purposes are, I don't know—maybe it was overlapping, or something like that. They never connected the two buildings. There was a passageway between the two. But finally, upon the recommendation of Dean Scheid and endorsed by President Stout and recommended to the Board, they remodeled

that old Bureau of Mines building and made it a part of the academic accommodations.

Now, during that time, after Scheid was here for a period of time and the University was growing, there was a matter of personnel. Dr. Stout recommended to the Board that they make provision for increase of personnel in the mines department, business administration, library, the college of education, and the Fleischmann College of Agriculture. Maybe I left some out, but these are the things that I can remember about it. But it was right after the study of the increase in salary at the University, he mentioned the departments that he thought should have it. I can understand it in the Mines, because they coordinated and brought all these divisions into the Mackay School of Mines. He was the dean of the school of mines and director of these things which were all together.

And I can also understand why the University needed something better for the business administration, because Weems had come into the picture and he had established a much needed and successful department. He needed more teachers badly, and he also needed more room. The new Ross classroom building was supposed to have been a classroom building particularly for business. Due to the conditions of Morrill Hall, and so forth, they had temporarily moved some other administrative departments into this building—the different deans.

The library—Stout was a great believer in a library, and he knew the handicap under which Mr. James J. Hill was working. He discovered that Mr. Hill had a lot of material stored in the basement of what was called the journalism building. (By the way, money was gotten for that building without the Regents' approval or knowing anything about it. A Regent decided he wanted that. And he went to the legislature and got this money, another

one of those things—.) Stout knew the handicap. Now, I don't know enough about the library, but I know that you've got to have a director, and then you've got to have divisions along here, and you have to have personnel that knows how to handle these things. And this top man has to have somebody help him coordinate all this work. That's what he was asking here.

The College of Education, after it was recreated, it started and went great guns. And you know, in addition to the college of education, the professor and dean was requested to include the summer session, so they needed extra people there. And, of course, the college of agriculture, with all this new building and everything like that, they needed the personnel. And those were the ones that I can remember. Stout recommended that and it was adopted. If you look back on the records, you will see that there was an increase in personnel in all of those divisions.

Now, around '56, remember, I mentioned that Dr. Stout said that we ought to have some research on tenure and academic freedom. Well, I know that the Regents approved of it as a matter of policy, see, but suggested that the matter be given research and further study. Stout appointed a committee from the faculty to research and study the problem and come in to him with statistical data and recommendations. He recommended that the proposed regulations on tenure and academic freedom, as submitted by the academic committee, be approved. That was done at that time; that's around 1956.

Another thing that Stout recommended—and it took me right off my pins, because Dr. Stout had very definitely said this (it was one of the things he got into trouble about)—he hired people to teach and they're specialists about it, and that's what they should do. You

hired trained administrators to administer, and there was such a thing as a chain of command. He adhered to that. Of course, he said that you should work, and he emphasized what both Moseley and Love had said, that the teachers should give some of their outside time to students that weren't getting along in their work or didn't understand things, outside of the classroom.

Well, anyhow, he came up and suggested that they work out a plan for a five-day week, with the exception of administration (and I think in administration he included himself, the comptroller, and the deans). They would work a half day on Saturday. They suggested that they give it study and come up with a proposition, which was approved on trial. Now, that's the first time I've ever seen that mentioned, this five-day week business.

What did he mean by that? They should be on the job for these particular purposes. Now, it seemed a little bit inconsistent because he had recommended, as did the other two, and put that into effect, to use the laboratories and such things as that, the rooms, for other purposes, and make it work all along. But he arranged it so that these people could, if they were helping students, and the like of that, find a place to do it. They had a complete schedule and layout, but they ought to put in this time.

Were there many who didn't work five days a week? Yes, even in my time, when I was a student up there, the people in arts and science—well, the people—let's say, the divisions like English and foreign languages and history and psychology and some of those subjects—mathematics, they'd try to get everything over in the morning; then that'd give them the afternoons off. Then beginning with this great increase in students, they had to adjust themselves and do some teaching in the afternoon and seminar work, but they

worked it out. But the idea he had in mind was probably around eight hours a day for general work.

Of course, in my day, we had this three months' vacation, but we were supposed to spend two months in the interest of the University, and the other one was our own. Well, some of this two months could be used in getting laboratory equipment together, or going over your bibliography that they use for teaching and wherever you've been, or they could assign you University work on the outside. They could send you down to Las Vegas to do some work. Or the people in the chemistry department, [if] they had a problem with the soils, the water, or something like that, we're supposed to take care of it. Of course, that was done away with when they began to get these public service responsibilities.

Then about that time was when they had this big hullabaloo up there on insubordination. We went to the attorney general for advice. We started out with one man, I think, or two men, and then three others were involved. We were advised that we could just draw one complaint against all of them, which was incorrect. The attorneys for three of them got out of some sort of a [response] here that surprised us. A writ was obtained on four of them. President Stout then recommended that the writs be observed, we went ahead with this trial. It turned out to be a nasty thing. Oh, I don't want to discuss that kind of thing. The thing that made me so damn mad was this: a couple of the Regents hurried off to Europe, or someplace like that. I had planned to go to Paris to attend a meeting of the International Rotary. I remained home to attend the hearing. Forget about this hearing, other than it was held. This writ had been issued, and upon the recommendation of the president, the Regents observed it

without going any further. We had only one trial, and the person on trial resigned.

Now, at this time, beginning in 1957 the Board increased Stout's salary from \$10,900 to \$12,000, and they gave him an entertainment fund of \$150 to \$200 a month instead of a flat sum, see? I make that note here because he was controversial, but you can see that apparently they were satisfied with him, right then and there.

I've told you that we've had troubles from the first administration on through because of misunderstandings or because of people assuming that they had the right to do certain things that was the duty of somebody else. In the school of agriculture and agricultural extension, and so on, that thing was a big bugaboo. And how the "overalls" dean didn't work out, and then the political side of it when two members asked for a leave of absence so that they could run for governor and for the United States Senate, and then one asked for leave to go to Washington, D. C. for lobby work—taking too much time.

Then we got into this little jam on administration and demanded recognition—let me put it that way—of certain groups in the matter of administration. Also, Dr. Stout took an attitude that some of them didn't like, particularly the people that were affected, such as when a man was incapacitated due to illness, to hire substitute teachers and then converted this man's salary to pay the substitute. Dr. Stout turned down two or three of those suggestions and wrote a letter back that said this: "No, one of the advantages and the fine points of teaching is the matter of charity towards all. And there's no reason why, in your particular department, that you can't divide up this work, at least partially. And those courses that you can't divide up—or, rather, you're not qualified to take—just not give it this semester, but give it at a later date."

Well, that made the people mad who'd made the recommendations. Then sometime earlier, maybe way back in the Clark administration, the Regents, under the direction of the legislature, thought that the Board ought to centralize the needs of the University and present their requests, and not to come in with personal and other (requests). They set that up as a general policy, but it cropped up in the latter part of the Clark administration. We thought we had that taken care of, but it came in stronger towards the end of the Moseley administration. Love sensed it right off the reel, and there were certain individuals—and he named them, too—that were dangerous.

But anyhow, Stout was going great guns until this matter came up on insubordination and all of that trial, and then we had the representatives of the AAUP come into the picture. Then we had certain individuals up there that felt that they could get in touch with certain individuals of the Board of Regents and certain people in the legislature. So the legislature passed a bill authorizing an investigating committee.

That's when Dean McHenry came into the picture. Well, Mr. McHenry, you know, was a candidate for president of the University way back. I met him and I thought he was a pretty good fellow, but I thought he was a dean, and everybody else thought he was a dean. But that was his first name. The legislature hired a committee from southern California to make a survey of the University of Nevada. McHenry was the chairman of the committee. They came up and made a survey of this whole situation, and they picked up all of the complaints and a good many names. The committee made its report and recommendations to the legislature.

One of the recommendations was to increase the number of the Board of Regents. They changed the term to ten years and set

the plan up so that they'd work into it within a period of three or four years. Under that plan, you elected a man every two years and [would] not change that continuity of operation. Well, I think it was under Carville's administration, they discovered that this plan violated the constitution, so they changed the thing back and set up, or tried to set up the mechanics to still work out something that would preserve this continuity of thought. But anyhow, this McHenry report had quite a bit to say about that particular thing, and they passed a law in the legislature increasing the number on the Board of Regents.

The legislature elected them, but that procedure was unconstitutional. But they did elect these men, and I guess the attorney general said that it wasn't within their power to elect the Board. The legislature could increase the number of Regents, but the governor could appoint the Regents to serve temporarily until the next general election. The governor appointed the same five people—the same number of people to increase that Board. And, of course, that was a pretty good nucleus for these people to work on—inexperienced Regents, and so on.

One of the things they did when the appointed Regents attended the first meetings was to work in harmony. Shortly, however, some Regents decided that the best thing to do was to get rid of Dr. Stout. This plus the nastiness and the dilemma and the uncertainty made Dr. Stout very definitely say, "Well, I might as well quit." So he, right at this time, when we were doing so well—promotion, the tenure, and all of these things—this happened. So he resigned. That was in October, '57 He thought that maybe he could help, so he made it effective as of July '58, thinking maybe that he'd be of help, you know, until the new man came in—give them time to get a new man.

Well, I forget the names that were on that Board. I know one of them came to me, and then a second one came to me and said that they'd made a mistake, but it was done. They were two of them on the appointed Board. But these two men said, "We didn't understand. We thought this was—we wish we'd had a chance to talk to you." Now, I was not on the Board at the time because I went off in '57.

I forget whatever the rule was, but he had the use of the house until fall. But later, in December of that year, why, I guess the pressure was great—I don't know—but they called Dr. Stout in and they signed an agreement for him to get out right away. There was a cash consideration and the clause in it, waiving any right that he might have, and so on. People wondered what that is, and that was this tenure business that they passed before. I wasn't in that time.

But I want to say this to you. Now, Moseley stepped out directly into a good job that paid a whole lot more than he got here. Dr. Love had accepted the presidency of a larger institution, but he stayed with us long enough to ground Dr. Stout. When Dr. Stout left, he was immediately picked up by Curtis-Wright Corporation, and they negotiated with him and made him vice president of the division of planning, with a large increase in salary. They knew his record as an organizer and the coordinator of things, and such things as that. Now, within the year, they again increased his salary and made him vice president of research and development. He was getting in the neighborhood of \$30,000 a year. I don't know the exact amount. But then the president of the company retired on account of age, and the new regime decided that they could save this expense and pick up from there.

Now, what Dr. Stout did to begin with was, he sat in the office and learned the picture

of the whole operation. In the event that one of the places wasn't paying money well, management sent him out there to investigate it and see why and [give] a suggestion as to what to do. He found in a very short time that there was a lot of duplication of effort where they could consolidate and save money. His work was so good that he was transferred to research on these different installations.

He resigned from Curtis-Wright to accept a position with Miami University at an increase in salary. They made him a vice president and director of development.

He continued at Miami for a period of time, and then he was hired by a specialty company which surveys educational institutions and business organizations. He was made chairman of the committee which handled the survey of university administration down through secondary education. When the survey was completed, his committee made recommendations regarding economical administration, correction of overlapping courses, and faculty load. The survey and reports extended throughout the United States and required much traveling.

Minard had always looked forward to the day that he could afford to retire from administration to a professor and head of a department on the university level. He now has such a position. He went back to teaching and is now successful as Director and Professor at the Center for Higher Education at Arizona State University in Tempe, Arizona. He teaches a class in administration.

I've mentioned Mr. Orvis. Arthur was a very generous man. He was a progressive fellow. He wanted to help people. He was a devout Episcopalian. He wanted to see the [Trinity Church] building completed. He contributed quite heavily. The church had some money earmarked to put on a roof if the church ran out of money before the walls



were completed. This did occur. The church needed \$30,100 to complete the walls and be ready for roofing. A special meeting was called to determine what to do and how to do it. Some suggested that Trinity borrow from the national church. The answer came back, "The national church had exhausted their fund for such a purpose."

Some suggested that we sell the church property up at Fifth and Sierra to get the money. That was ruled out because the income from that property was needed to operate the church.

Some suggested that the church solicit funds from the public. That suggestion was ruled out [for] the reason that the members of the church had the responsibility.

Arthur listed for quite a while to all the discussion. He arose and said, "I have an idea. A lot of us have already contributed to this edifice. I'm going to suggest that some of them have contributed as much as they can. There are others of us, by squeezing a little bit, can contribute more. Now, I'd suggest that we form a new organization called 'Shares in Trinity' and we pledge ourselves to pay a certain amount more towards this building. And let's get a little publicity on our problem, and maybe there'll be people that we haven't approached that are Episcopalians who will then contribute." Arthur then said, "After this suggested effort is completed and the money is in the treasury, if there is still not enough money to complete the project as now outlined, well, I'll match it all," just like that, "when this comes in."

The newspapers cooperated. Their project received publicity. Some people who were not members of the church made contributions. Some said, "Here. You people raised this money by yourselves. This is an asset to the community. You didn't approach us. We want to contribute."

Arthur's suggestions and ideas crystallized. So many came in and helped the project financially that we raised more than enough to complete the walls and roof the building, of course, the building was not completed, but the roof was over the heads of the communicants, free of all encumbrance. (Mr. Orvis' generosity to the university is covered elsewhere in the oral history.)

#### **UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA STUDENT LIFE, 1905-1957**

My father and mother called me in and told me that I was growing up and I was growing up in a world of competition that was greater and more complicated than ever before. If I wanted to be able to meet this challenge, I needed an education. My folks were obligated to me to do the best they could towards providing for funds for this education. But in getting this education, if I wanted to be a leader in competition, I also had to have a knowledge of the Bible. Father wound it up by saying this: "This is my advice, my son, based upon my observation, and I hope that you will be a leader some day if you care to."

Now, knowing that a farmer and stockman only got cash money once a year, and knowing that money was hard to get, I decided that I was going to get an education on my own, if possible. I figured that the best education I could get in the fields I was interested in [would be] first, a good engineering background, as well as cultural; and second, to see the world, and that the quickest and best way to get it would be to get an appointment to West Point where I would have government subsidy to attain that sort of an education, put in the required time to be prepared in case my country needs me, to resign, and to use this background to enter the world of

competition. In my senior year in high school I made an application for an appointment to West Point. I was fortunate enough to receive the nomination. Of course, I had to have a high school diploma at that time, and also pass a written and physical examination. Mr. Winfrey was the principal, and he heard about it, and he said, "We can give you a diploma ahead of time." I received the appointment and sent for the necessary papers. At that particular time, you needed the consent of both parents if you were under age. And my little mother demurred; she would not sign.

So I didn't get to go to West Point. Then I thought, "Well, I'm disappointed. I'll lay out, get a little money, enough to go down to San Francisco and get a job and go to Lowell High School." The only reason I thought of Lowell was so many people said it was an excellent high school, and with an additional year of high school, I would have a better background in order to enter Stanford. I figured that I could do that and work my own way, not do any athletics, or anything like that, and study law. Having done some declaiming, a little debating in Reno High School, I was probably then bent for law. I didn't intend to enter the University of Nevada. My mother was opposed to law. She didn't want her son to be a lawyer. You sometimes might have to lie!

A few days before—oh, I guess maybe two or three weeks before the University started, my folks asked me why I didn't go to the University and try it out. And I told them no, that I made up my mind to this, and if I couldn't go down there this year I'd go to work and go down another year.

Then, maybe a week before the University registration, two in my high school class, Stan Palmer and Winfield Lake, made a trip down to the ranch to urge me to come up and go to the University of Nevada. I knew that that was

going to cost me a little money, and I doubted that I could do a job of it up there if I had to commute, and such things as that, and if I did go, I wanted to be in a spot where I could enter activities and broaden my experiences. Well, now, anyhow, they convinced me to go up and register. Well, I did.

Frankly, about two weeks after registering, if anyone had given me a dime to pack my books and walk to the ranch, I would have done it because of the great change in environment. But things changed then, and I decided that P liked the University and I would make the best of the education for this year. I was going to try for West Point again and try to convince my mother to let me go. In the meantime, at the end of the first semester, Father and Mother said that they would give me twenty dollars cash per month if I wanted to live in town, and they'd try to give me additional money to register and have sufficient clothes to get through. fly the way, out of that twenty dollars a month, it cost me sixteen dollars a month for room and board. I had four dollars left, and my mother insisted on doing my laundry, and I just didn't like that at all, but she did it for a while.)

So I really was quite happy about this, but I had in mind this appointment. There were two appointments that year, and Oscar Griswold from Elko got one and I got the other, and Mother again said no. It was an interesting thing, too, that the appointment that I had went, in each case, to another Elko man.

In the meantime, I'd gotten into various activities, and I thought, "Well, I'll go through here and make the best of it and try to make contacts and help the country kids register, and such things as that. At that particular time, I found that a lot of our boys that were working their way through had difficulty getting positions in the mines for the reason

that Stanford and California closed earlier than we did, and those fellows got all the jobs. But I did get jobs for some of these students, and I had my job on the farm and with the cattle. But anyhow, I then started propaganda to get University authorities to change our semesters and open a little earlier and recess a little earlier so that our boys would get the first chance at positions in the mines. I went to President Stubbs about it. (Now, mind you, though, that—maybe I was unorthodox. I did it, but I've always felt that if you wanted anything, you ought to go through the front door.) I went to Dr. Stubbs and explained the difficulty and gave him of my experience. I said, "Of course, as far as I'm concerned, I've got a job. It doesn't pay like the mines and the like of that, but I can help my parents for what they need."

So I started a laundry agency, and I got my laundry free in consideration for getting the laundry extra accounts. I went to work on the Student Record and got a little commission by getting ads and finally wound up owning the paper. It was a source of revenue, and I never made less than twenty-five dollars a month out of that. Then I made a little extra money. Instead of applying for a job on the campus, I would relieve these employed fellows and they would pay me when they wanted to get off. [I also earned money] by splitting and carrying wood and building fires and janitor work, or I might be working on the old truck, hauling water to Lincoln and Manzanita Hall in the dining hall—drinking water. But as time went on, I was elected to a class office and then was elected treasurer of the student body in my sophomore year and served in the junior year.

Well, anyhow, I kept up that employment agency, and I made contact with the alumni, which I think now and thought many years ago was a great advantage. By making these contacts with the alumni, I knew who they

were, what they were doing. I brought them closer to the University by sending some of our boys out, and they made good.

To begin with, in my first year, I played American football. But I didn't start out immediately, and the freshmen had the responsibility, on Sunday and Monday, after the Saturday game, of raking up the athletic field so the squad could play on Monday night. And then we would rake up the old quad (that was between the back of Morrill Hall and over to about the school of mines building) and get those rocks off so that they could practice on that while they cleaned up the regular playing field. I concluded I'd rather get out and try just a little football. So I did go out, and I played on the scrub team—it's really the second team, but we had games. We played, gave the first team practice, and then we had competition with high school teams. From there, I did a little track, too, in interclass competition, and kept busy.

During that particular time, my freshman year, I went into a fraternity. The fraternity—it was the first time the old THPO pledged freshmen. And two of us, Stod Southworth and I, were the two freshmen they pledged, plus some of those that had been freshmen the year before, and also juniors. We were called in by the head of the fraternity and told about our responsibility to the University, and what activities would mean to us in meeting the public, and that we should aim to get in and be a leader in some one of the campus activities. I will tell more about that shortly.

The students made rules among themselves. But they would have to do it in groups such as the girls' social groups and the boys' social groups, and then they would spread it and then work together. It's different than now.

We had certain traditions in the dormitories and certain responsibilities. One

tradition that was approved by University authorities was that each class could have one big dance each year. Also, the sororities would go together to give a social function, or they could take a men's group and a ladies' group—there were two each. There were two there; then came the military ball. The military ball, we were all in it.

You exchanged dances; you never crashed a dance. We'd serve punch and usually the punch bowl was on the north side of the gym in a stairway. They'd come up there and get this punch and we had snacks during the dance. Now, when we had class dances, we had the grand march, and we rehearsed for that particular thing, and all these courtesies for the ladies they were small. Another thing, too, as poor as we were, we were taught that we should have some sort of corsage for our lady. But orchids and those expensive things were out. Usually the group giving the party would specify the type of corsage, maybe a rose or a couple of carnations made up nicely. We had to close at a certain time. Those nights, those people in the hall would have to be in by a certain hour.

The dances were quite formal within our ability, and I want to tell you, we dressed for it. And the girls, gosh, they'd have their long dresses, and they'd had their dance shoes in a little bag—you carried that—and then shoes to walk in. If [she lived] just a short distance, say, four or five blocks or so, we'd walk. But in the event that a girl was clear across town, you'd have to figure out some way; two men would go together and take two girls and get transportation. Maybe we would borrow a carryall that the lady's father had for business, or sometimes we'd hire a hack. You took her to the dressing room and you gave her her shoes and she went inside. You went to your dressing room and you waited for her. And I can remember as clearly as though it were

yesterday how we would work to decorate that old gym with all this crepe paper and so on to make the gym look festive.

Now, you see, the upper-class dance would be the junior prom and the senior ball. When they had that, that took the place of the class dance; they just gave it a different name. If it were a senior ball, it was for seniors and invited guests and their escorts. How, they usually invited class representatives. If it was juniors, there were other social amenities. A freshman or sophomore couldn't attend (senior or junior dances), and there was a tradition to begin with that no underclass girl could attend until all the upper-class girls were accommodated.

Just a little introductory statement: when the University was first started, there was a group of boys from all over the state from different walks (of life) and even northern California that lived on the campus. They were hazed a little bit by the boys in Reno. In order to hold their own, they got together and formed a little association, and they called it "the hill protective organization." It's rather mysterious as to what that meant, but it's quite—it can't be documented because Prof Wilson's dead. But there was a little war on between the boys outside and those who lived downtown. This is what the prof told me, that they put the names—the initials of the boys in the hat. And to make it mysterious, [they used] the first letter of the last name of the first four. The "T" was for a fellow by the name of Thompson, and I think he came from down around Pioche. "H," they decided, came from a man by the name of Henry. (And that I don't quite understand, because the Henry family at that time lived on the outskirts of Reno. Probably he moved to the campus.) "P" was a fellow by the name of Powers, and he came in from around Yerington. The "O" is a fellow by the name of O'Brien. I don't know whether he

came from Carson or whether he came from Virginia City.

People like the Evanses, who lived right next to the University, were out of town, they could belong, and like the Henrys from the western end of town, and any of the boys that were out on the areas that would adjoin Reno at the particular time could belong. Now, Albert Cahlan was one organizer of this group. He had another explanation for THPO. They went beyond the campus and took in the boys from the country, or in the suburbs around Reno. They would always travel in groups so as to protect themselves if they went downtown. Then after they worked at it a while, they finally found that in order to get the proper understanding and get the new men assimilated, it was necessary to put them through a period of education. The result was that they turned this "hill protective association" into a social group, and they made the rule that no one could join or petition to join it until after they had finished their freshman year.

This organization finally developed into a social group, and they called it THPO. They never invited a freshman or a first-year man to join. He had to be indoctrinated for a period of a year, and then if agreeable to the principles for which the organization stood, he was invited. That was continued until my freshman year. In 1905, they let the bars down, temporarily, at least, and they took two freshmen. One of them was Stoddard Southworth, whose brothers were old THPOs, and Silas E. Ross. Now, each year they added to the membership, but they would take men from the sophomore class or others that had stayed over two years. They'd also found, too, that in order to maintain any traditions, that they couldn't depend too much upon "specials." They were looking more for the fellows that were going to be there four years.

But every once in a while, they would take in some of these specials.

Now, that, in due time, led to the necessity of competition, and a group of the fellows that were living downtown and some that had been in the hall but hadn't been invited got together and they formed what they called a Sigma Alpha fraternity. This group was the first to have a house of their own; they lived off campus. The THPO, to begin with, had lived in one of the old Bishop Whitaker School buildings, and then later, the second story of the mechanical building, which stood on the site of the present mechanical building. It was called the "ram's pasture." That gives you the background of the grouping of individuals and what they thought was a necessity. It's a tradition.

Now, probably the next thing that the social groups did was to insist on responsibility for the underclassmen. So it was traditional that the juniors would take care of all of the freshmen that came in, help them register, advise them as to University traditions, show them the buildings and their classrooms, and have general supervision of them. The seniors were responsible for the sophomores.

In order to create a splendid rivalry, the upperclassmen set up competition between the two under classes. The purpose of it, at that time, was to have something that would mold the men and women into a unit, working together. So they devised what was called the "cane rush." The sophomores would take the cane and start on the south side of the gym and they'd work to carry it across to the north side of Morrill Hall. Of course, the upperclassmen supervised this. If the sophomores carried it through successfully, they gained certain privileges. If they didn't and the freshmen stopped them, the freshmen gained the privilege of not having to wear the "dink."



Now, sometimes, the classes were not evenly matched; there would be more in one class than the other. That happened in my class. When we entered up there as freshmen, we had specials and others that were with us, and we went into the cane rush. Fortunately, we stopped the sophomores, so we didn't have to wear dinks. But when we became sophomores, many of these specials had dropped out, and quite a number of them stepped out into a particular field, like metallurgy, or geology, or— well, you take Farmer Jones from out in Palisade, he took all the mathematics and physics he could get; the dickens with the rest of the subjects.

So in our sophomore year, they had this tug-of-war. We had to have a certain number of people participating. The result was that every man in the class had to do something. So the sophomores knew that the carpenters' union in Reno had won the tug-of-war on Labor Day or the Fourth of July, and we located the—oh, I don't know what they called them, sort of a ladder with rungs on it that laid down flat on the ground, and the ropes and so on. And then you'd line up and you'd have a number one man who was not too heavy but was alert. Then the anchor man would be a man that was pretty heavy and strong, that had not only the grip, but his shoulders, so that as you pulled and you gained a cleat, he could take it out.

Now, Ray Gignoux arranged with the carpenters to have their equipment put up in the Gignoux's back yard (that is the building where this Charlie Cutts art center is). We went into a negotiation with one of the carpenters, who was quite an expert, to coach us. So we were pretty well trained. We had one man; we called him "captain." He was—on the outside, and he would watch for certain things. When we were ready to move, or "take a cleat," I was supposed to tell him that

we had it—had them coming our way—and he'd signal right on back; he'd count three, or some way. And that's when we put on the big pull, and Gignoux would take up the slack and hold until the pulling members would take a cleat. Well, we were lucky there. We won the tug-of-war.

The freshmen had to wear the dink and they couldn't be carelessly dressed—well, maybe we would say this, dressed in an inoffensive way. In other words, they didn't come in with boots all covered with dung and dirty overalls, and the like of that. They had to wear their trousers and coat, shirt and tie, and so on. Now, the sophomores could go into another bracket. They were given certain concessions so that they could wear a sort of a jumper jacket. Then when you got to be juniors, you had the right to wear the derby hat and corduroys. When you were a senior, you wore the sombrero and the high lace boots. The boots had the bottom of the trousers turned into them. Those were typical. Now, these seniors could also wear a flannel shirt and corduroys.

And by the way, the year that we played the Barbarians and Mackay was at the University, we dressed him [as a senior]. Here's a picture that was taken [looking at the picture in Everett W. Harris' history of the engineering college]\* following our win over the Barbarians, when Mr. Mackay was here. And he and his family sat over here in the training quarters on that porch that was out in front. The boys then went over and picked Mr. Mackay up.

You can get an idea of the dress [from the picture]. Now, this fellow was a junior.

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\*Everett White Harris, *A Chronological Outline of the Origin and Development of the College of Engineering* . . . , p. 18-a.

You see his corduroys there? He had to have his coat, but he doesn't have a beanie on there. Here's one that has, and we carry it on through. Now, this fellow was a special, but he could wear that sombrero hat, you see? That'll give you some idea of traditional dress at that time.

Another tradition that we had was that whenever you graduated, you had a class pin and that had "UN" on it with your year. In addition to that, each class had to have a yell. When they sat down together, like in the dining hall, the seniors would open up, then come the juniors, then come—right on down. "Rah, rah, rah! Kick-a-rah-kine! Nevada, Nevada, nineteen-nine!" That was traditional.

There was another tradition, but it was a necessity. And that is that we had to have certified drinking water in the girls' dormitory, the boys' dormitory, and the commons (we used to call it the dining hall). And that was a job for two men. The University furnished a sort of dray, low, with a horse to haul the water. They kept the dray and horse down the hill in back of what is now the mechanical building. There was a pump between the mechanical building and what is now the Mackay Science building (it was in the early days agriculture, and later, mining). We would pump four ten-gallon cans of this water for the dining hall and two each for the dormitories. The interesting part of it was this: the cans that went into the dining hall, they served the water out of that for the tables. But those that went into the dormitories, they had tin cups attached to the cans, and they all drank out of that cup.

Then there was another tradition that if anyone violated any of the rules as a freshman, sophomore, and sometimes juniors, and sometimes an upperclassman, if he didn't cooperate, that laking was established. They would give the man an opportunity to put on

rough clothes, and they'd toss him out in the lake and watch him. If he was frightened or got too much water, they would bring him in. If not and he was out some distance, they would throw him a rope and bring him in. But they never did that to the girls. I don't know what their discipline was.

In those days, just to get you squared away on it, the pond (now called the University lake) up there was not as large as it is now. The west side of it took off on the north end of Manzanita Hall, not the Manzanita they added to, but the other one. The east end of it came in just about the line of the walk in front of Stewart Hall. They had a walk on that, wooden, made of four by fours and crosspieces. They also had the same thing from Stewart Hall up to Lincoln Hall on an angle. They had one from the dining hall down into the gulch and then on up the hill to Lincoln Hall. Now, they did have walks around the campus, but even then, people were supposed to stay on the walks. When I attended the University, they had cement around Stewart Hall and Hatch Station and Morrill Hall and the chemistry building and the school of mines building (which was originally the agriculture, standing on the site of where the Mackay Science Hall is), and then one from there up by the mechanical building, and from there across to the gym. They also had a wooden walk that ran from that particular walk over to the old chemistry building and then down along the side. Now, those, you were supposed to stay on them.

In those days, the athletic field was not as large as it is now, and it wasn't level. Then you couldn't get a quarter of a mile track in oval. The result is that when you started in the hundred-yard dash, you were running downhill. But when you went on the quarter-mile, you had to run uphill, then downhill.

As I've said, the duty of the freshmen at that particular time (it was on Monday), was to take rakes and other equipment and rake up the athletic field and take the rocks off it. On Monday, the squad would have light practice up in the area between the back of Morrill Hall and the front of the old gym. Then on Tuesday, we'd go up and rake the rocks off that area while the other fellows rooted it up down below. The freshmen had this chore. Once in a while, if there was an unruly sophomore, the seniors would put him to work and watch him work, make him do his portion. That's one reason why some of us turned out for athletics. The other is they needed every male student who was really able-bodied to get out and help develop a first team and then a scrub team.

You might be interested to know, or have this question answered: Where were your showers? When they built the old gymnasium (and you understand that the students and the people downtown put on plays to raise a good portion of the money for this building, and then the state appropriated the balance; but they had to have something like that as a gymnasium), the downstairs, or the east end, had a depression. It wasn't a full basement. The rubbing tables and the showers were in that depressed area on the east end of the gymnasium. There were a couple of drying rooms in the same area.

There's one other that was a tradition, yet it was violating a University principle. Lincoln Hall had a separate furnace and so did Manzanita and so did the dining hall. But the classrooms in Stewart Hall, in Hatch Station, and in Morrill Hall, in the mechanical building, and in the old chem building all had stoves in each room. The fuel for those stoves was always kept in a little area north of Stewart Hall. There was a building in there that was Mr. Richard Brown's headquarters, as head

of the buildings and grounds, and in back of that was the woodpile.

The furnaces didn't work too well, and the students that lived on the top floor of the dormitories had to have some place to keep warm because the heating plant wasn't large enough to get heat up to the upper dorms. There was a fireplace in the assembly room on one side of the first floor of Lincoln Hall—that would be the left side. Oh the right side, there was a sort of a parlor in there that the Browns could entertain their guests in. There was also a fireplace in that room.

The freshmen, whose rooms were on the upper floor, were organized and given the responsibility of furnishing wood for the fireplace in the assembly room. The woodpile provided wood for stoves in the classroom. The pile was north of Stewart Hall. The freshmen raided this pile each day for logs to be used in the assembly room of Lincoln Hall. Certain freshmen would pick up at least two logs each, and they'd carry them to Lincoln Hall and they'd build a fire. A good fire would be burning by the time that Dick Brown got around. Then, also, they had spotters out so if Dick was coming, they'd disappear. Now, Mr. Brown had the responsibility for the wood. Yet, on the other hand, he loved his boys. Oh, he'd make much ado about it, but none of the freshmen were penalized.

There was no smoking on the campus nor in any of the buildings. That included the professors and other campus personalities. All were supposed to obey these traditions. If they didn't, why, there was enough of a group in the faculty to get them mildly disciplined. However, I do know that many of them used to go down into the furnace room or the basement and have their smoke.

In those days, in athletics, you had to accomplish certain things in order to earn your Block N. The size of the N was governed

by the major sport. The fellow that played football had the largest N. The man that was in baseball or track, about the same size. Usually the track N would be larger than the baseball because we didn't have much baseball. (Our weather was such that all we could have was interclass competition. California and Stanford and those schools were well on their way in training before we could even get on the field.) And then, finally your basketball. The girls won their N, and it was the smallest. The N was awarded for making the girls' basketball team.

Our class, to begin with, specials and all, was a fairly large class, but not too large—enough to be able to participate in the games, and so forth, which we lost. But many began to drop by the wayside, and many of them became specials, and so on, and the result was that there weren't really enough members to go around to fill these campus vacancies.

I had been elected president of the student body at the end of my junior year and made president of the class, also. And at the end of my junior year was when the University put in the office of "junior marshal." I was the first junior marshal. It was my duty to form the academic procession and marshal it into the gymnasium for both baccalaureate and commencement exercises. This was an invaluable experience for me.

I guess I was selfish. Any new experience was a challenge to me. I tried to make good and hoped to learn something new. And I did learn a lot. That year, they also changed the regulations governing the academic league. Among those was making the president of the student body president of that academic league. Among the responsibilities were (1) having the athletic field in perfect shape, (2) all physical properties and props in place for competition, (3) competent officials on

hand, (4) athletes' quarters, (5) guides and hosts for the athletes, and so on. And there, I worked in a lot of our Block N men. That was the beginning of the idea of student cooperation in all University activities. It was quite a responsibility, but I learned much about organization. After graduation, I started coaching in extracurricular activities besides teaching.

One of the interesting things that happened in my freshman year—one of the football games that was arranged for the second team was with the Indian School at Stewart. We played a preliminary game to the varsity. I was playing end and halfback at that time, and I noticed there was a rather small Indian coming through that line and just raising the dickens with our play. I called for time and got ahold of the coach. I said, "The little Indian is coming through this particular spot." And the biggest man we had on our team was the man the Indian was coming through. "I wish you'd make a change and see if we can't stop him." And I said, "I realize I can't talk to the substitute 'til after the first play, but then I—."

So the coach took the big fellow out and put in Ray Gignoux. Ray Gignoux was strong and heavy, but he wasn't as big as this other fellow. During the summer, Ray, before he entered as a freshman, went out shooting, hunting, and he placed his hand over the muzzle of the gun, and the gun went off. The shot went right through his hand and (through the back of his thumb). It took all this part of his hand off. So after the first play, I talked to Ray about what was going on, and he said, "You see—see these fingers here? I'll have that buck's ear, or he'll have my fingers."

The first play after that, the Indian was sent [to go] over Ray. They tried to—well, Ray got that fellow out of the way. When they got up and around, these fingers were bleeding,

but the Indian boy had been knocked out. Ray wouldn't go out. He said it just bent them up when he played, and I'm sure [it did].

The next year, we went into rugby football. I tried out for the team. They assigned me as wing forward. They had two of us on the job—on an equal representation. They played each of us now and then. I played wing forward that year and the next year. We were playing in California, and I was told that I was first string wing forward. The coach came out on the field and announced the team personally. He didn't call me. Of course, I was disappointed, but I felt there must be some good reason for it and that his judgment was better than mine.

To begin with, the regular wing forward on the California team was not on the beginning California team. His name was Tuller. He was the captain of the team, and he was big and strong. In a short time, the California coach put Tuller in. As soon as California put him in, our coach put me in. Gosh, he was big! And the first play, by gosh, I found myself almost out in the middle of the field. He was that big, he'd hit me so hard! And I said, "Well, boy, you're in here and he's too big for you to handle that way. You've got to outpoint him." I executed my idea. After a few plays he lost his temper and called me a vulgar name, and I said, "Well, now, come on, old top, let's play football, and if you feel the same as you do now when the game is over, I'll meet you out in back."

He said, "All right." And when the game was over, he came up to me. I thought he was going to make an appointment to go out in the back yard.

He said, "Ross, you taught me the best lesson I've learned in my life. You used your own bean. And you just kept playing me this way, out-pointing me, 'til I got mad and I wasn't effective." That remark took me back to

my early childhood, when my parents advised me to be prepared.

The Nevada team then went down to Stanford to play, and I had the very same experience. And I went out for rugby the next fall, but I came down with tonsillitis and jaundice at the same time and could not continue on the squad. So my last year was 1907. I didn't play in 1908 because I had this illness.

Now, around November of 1908, Dr. Stubbs called me in and told me that the engineering schools all over the country were requiring more chemistry, more physics, and more mathematics, "and I'd like to have you remain at the University. I can't pay you a big salary, but I'll do this for you. In addition to the salary that I can offer you, I can give you your board and room at Lincoln Hall and make you assistant master and give you a chance to do graduate work on the side if you stay with the chemistry department."

I said to him, "Dr. Stubbs, that seems asinine. You have plenty of men that have Ph.D.'s in chemistry who would like to have that job. And you have plenty of experienced mining engineers and men in the field who would like to take it."

And he said, "I know that, and I could get them. But," he further said, "a chemist doesn't know mining like you do. You have, during the time that you were a student assistant here, been able to do a lot of teaching, and I understand from Dr. Adams that you have taken a lot of additional work, orally, reading up, and so forth, and you can do the job. We can get these chemists, but they don't know anything about mining. Now, I can get mining engineers with all this experience, but they don't have the chemistry that's missing. And will you stay?"

So I told him I wanted to think it over, and I finally decided that, "Now, you have



an opportunity. By doing this, you have an opportunity to impart your knowledge, you have an opportunity to improve yourself, and you'll have an opportunity to handle young men. I can well afford to take this and try it out at least, but I don't know whether I'll be a good teacher or not." So I went back and thanked him, and I said, "I'll take it."

Along in January, and so forth, I began to get positions offered to me in the mining areas from South America clear up to Sweden and as far away as Formosa and locally in the Tonopah area, up to Montana, the mines up there, and also down to the zinc mines, in Missouri, and in my particular field, metallurgy. But the first job I was offered was as location engineer on the Alaskan railroad for a certain time. Mr. Gignoux took that job.

Well, anyhow, I went on through my senior year and was cadet major, the highest office they had in the University battalion. And the first time in the three years before, the military men came in for inspection [of the cadet corps]. It was just cursory, easy. This year, we were supposed to appear in uniform at nine o'clock. We had the parade and all required military maneuvers, both battalion and company. By that time, it was a little before noon, and he recessed us until one-fifteen in the afternoon to appear in khaki uniform.

We made it. The inspection officer gave me a problem to solve: The enemy was approaching from the west with a planned attack of the University. I was to deploy my battalion to meet that attack and repulse the enemy.

So after he gave me the problem, I asked, "May I repeat the problem to you so I'd have it right?"

He said, "Yes."

So I thought it over a few moments, and I immediately deployed my battalion. Using

men to draw attack, [we] made flanking attacks on the enemy (quite a sham battle).

Upon completion of the assigned maneuver, it was around four o'clock as I remember, or a little after, we assembled again in the athletic field and reported to the inspector. He said, "Dismiss your battalion, major, and report to me at the commandant's office."

And frankly, my heart went clear down in my shoes. I asked myself this question: "What have you done to disgrace your University?" Now, I was a part of the University of Nevada, and I was responsible.

I dismissed the battalion and did the other little things I had to do and then went down and reported at the commandant's office in old Stewart Hall. I went in and the secretary was out front and I spoke to her. I said, "Commander So-and-So (whoever he might be) has asked me to report to him here."

I was asked into his office. I clicked my heels and reported. He said, "At ease, major. Sit down. Take your cap off." He was very complimentary. So I began to feel better, and then he said, "But—"

I said to myself, "Here it comes."

He said, "You used the cemetery as a point to draw fire, and you're not taught this thing in this kind of work." Then he said, "It was a good thing, because you were protecting your men behind these headstones, and so forth. But international law specifies that you cannot desecrate a cemetery." He then said, "You weren't supposed to know this, and I want to compliment you highly. I want you to know that I'm recommending you for a commission as second lieutenant in the United States Army."

[Laughing] That's my military. So I thanked him and I said, "I would like to accept it, but I can't. I've agreed to come back to the University and do a certain thing, and they're

counting on it, and I can't break my word. But thank you.

Well, you know, I don't know that I ever did anything in my life up until that time that I loved better, to have the opportunity to teach, to do graduate work, and commune with these young people. It was at that time (it was a side issue) that I became an employment agency, so to speak, to place our boys. I carried employment for students through until the mines closed down, through teaching and while I was in business. When the mines closed down, I then went to the woods and placed a number of the boys in good positions in the woods, not as many as in mining, but they earned good money.

During that year, I thought, "Well, now, I've just struggled along. I'm going to help some student." I got hold of a young fellow that had difficulty and I helped him. I continued to do this until Mrs. Ross and I were married. Then I told her what I'd been doing and she said, "Let's continue it. But let's include girls."

We graduated a person from college every year after that, up until this last war. You know how many we lost out of this idea? Only three of them had gone bad on me. We had some girls, too. Later, we took on to help young people when they went to graduate school. One time, Mrs. Ross and I had three boys in medicine and one in dentistry and our daughter at Stanford. But we had set aside a little bit each year, and I still have that revolving fund. I never took a note. There was not a scratch of a pen from any of them. I told them that I was doing this to be helpful, and when they got out into the field, if they wanted to return it, they could add to the kitty so they could help others. You know, that war broke out, this last war, and you'd be surprised—I heard from these young people from all over the world. Gene Salet mentioned it when he

was here this last year. Every one of them knew what to do with the money. I didn't finance them completely, but in addition, I'd get jobs and things like that for them. I had a couple boys. One worked for me on the furnace and one for labor, and I got the two of them to get busy during the summer and organize a yard and lawn business, and when they came back, they had the furnaces to take care of. One of them went ahead educationally, went East to school and earned his Ph.D., and the last I heard of him, he was a professor in a University back East.

Here is a thing that's interesting, and it comes back to you. There was a fellow that worked on the railroad. He was a fireman and he had been promoted to engineer. During the busy season he was an engineer, and during the slack season he could bid in as a fireman. But Dean Scrugham had met him and he wanted to go to the University and become a mechanical or electrical engineer. Dean Scrugham got him up there and got him settled, but he was short in chemistry and mathematics and some physics. I took him on.

About the time that Dr. Stubbs was here, there was a disruption in the prep school and they wanted him to take many of the people out. And Dr. Stubbs called Dean Thompson and me in and he said, "Now, these students are just raising the devil. We want you to come down here and take over the prep school."

I asked, "Is that a demotion?"

He said, "No, sir, it's not a demotion. We want you to take it over and hold onto it because we're going to abandon the prep school later. We have to put in at this time another high school." He said to Dean Thompson, "You're going to be the principal, and you'll handle the academic subjects, like English and history, and such things as that, and electives. And you, Mr. Ross, will take the chemistry, physics, and mathematics—part of

the mathematics.” Miss Mack was teaching then and such things as that. And you know, we looked into the records, and there weren’t any of those young people that were passing their solids or anything like that, but the University had to keep them up there in order to have enough men to have a skeleton battalion in order to get our appropriation from the government. Well, we did what we were told to do, with the boys in particular.

By the way, I met one of those girls not long ago—she was in a class—and we got to kidding (and as a matter of fact, I’ve known her since she was a kid in Glendale School, but I was a little bit older) - She started to telling some of the things that happened in the presence of the person that was with me, and she said, “Not only that. Then I was a little girl going to the Glendale school, I rode a horse, but I couldn’t get on or off the horse, and Silas would always be there when I came up to take me off the saddle and put me back on!” Well, we were remembering those things.

Anyhow, this chap graduated. He was the first ambidextrous person I had ever seen that would work with both hands. And if I ever gave the class a problem to go to the board, he’d get right up, and he’d stretch his arms out, like this [full stretch], to get board space. He’d start with a problem with a crayon in this hand, left hand, and go over here and pick it up with the right hand and go right on through. He’s retired now; he made good. He sent in his dues to the Scottish Rite; he belonged to the Scottish Rite when he was here, and he asked the secretary, “Where is Si Ross and how is he? If you see him, please give him my love; He’s the man that made it possible for me to be where I am now.” So, you see, our little help to students has been a great satisfaction to us.

Going on from there, I loved the teaching. I loved the coaching. I was also the graduate

manager and so forth, didn’t get any salary. The faculty people were supposed to help. This was extracurricular, a side issue. The first year of the prep school, I called these young fellows together and we and we formed a basketball team. In the academic meet, they won the state championship. I took them on into track, and we won the track meet. Quite a number of these students went on to college, and they wanted me to help them there.

What I knew about basketball, you could put in a peanut shell. Although, in 1906, when touring basketball teams wanted to play at Nevada (and I think there were at Nevada four men that had played basketball before), they received permission to go ahead, and those four men were the nucleus. These fellows got Silas to volunteer and go down and help. Bonnie McBride of Elko and I were the two substitutes. He was forward and had experience, and then they had another one that had a little knowledge of the game. Whew, they beat the tail off us! But I became interested in the game and decided that basketball was a problem of mathematics. I put the theory into practice when I started to coaching these young students. I told them the finer things—keep their feet on the floor, but they played with signals. We never played the man; we played the position.

In the old gymnasium, the floor was as slick as all outdoors in winter because it was only used for assemblies and graduation, and so forth, until Miss Sameth came. It was pretty slick and you would—the boys would fall down or slip. I observed the Indians with their moccasins and what they would do to keep from slipping. I got a pair of moccasins myself and put them on and went to the gym and tried them out. I also found that if I had them a little bit moist, I could stop and not fall. So out of my own pocket, I bought a pair of moccasins for each of the ten men and put

a strap around them. I had four burlap sacks that laid on the floor outside the sidelines, and they'd be moist. When the ball was dead or a lull in the play occurred, team members would go out and step on the sack. Probably that is one reason we'd win these games on this floor.

These students took an interest, plus other university people. I was the coach. One year, we went to the Coast and we played five games in six days and we lost only one. And that one we lost because our boys were green and they'd never been acquainted with city traffic. We came across the Bay on a boat, then we caught a little train up to a certain point. Then we were then to get on a streetcar to go over to St. Mary's. I told them to keep their grips in their hands and watch traffic. One of them looked in the wrong direction and was hit in the seat and rolled, he was so badly bruised he couldn't play. That's the first time St. Mary's had ever seen these long distance shots for a basket. I had a boy by the name of [Richard] Sheehy who was pretty good on long shots. He was the feed forward. This fellow that was hurt was the man that could shoot from close in. So we had to put in a substitute, and he was not as good as the injured player. So I got ahold of Sheehy and I said, "Try it a couple of times, but if they have the boys covered, you take these long shots." We lost that game. But we went down the next year and we won the Coast championship. We played Stanford, California, St. Mary's, St. Ignatius, Santa Clara, and the College of the Pacific.

That same year, I coached the University girls in basketball. It was hard to get games—they had interclass games and such things as that, but they did get a game with California and Stanford at different times. These girls were scheduled to play a game with Stanford on the one day that we didn't play the six days we were down. I left the boys this one day

and met the girls over at Sixteenth Street to board the train there to go down to Stanford. [Laughing] Funny thing. I instructed the girls as I had the boys concerning traffic. One of the girls that played forward was from a rural community and as strong as an ox. My sister, Vera, played guard. And Vera could throw the length of that gymnasium like a man! She'd throw to Maude on the run. Well, Maude was looking up like this [gesture], and all at once, she looked up here and here was a horse standing over her, driven by a fellow on one of these vegetable wagons. Maude dropped her suitcase and grabbed the horse by the bit and sat him back on his haunches.

[Laughing] When we arrived at Stanford, we had a little problem. Rules wouldn't permit a man in the gymnasium while the girls were playing. My girls were provoked by the ruling. They said, "Well, there'd be no game unless our coach can come in." An exception to the rule was made.

But those girls were good. My girls were better and won the game. And if you look back in the *Artemesia*, you'll see a picture of my girls' basketball team with the bloomers. Sweat-shirts were used instead of blouses.

At that time I was graduate manager, and the University was playing rugby. The student body paid the coach out of its funds. The coach wasn't accomplishing much, so the students fired him. We had no coach. They got together and said, "You're our coach."

I said, "No, you can't do that. You fired this man, and he knows more about it than I do."

They said, "No, you must take over." The first game we played after I took over, we lost by a large score. I had less than a week to try and develop the team. But they did much better as the season progressed. One of the men on that team visited me several years ago. He was here on his fiftieth graduation anniversary, Claude Hamilton, class of 1914.

He just died this last year. His boy came to the University and graduated, too.

Claude was playing breakaway on my team. I tried to coach how to break from scrum and tackle the wing forward. I took the wing forward's place, and I was always out of the way when the breakaway men charged. Finally, I said, "Now, you people get up there, one behind the other. I'll play breakaway, and you try to tackle the wing forward." They got the knack of the play. We exchanged places. The ball was put in motion. [Laughing] Hamilton charged and hit me so darn hard he knocked me completely out! When I got on my feet, I said, "Three times around the field! Go in."

Claude recalled that experience when he was here on his fiftieth year of graduation. He also recalled another happening. I'd forgotten about it. He said, "When I was up at the University, I was here a year and I'd had a little difficulty getting oriented, but I came back the second year." He said, "I had a breaking-out on my face, and everybody treated me as though I was poison until Si came along. Si took a look at me and he said, 'Claude, come on in my room.' He brought me in there and he took a look at me and he said, 'I'm getting a doctor for you, right now.' He said he'd stay 'til we got the doctor. The doctor came up and pronounced my case as smallpox."

I said, "What're you going to do with him?"

He said, "The pest house."

I said, "No, sir. Not yet."

I called Mrs. Porter, who was in charge of the University hospital. She told me that there were no patients in the hospital. I asked if we couldn't put Claude in there. Mrs. Porter replied in the affirmative. Claude recalled that and said, "I got out of that okay."

I did the same thing with George Southworth with diphtheria at an earlier date.

Now, during that early time when I was working with the student body as graduate manager, I conceived the idea of the Block N Society, then afterwards the Buck Grabbers and a cross section of the housing groups on the campus to act as a clearing house, and afterwards advocated the formation of an interfraternity council (IF). I have a plaque of the constitution of that first group. There were three copies made. One was given to the man who was here in the business department and who wrote the constitution. Then he was transferred to another University. I was given one copy, and Harold Hughes, who chaired the first group, kept the third copy. Hughes was somewhere around Nevada City and got into an area where they had an old printing plant. He made friends with this individual and persuaded the owner to set up the constitution in old type—border, and such things as that, and make these three copies. And that man presented it to me—not the man himself, but the one that had the idea. I was his godfather when he was born. He was a Roman Catholic. It was an old family relationship.

During that particular time, we were able to get these young people together to work together instead of selfishly on the whole picture of the University, and then to get the fraternities together and include one of each social group in every activity. Fraternity men were coming in to show that the fraternities were helpful to the University. It taught community living, good morals, loyalty to the University, and all of those good things, through this council who could set up activities for them to do.

Mother, in particular, requested that I not participate in athletics. She thought it was rough and people were getting killed, and she didn't raise her boy to be a soldier. Uncle Jim told her one time I would make a good soldier. Mother asked, "Why?!"



He said, "When he shines his shoes, he never shines the back of them, so he'll never look behind. He'll look forward" [laughter].

I played football and ran in track in high school. While I was in high school, I made my letter in both track and foot ball. When I attended the University, most every male student participated in athletics. They needed everybody. Saturday was my father's day to come to Reno and transact his business. We'd always have lunch together. This Saturday we had our lunch in the Mineral [Cafe]. We sat down and I ordered a bread and milk.

Father looked across the table and asked, "Son, aren't you feeling well?"

I said, "I'm fine, Father. I'm not eating much." I said, "This is enough for today.

He was persistent with his questioning. Finally, I said, "Father, I know what this means—my allowance may be withdrawn. But the University is giving me something that I feel I couldn't buy; I can't self it and I can't give it away. The University team is playing football this afternoon. I've been practicing with the team, and in the mind of the coach, I'm the man to play this position in competition. I was chosen because he thinks that I can do a better job than the other fellow. So I'm playing."

He asked, "What time're you going to play?"

I said, "Two o'clock."

"Mind if I come up?"

I said, "No, but Father, I must be up there early. I've got to change my clothing and meet the coach for instruction."

He said, "All right."

We went up early and I took him over and showed him the training quarters. Then I brought him back to the seats, and I said, "Now, there'll be filled up pretty well, but you can see best from this position." It was about the fifty-yard line. I placed him up fairly high.

[Laughing] The people that were there said that he was a show all to himself, watching that game. They'd push us down the field. Father'd go to our defense by pushing in the opposite direction from his seat. But if we'd start the other way, he'd slide on his seat in that direction. Finally, he got up and left his seat and got on the bench by himself. When the game was over, he came across the athletic field to the training quarters. He stopped at the door and asked if he could speak to me. The young man said, "Well, we're not permitted to admit anyone to the quarters while the team is showering and dressing."

Father said; "I'd like to see him. I have to drive six miles to the ranch this afternoon, and I have chores to do."

So the young man said, "Well, wait just a moment, Mr. Ross. I'll go up and see."

The young man went up and received permission for Father to come up on the first level. The coach met him at the door and introduced himself to Father. The coach sent me out to meet Father. He looked at me and said, "Son, you're right. I'm proud of you and I'm proud of your ideals. Your allowance is not going to be cut off. We'll support you in this as long as that is your attitude."

Do you know, he never missed a football game or a basketball game from that day on. Clear up from the ranch. I remember in the basketball games, I'd try to reserve some seats for Mother and Father right in the center of the balcony. Mother told me one time that Father (didn't] like those seats.

I said, "Why?"

"Well," she said, "he wants to sit on the end."

"Well," I said, "I'll try to fix that. So I reserved seats on the end. Father'd get so excited I was afraid he'd reach down and tip the ball in the basket. You know, he became interested in this competition.

My actions in athletics were not consistent with the philosophies my parents had taught me. In retrospect, I find that maybe I was justified, but I could have approached the matter a little bit differently and then asked them for their consent.

And you know, that dear old dad of mine was interested in athletics up until the day he died. When Saturday came (my folks had moved up from the ranch in 1917, across from the University), "Game on today? Game on tonight?" Over he'd attend. couldn't always persuade Mother to attend.

But I did get Mother and Father to come up at our senior ball. They were sitting up in the audience in the balcony of the gym. I asked my young lady if she'd mind stepping up and meeting my father and mother and if she would sit with Father while I danced a dance with Mother. She went up very nicely. Mother was like a little girl. Oh, she was a doll! She tried to influence Father to get down and dance. he said, "All I can do is the square dance and the hoedown." And he said, "We'll sit here."

I went down on the floor with Mother and I started to dance with her, and she said, "Son, if we're going to dance, let's dance!"

I said, "What do you mean?"

Her reply, "Let's speed it up! Now, remember, this—" We sped it up—reverse, and so forth, but speed. By gosh, I was out of breath in a little while! We had a great dance together on the floor, and as a matter of fact, it [laughing] became almost a show, until Mother looked around and noticed others watching us. Mother suggested that we leave the floor and sit with Father for a while.

Previous to Dr. Clark's coming, we had high school competition in disclamation and in basketball. Dr. Clark, after the war, stressed the advantage of inter-high school competition. He encouraged the formation of the Nevada Academic League and the

bringing of the students from the high schools of the state to the University to compete in track and in basketball and football. Now, Dr. Stubbs had done something about that way back, and he brought a man here as the head of the physical education department, which at that time was practically athletics. I forget his name, but we used to call him "Willie Play Fiercely." He was a graduate of osteopathic school, and he knew a lot about sports and physical training, but when his football team was out there playing, he'd say, [clapping] "Play fiercely, boys. Play fiercely." [Laughing] He got that nickname, "Willie Play Fiercely."

In 1913-1914, upon my suggestion, the Block N Society was formed. The reason for it was this: the football men wore big N's, the track men, smaller, and we had no particular basketball. We had baseball once in a while, and that letter was still smaller. But each was by itself and each had a manager. To encourage this inter high school competition and to then emphasize our own setup, Block N was formed, and men of all varsity teams that had earned their letter belonged to the society. There was the understanding that their purpose would be to be hosts at any of these athletic functions. If it was a football season, the basketball men and the track men and other lettermen were out (they were N's), and they would cooperate in seating the people that came to athletic events, in entertaining, and doing things like this—having the field in shape, and so on. Now, then, if it were a basketball game, the football men would be hosts. These men were sold on the University— what I mean is, they exemplified love and loyalty to their University and encouraged other people to be interested in the welfare of the institution.

The Block N Society became a fine influence on campus. They eliminated the different size letters and made them all the

same size. Then they met in common to work for the interests of the University as well as athletics. In my day, when I was in high school, the University sponsored in a small way academic declamation and athletic contests. I was in a declamation contest. And I was on the track team (I won a race that I wasn't supposed to have won because I did what I was told to do (laughing in the quarter mile). At that time, contestants from Virginia City and Carson and Reno and Elko, and Winnemucca once in a while, entered the contesting events.

At one time, I went to Tonopah to referee a basketball tournament for southern Nevada. I did all the refereeing in the basketball elimination contest. The one that won that contest had to come up and play in the semifinal. The women played in the finals in Reno. I refereed all those alone. It is interesting to note that I was asked to go to Tonopah by the coaches, but the winning team (they were from Bunkerville) asked that I be appointed to referee this zone tournament in Fallon. Now, some of the boys that were on that team had never seen a railroad train 'til they came out of that Bunkerville area. None of them had ever seen a lake as large as Walker Lake. I remember we all waited in Sparks until they changed crews. when the train pulled into Reno, we got off and we walked up towards the front of the train. This was the first time they ever saw a big Mallet engine. Those boys just dropped their suitcases and stared at the locomotive.

This Noble Wait of the Bunkerville team turned out to be one of the best basketball players in the West. He played on my team that was the runner-up the first year, and we then won it the second year up on the coast—Stanford and all of those coast colleges. An interesting thing about him is that he had long hair. He always wore a cap while playing, but it

was reversed—put the cap over here [with the bill down the back] to keep the perspiration from running down his back. He went on in education and he coached down in southern California for a long time.

Another instance: when I was coaching, Mrs. Ross always attended practice and always came over to games. She'd get terribly excited. This time she was sitting on the north wall balcony, right in the center. She was so excited she began to hammer on the banister with her hand. She knocked the diamond out of her ring. When she discovered it, she let a yell out of her and everybody stopped. Martie of the physical education department of the University was there and stopped the game. He said, "The lady's lost a diamond out of her ring. We won't play until we can find it." He told the boys to get the brooms and everybody else to remain where they were.

About the time they arrived with the brooms, Emily looked over and said, "There's something sparkling over there." They found her diamond.

Returning now to the university, Clarence Mackay had donated money to construct the Mackay School of Mines building and improve the grounds in the Mackay quadrangle. At the same time, he received an estimate on the building of bleachers and an athletic field. He was out here at one time and apparently somebody suggested to him that, in addition to providing the oval and the quarter-mile track, that he provide the 220 [-yard] straightaway, such straightaway to begin south of the Orr Ditch and close to the dairy building, to be added to the hundred-yard straightaway.

I was president of the student body and was invited by Mr. Mackay to accompany him to look over the proposed project. He informed me that the students and others were anxious to extend the original plan in order

to provide a 220 [-yard] straightaway. He was giving the suggestion some consideration. He asked me what my opinion was.

I thought a little bit; then I said, "Mr. Mackay, you're making it too easy for us right now. Probably if the students had anything to do with it, they would want this straightaway to have the same number of running lanes as the hundred-yard dash." I called his attention to the fact that if he did that, they would have to make changes in the oval and change practically the whole plan. That was number one. Number two, I suggested that he might make this as a conditional deed or gift to the University and suggest to the students and alumni that, "You would provide for the straightaway if they would put in the culvert across the Orr Ditch." This would be only six lanes, but it would cut in directly with the hundred-yard straightaway. I said, "If you do that, say, as long as they would provide the culvert for the six lanes (they should be able to raise this money), you would provide the expense for extending the hundred-yard straightaway to two hundred and twenty yards."

He asked me a few more detailed questions about the project. I explained to him the advantage of providing the 220 straightaway rather than running it around the circular track. We then walked over the oval, and also the necessary area to provide for the straightaway. He listened quite attentively and said, "I wish you'd come with me over to the president's office."

We went over to Dr. Stubbs' office. We told Dr. Stubbs of our conversation, and Mr. Mackay said, "I like it and I'll put in this new 220 straightaway providing the students and the alumni get together and contribute to the cost of the program by building and constructing the culvert across the Orr Ditch. I think the suggestion of this young man is good."

This plan was decided upon. Notice was given of it. The next thing that was necessary in order to get started on it was to communicate with the alumni, the alumni officers and others, and see if they were in sympathy with the improvement. That was my duty as president of the student body. They were all ready and willing to go ahead. Then I submitted it to the student body and they were willing to go ahead. But this question arose within the student body: "How are we going to raise the money? We pay so much each year towards athletics, in addition, but we can't touch that." But they were ready for it if they could be assured of some method of raising the money. extending the hundred-yard straightaway to two hundred and twenty yards."

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I consulted a number of downtown people and asked them what they would suggest in order for the students to raise the necessary money—what we could do. I met with a downtown committee two or three times, and they came up with the idea of a bulls' head breakfast. Even though we were living in a stockman's country and area, that idea was new to many of our people. Dr. J. La Rue Robinson, Harry Gosse, and two or three others agreed to act on a committee with me, Gosse and Robinson both having had experience in preparing bulls' heads.

The student body, in agreeing to this particular thing, consented to my going ahead with it and offered any assistance that I might need. We drew the specifications and procedure. It was necessary for us to dig a big, deep trench in back of the old gymnasium. It was also necessary to get the bulls' heads. It was necessary to get the wood to get the coals; it was necessary to make provision for a place to serve this bulls' head breakfast and get the cooperation of someone who would cook the biscuits and all of the things that went with the breakfast, to consult and see if we could get, first, a lady supervisor for cooking the biscuits, coffee, and so on. [The next thing was to] go out and get this stove. I was able to get the hardware merchant here to donate a stove that had been turned in on a new stove that was adequate, and that was set up in the gymnasium. I was able to get the coal from a coal dealer to supply the heat. I was

also, through soliciting several of the people that were supplying wood in the city, [able] to get the necessary wood to burn and make the coals for the barbecue pit. I contacted the warehouse and got all the sacks that were necessary to wrap the bulls' heads and the hardware people to get the wire necessary to wire the sacks on the heads. The merchants supplied the coffee; the dairy supplied the milk and cream; and those that supplied the coffee supplied the syrup, butter, and such things as that that were necessary. We borrowed such dishes as we could get from the dining hall at the time and supplemented with dishes from the Century Club and one of the fraternal orders, and started on our way. We appointed a chairman to have charge of the opening and closing of the trench, and he was able to borrow shovels and picks and such things as that from the contractors around here and from the University. Before that, I had contacted the Nevada Packing Company for the necessary bull heads, providing that we could get along without the brain, it being the custom in the packing plant to take the brain from the head and use it for marketing.

Mr. Harry Gosse and Dr. J. La Rue Robinson and Jay Clemons—darn, that's funny that name slipped my mind—Mr. I.T. A. Slater (he was the packinghouse man) took charge of wrapping these bulls' heads and such things as that with the assistance of the students, wrapping them in wet burlap, getting the heads prepared to put in the barbecue pit.

The barbecue pit was finished and in order so that we could start in the late afternoon on the day before the barbecue breakfast to build our fires to get the necessary coals. By late evening, the wrapped bulls' heads were put on the coals and immediately covered with earth to a considerable depth. Wood was then put on top of that earth and the fires



again started. It was estimated by the people that were preparing the heads that we could be ready for breakfast around ten o'clock in the morning. The breakfast was served in the gymnasium. The tables were borrowed from such as they had at the University, the Century Club, and some of the fraternal orders. Chairs were obtained from the University.

Oh, yes, I forgot to tell you that one of our merchants supplied paper napkins and so on for us, and also, a type of tablecloth made out of paper. The committee took care of that. Oh, yes, and in borrowing this equipment, I was able to borrow some old coffee pots and coffee urns to prepare coffee.

When we were ready to serve, we had at the barbecue tables to place the bulls' heads when removed from the pit Mr. Gosse and Dr. Robinson, -and I forget who the student was that helped (he'd had some butcher experience), and I think at that time they got Herb Humphrey to come in (he was a cattleman here and also interested in the packing company) to help with the carving. People went by the pit tables, got their meat, walked in with their plates and sat down in the gymnasium.

And by that time, the boys had had the tables set. They brought on the hot buns and fried potatoes for our patrons and immediately poured coffee. We had sugar and cream on the table for those who used it.

As I remember, the estimate of cost of the culvert was just a little over \$1,600, outside of the things that were supplied. What the students, of course, wanted was about \$800. We netted off of that particular project a little more than \$800. It was interesting. We received newspaper publicity, and a lot of our students were local students, and they interested their parents. The result was that—I don't remember what just we charged; it was just a nominal sum, and our guests happily

put up their money and we netted a little over \$800, which was our share. The alumni kicked through with contributions for their \$800, and we had that \$1,600 to start within a very short time.

Now, of course, in connection with a thing like that, you have to take into consideration the possibility of people getting in without paying, so we organized through the cadet battalion a patrol board. We didn't allow anybody to enter excepting on the side towards the gymnasium. They had to pass muster and have their tickets. Oh, yes. The Reno Printing Company printed our tickets, too, free.

Now, at that time, we wanted a cinder track, and it was a question of whether we could get enough cinders. In working with J. M. Fulton, who was the representative of the SP in this area (I forget what his title was, but he was all over the system), he told us not to worry. The railroad people brought cinders from Carlin, Winnemucca, Truckee, and Sparks at that time, and they even hauled them for us. But before they even loaded them, they screened them so we wouldn't have to work them over. He did accomplish something. I think that this project brought the alumni together, more than anything in the past.

One of the reasons I believe Ewe had a united alumni body) was that a little later, we learned that the wife of Richard Brown, who was superintendent of buildings and grounds and in charge of Lincoln Hall and the dining hall, had become seriously ill. It was right after Brown retired, and expenses became heavy and Brown went to Prof Wilson, who was the head of the IC of P, to see if he couldn't either borrow some money on his K of P insurance or cash it in in order to meet these obligations. And dear old Prof Wilson said, "Dick, let me investigate it."

Wilson called me and asked me if I would be willing to write a letter to the alumni that had lived in Lincoln Hall and let them know what the situation was and ask if they would contribute to this emergency. And he said, "I'll run it off on a multigraph for you, and I'll run a signature on it and you just initial it. And I'll put up the mailing, and as the money comes in and we get as much as we expect or a little bit more, we can pay for the stamps."

You know, I don't think I ever did anything that pleased me more. It gave me a better contact with all the alumni than I had. But the replies came back almost immediately with contributions saying, "I wished I could give more." And one fellow said, "I wished I could give more, but here's so much money. That's not a contribution," he said. "That's a payment on the amount of chewing tobacco that I borrowed from Dick while I was in college" [laughing].

Now, while we're on that, that gave me the hunch to work with Prof Wilson to try and raise money from the old THPO fraternity members to contribute towards getting a new house, and the result of that winter, we got a whole bunch of them to contribute a dollar a month. The alumni raised enough money so that we could make the down payment on a house that was down on North Center Street. And we were getting along beautifully. The boys moved in, and under Mr. A. W. Cahlan, they remodeled this four-flat affair into a fraternity house.

But the war came on. All the fraternity men enlisted. They couldn't ask the alumni to carry the note, and they didn't want to rent the place, so the fraternity got something out of the mortgagors on it and sold the property. But there again, that contract with the alumni, in connection with a University function for a University function, brought them closer together. And really, the real interest began

with that first thing that we started sometime before.

I was president of the student body when we had our football game against the Barbarians. Mr. Mackay and members of his family and distinguished guests were seated in the little balcony of the training quarters that overlooked the field, and then you could open up off this big green. And after the game, a group of students picked Mr. Mackay up bodily and carried him across the track. And they just picked him up on their shoulders and brought him across the field and before the bleachers. What an ovation he received! He had a sombrero hat on and the miner's boots, overalls, and a blue shirt on top.

Now, it was my good fortune to be treasurer of the student body in my junior year and then president in my senior year, and as a result of that, I had a lot of personal contacts with Mr. Mackay. I know that he came out here for some sort of a dedication in connection with the field, and Dr. Stubbs had a reception for him at the president's home to which he invited certain guests. But we had asked Mr. Mackay if he wouldn't go out on the town with us. He agreed to go, but he said, "I've got this reception."

So we connived. And at a certain hour, some students appeared over at the president's residence, including one Si Ross. It was fixed up with Mr. Mackay that some of us would be dressed as Though we were guests, and the other fellows, otherwise dressed, would be out on the outside some distance. I think Mr. MacKay must have cued his family on what was planned. We asked it we could speak to Mr. Mackay. Mr. Mackay came out on the porch, and that was the cue to the thing. He then went back and he announced to his wife, "Well, I'll have to be gone for a little bit." So we picked him up and took him to Lincoln Hall and dressed him up as a senior, and we

took in the town, and the next morning, we had our breakfast at Mackay's expense on the Hotel Riverside lanai—ham and eggs.

I found him to be a very wonderful gentleman, a man who wanted to know more about his father's activity. I remember—I think it was at the placing of the cornerstone of the Mackay Science Hall. It was a dedication ceremony. In my conversation with Mr. Mackay, I said, "You know, if your dad was here, he'd been tickled to death to have had the Grand Lodge of Masons lay that stone because he was a Mason and he belonged in Virginia City."

He looked at me, he said, "Would they have done it?"

I said, "Yes."

And he said, "I wished I'd've known at. I would've had it done."

There was a contact. I took him to Virginia City and got one of the old register books and showed him his father's signature.

He [Clarence Mackay] apparently had been solicited by many people for money. Dear Dr. Stubbs had interested him in the University of Nevada. The Mackay family is the first one of anyone that made their money in this state that put anything back in it. He wasn't here much, but he did that in memory of his dad.

Another thing, Mr. Mackay had invited me two or three times, "If you ever come to New York, I want you to come to my office." It was a nice entree, but I never went. As a matter of fact, I was never east until 1923. Well, so much for that setup.

When I was teaching at the University, I had the privilege of working with many of the students. Many extracurricular groups were organized. Many of these organizations have become national in standing. Others have been expanded and are working locally for the benefit of the University. One organization

which became national was the beginning of what the Blue Key is. And that's the one I'm trying to think of. The group was known as the "Buck Grabbers." The constitution was the "Buck Grabber's Creed." It was founded in 1922. In later years it became the Blue Key organization. The author of the creed was John Morse, who became vice president of J. Walter Thompson, the largest advertising agency in the world. It is claimed that the type and border used to produce the document came around the Horn in the early 1850's. Then I started the employment, too.

You know, I was invited as a guest at this alumni affair. I've been a life member of the association for years. But this [free season pass] pleases me very much. I get this every year. Now, that's a little personal note from Jake [Lawlor].

I was invited out the other night, and they wouldn't accept my money. Jake said, "You've been a member all these years." Old Jake says that I did more for athletics in the University than all the rest of them put together. We did go through a lot of trouble to get it ironed out. It took us into the Moseley administration, the latter part of that, before we got it straightened out. And still, it wasn't perfected then until the year that Newt Crumley and Roy Hardy and Louis Lombardi, I think, came on the Board.

Speaking of maintaining traditions, the question comes up, how do you discipline them? They had traditions in the halls, the living quarters, too, you know. And how do you accomplish these things? And what is your discipline? Well, they had a certain group, the executive group. Infractions would be reported to them and they would take it under consideration. They would get the parties together, the complaining people and the others, and present you with [their case], and they would penalize you. Or they'd give you warning first, then finally penalize you.

And still, if that didn't do any good, why, you might as well leave.

In Lincoln Hall, as long as I was there as a student, and later as assistant for a couple years, we always had somebody, or somebodies, who wouldn't—they just wouldn't cooperate. Now, then, if they didn't comply, they were told a second time, and depending upon the offense, you were punished. There was one who was just—he was generally nasty. He always would talk back and so on. They picked him up one night and they took him out to the Dixon slaughterhouse and made him go up that hill and put him in a barrel and rolled him down in this barrel. And then they said if he took that all right, fine. If not, they'd help him carry it back and they'd do it until he did. Then when he did that, they told him to keep walking and don't come back until a certain time.

Another one they had was from the East. He was quite a musician. He'd get out on that balcony with his miserable old cornet, tootin' and blowin' it when you were trying to study, and even sometimes at night when you wanted to sleep. He didn't seem to care for other people. They warned him, but he kept going, so they fixed this up. They said they'd try this, and they knew they might ruin his cornet, or whatever you call that instrument he played. They went up to the room above where he usually sat and they had a tub of water there. He'd just got to going good, and they dumped that all over the top of him. Then they picked him up, dragged him in through the window, and told him to change his clothes. They would dry these other things and they'd give him until tomorrow morning to come and apologize, or he'd be shown the road.

Another chap insisted on growing a mustache and doing his hair any way he wanted to. He would walk across campus—anything he wanted to do. Finally, he became

so unruly they told him to shave this mustache and get his hair trimmed, but he didn't. I recall this because a counselor came to my room about ten, ten-fifteen p.m. I was studying, and [he] said, "Come with us."

I said, "What's going on?"

They said, "You come with us. We'll give you time to put your books away, and you keep your mouth shut. This is a discipline case, and we want you to see it so that you will be informed. Next year, you will be a senior, and we look to you to maintain the traditions."

This man, his room was on the second floor, practically over the kitchen of Mr. Brown's apartment. He was sitting at his table, studying. Now, the committee were pretty good-sized men. They framed the whole thing. They had two who were going to take him by the arms and shoulders, two for the legs and feet, and then they had a fifth one with a razor. They walked in and told him that he was to be quiet and listen to what they had to say and take what they had to offer and make no noise. The fellow with the razor said this: "If you do, we'll just use this to cut your throat. We'll burn you up down in the basement, and nobody will ever know what happened."

And with that, the two big fellows took him by the shoulders and arms and lifted him, and the other two fellows took his legs and laid him on the bed and held him there. The chap with the razor shaved one part of his mustache off here [one side] with that dull razor. The penalty was exercised; this threat was there. They said, "We're leaving, but we've got some people on the door to guard it. Don't you leave it. Don't you make any noise until after eight-thirty in the morning."

He didn't, but he went over to the president to complain. The president said he was glad to get this information, but they had a system of handling these particular things. The first

thing he would have to do was to talk with Mr. Drown of Lincoln Hall. After that was over, they would have to go before a faculty committee. So this fellow left. Dr. Stubbs said, "I'll try to get that done today or by forenoon tomorrow."

So he came back the next day, and the president told him that Mr. Brown said that there was no noise at all in the building, that that room was right over his place, and he'd've heard it. But he was now going to refer it to the committee on the faculty, and he'd have a chance to be heard. The culprit got mad and called the German consul at San Francisco. This fellow phoned for an appointment, and Dr. Stubbs graciously granted it, but he said, "My program is filled up until tomorrow morning (a certain time)." So the man said he would be here.

By that time, these boys were out of town. Old Dick said, "Take your books with you. Don't write, or anything like that." They fixed it up with the faculty to send these lessons out. The boys were out there a little over two weeks. [After] two weeks, the matter settled down, because when the consul did come up and he heard the circumstances, that was the end of it. Well, this chap left the school.

How, that's pretty rough going. But they never hurt anyone physically. In all the years I was there, if a person got hurt, it was his own darn foolishness by probably trying to drive in with the group or trying to hit somebody. And he'd probably be hit by somebody else, you see? And you know, the faculty and all of them cooperated.

How, maybe these things are wrong. But here's an older person that wouldn't obey tradition, thus setting a bad example for a freshman.

We used to have KP every once in a while, too. That was just this: you'd see boys and girls work in the dining room and they had to clean

up. They set the tables and then had to clean up afterward. They would probably give some of the dissidents a little duty and they'd have to stay around and do the cleaning up for the regularly employed student.

Paddling came in through the fraternities. It came in after I was out of the University. They would discipline the offender by so many paddles across—. You'd lay down—you'd lay down on the table, and they'd get three or four swats that way. But that type of punishment was ineffective and dangerous.

I can remember the cadet major, L. D. Skinner, calling us together (he was the head of the THPO group at that time), and he'd give us a lecture: "Our duty was first to the University. The second was to learn to live together here. And the third was to develop ourselves to meet competition. And one of the ways is to develop leadership. And there's certain honors that we have here. Now, my suggestion is for you people to get together, and each select at least one objective and work towards its accomplishment as your extracurricular work." It was sound and good advice. Among the objectives were the cadet major, the president of the student body, the president of your class, the editor of the paper, and the manager of the paper. Then, if you were an athlete, it would be your football captain, track captain, baseball captain. The other was the Academic League, but that was changed so that the president of the Academic League would be the president of the student body. The student body was sponsoring the League, the University was controlling it, but the president of the student body was sort of the chairman to see that it was all organized and kept in shape.

Dad Skinner was to graduate that year, but when it came time to vote it, one of the faculty persons objected to him getting his diploma because he lacked a certain amount



of French to meet the entrance requirement. She agreed that she would let him go up and get a dummy diploma and she would also give him the time, coach him up to get this credit, and then to grant him the diploma afterwards.

Dr. Stubbs called him in and explained the situation, and he said, "Mr. Skinner, I would go through with it that way." And he said, "Just go over and see her and at least thank her for it."

So Dad went over and the lady admitted him. He told her he was making the call by suggestion of Dr. Stubbs. She said, "Yes, I'll do that, Mr. Skinner."

"Well," he said, "I'm not going to come over. I came up to the University to study mining engineering and I think I have learned it. I have more credits than necessary to graduate. All are solids. And I can go ahead in the field. I didn't come up here to learn to be a sheepherder. I don't need that French."

He was afterward presented his diploma.

But anyhow, the boys were celebrating that night when Dad received report of the action of the faculty. They went downtown. They had a few beers, but they felt good. Dad went up the hill, and as his companions started up the hill, he'd tackle them. They were having a good time. And my, I can remember one time a big bunch of noise coming up that old board walk. They were having a good time whoopin' and hollerin'. A couple of ladies of the faculty board heard the noise and reported it to the president and gave the names of the boys. The president called Mr. Brown in, and after he told Mr. Brown about this and who these people were, Dick said, "That time was that?"

"Oh, eleven, twelve o'clock, something like—."

"It's all a damn lie. All a damn lie. That wasn't any of my boys. They were all in the hall. The doors were locked and I know it. I

was around." He just stood by them—none of his boys.

Oh, we had so many marvelous people, Bob Lewers, for instance, Henry Thurtell, Prof. N. E. Wilson, Cushman in the English department, George J. Young in mining, a man by the name of Reed in geology and mineralogy, all heads of the departments—and some over in the mechanical building. To know them was to love them, because if you had a problem, you could go to them and talk it over. And if you had missed something that was in his particular subject, he'd tutor you and bring you up. Oh, the hours that those men put in! And they were all busy people. But those were the old-timers.

I didn't know Mr. Jackson. I knew Charlie Brown who succeeded him and then died before he could get to work. Peter Frandsen was another one of those old-timers, later, Lehenbauer. We just don't seem to have that dedication today, and we haven't had it for many years. But that's probably due to many reasons. You didn't have as many students; the teaching load wasn't as heavy. Yet, a lot of these people taught clear across the board. For instance, Reed was the only man in the department; he took Louderback's place here. He taught mineralogy and geology. young, for instance, went into the mining from surveying all the way along. And they worked them hard. Poor Pete Frandsen, he just had one assistant with all of these students in biology, but he always found time to help. You know, the students appreciated it. in the event that they didn't cooperate, these profs'd say, "All right" [waves his hand]. And that was it. They could go their own way.

flow, that takes in a little bit on the discipline and traditions. You know, I'm satisfied that most of the faculty members knew what the students were doing in the matter of discipline. And while outwardly

they couldn't endorse it, they were glad to see the students take that interest to discipline their own for the benefit of all.

When Mr. Mackay came, he gave us that quadrangle and the theory behind it, later the athletic field and some of the bleachers, and the training quarters. There's something that set in the minds of us, when it was explained to us that what they were attempting to do was to reproduce the campus of the University of Virginia, that this was going to be an enlargement on the original plan of Thomas Jefferson for the University of Virginia. They even adopted the idea of these pillars. The sidewalks were built out of brick. They didn't build the fence out of it. The walks, of course, went around—the bricks on end were in at an angle. They didn't have enough bricks, and they got the strength of it that way. It would mean that it was centralized. Then they showed room for expansion along certain lines.

I know a lot of us sat down and read all we could about the University of Virginia campus plan. And the more we read about it, the happier we were. They were going to locate the administration building at the head of the quadrangle; that's Morrill Hall. But back at Virginia, they had plenty of parking area around there. We didn't have it. If you have a chance (they ought to be in our University archives) to see that original plan, you'll see a great big building on that site with a big dome. That was to be the administration building and auditoriums.

Really, I must say, I had a lot of genuine presumption, but when Mr. Mackay wanted to talk to me about the plan (that was in my junior year), I expressed myself. I told him that in the first place, I thought we ought to preserve one of the old buildings for tradition's sake. And I would like to see the first building, Morrill Hall, [saved]. That's the site that you

have for this administration building, where people will go to park. Where's your chance for expansion if it's going to take up the whole end of that quad?

Now, you see, that plan was changed when Dr. Clark came. The buildings are now where the agricultural building is, and the education building. Those were to be in along the quad, just the same as they are on the east side. And then they were to have a driveway through the west of that and develop the other way. Now, Dr. Clark moved it over more and that was changed. It's supposed to have been changed a half dozen times. Right now, the architecture's all different.

Now, going to the school of nursing, Arthur Orvis was the one that conceived this idea, and it was to be called the Orvis School of Nursing. He started it out by giving the University a certain amount of money and the balance to come after we got the school started. He outlined pretty well what he wanted. I had met Arthur through social contacts, and our families visited back and forth. While he lived up at Elk Point, he joined the Genoa lodge of Masons. He knew that I was interested in Masonry and he said, "Would the Grand Lodge of Masons lay the cornerstone of this building if it's built?"

I said, "Yes, all one has to do is to extend the invitation. They'd be glad to do it." And that was remembered.

When the school [of nursing] was started, before [construction on] the building was begun (the nursing school, as I remember it, was housed in a particular part of the Sarah Fleischmann school of home economics), they had a reception for the nursing students and faculty over there. Arthur invited me to attend the reception. So when I arrived, he called the group of girls together and said, "This is the man that saved this (school) for you."

He said, "This didn't progress as I had hoped it would, and I had thought of just forgetting about it, and," he said, "I talked to Mr. Ross about it. Mr. Ross advised that, 'We were late in getting the program moving; there were other things that had to be done.' We had to deal with the legislature first. Mr. Ross further said, 'Arthur, you're a man that's never gone into anything but what you've kept your word. And we'd like to have moved faster, but we're getting along all right now.' Then I said, 'All right, go ahead.' Si saved it."

I was a little embarrassed because, really, I never thought that what I said would ever be repeated. I never felt that I was responsible for saving the school. When they had their first capping ceremony, Arthur insisted that I attend. Mervylle and I attended, and we had good seats. Arthur looked around, and pretty soon he got me up, and I was sitting on the stage with these girls, where again, he mentioned that I had had a lot to do with keeping him interested in the project until it became a reality.

The University was arranging this (fiftieth year class reunion), and they called me to suggest a chairman. I suggested Stan Palmer (he was active on the campus) and Effie Mack, who was in Reno. At the last moment, I was advised that neither of the two would act. I had to take it over, and I had to do some quick thinking. We had a lot of former students come back. I made it my business to know who these people were because they'd let us know they would be present. I'd look them up and place them that way. So we had classes from the beginning on up to 1909.

We had the first introductory speeches, and I had each one of them introduce himself and give his year. That done, then we called on each one of them for his class yell. Some of them couldn't remember it. Stan Palmer and Effie Mack couldn't remember it. Stan Palmer

and Effie Mack didn't remember what class they were in, and I had to give our class yell. It was always, "Rah rah rah! Kick-a-rah-kine! Nevada, Nevada, 1909!"

But some of the traditions, like how we dressed to go to a school function, how many university functions were allowed, the traditions of our living, and things like that—I had one of them there who slipped in the dormitory when he was in the top of Stewart Hall. I don't know—we brought out a lot of those little things that aren't being done today, or weren't being done.

Then to get them interested, I made a general statement, that undoubtedly every one of us had been in some sort of mischief that was contrary to University policy, and to think it over, and I was going to ask them later what that was. And gee, I got some great stories! And it was fun. We went on and on and on on this thing until finally we had to close it. We all had a good time. As a matter of fact, I observed in introducing these fellows around [that] they ought to know each other, but they didn't. And I would have to tell them. So I'd kid them about it and tell them how old and senile they were and cite those things. So it turned out pretty well.

I wound the thing up by saying this: "We're all kind of willing to criticize. We all are prone to do this. Well, I want to say this, that as far as I'm concerned, I know that people have interfered with our University. Politics has crept into it and the like of that. The terms of the presidents were varied, and each president had his trouble with the legislature and with other sources, and each class had trouble downtown. But all in all, these presidents accomplished something, something good. And the things that they accomplished far outnumbered any criticism. And every man that we've had here (and I know them, all but the first one; my father knew him and I knew

his son, but you can read his record), every one of them, laid a foundation stone upon which to build and accomplished a lot within this University. And we owe them much." I further said, "Some of these presidents were in trouble when you were here. And some of you weren't as generous, just like some of the rest of them now. But they're part of our University." So I made a little speech and said, "Let's get together and boost."

I then summed up some of these criticisms which were unwarranted. And I called their attention to this fact. I said, "You know, I'm a farm kid. You can take a boy off the farm, but you can't take the farm out of the boy. But I'm still interested in farming. But there's one thing that I do object to: that the agriculturists are so well recognized that they can go out and get plenty of money for the doctoring of cattle and experiments, and so forth, yet we even get sufficient equipment for research here, and we can't get enough for our health layout, and so on."

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## CAREER, A NEW PHASE: THE STATE ANALYTIC LABORATORY

Mr. Scrugham conceived the idea of making an analysis of the boiler waters of the Southern Pacific between the Truckee and the state line in the eastern part of the state, with the idea of determining the effect of the soluble salts in water on the boiler tubes that carried the hot water. He came over to Dr. [Maxwell] Adams and asked him if he'd cooperate in making an analysis of these waters to determine the effect of the salts. So they brought over these waters and Dr. Adams asked me if I would take care of the analysis. I said, "Yes, if you people have in mind what you want." So they decided that we would analyze the waters and divide the samples first, and then we'd use the other for an experiment. Then they decided that the thing to do was to pick sections of the boiler; they were going to analyze the water first. Then we would put the sections in the water, and as they rusted, we'd make an analysis from time to time to determine the corrosiveness of the salt. That takes a period of time. So it'd only been going about a month. Mr. Scrugham was looking for a report right now. So he told

Adams and Adams came in to me, and I said, "Look, Dr. Adams, we can't do that kind of report now. We haven't had a chance for the experiment to react completely. The only way that we can do it properly is to continue the experiment and determine the amount of the salts that are in the water that are taken over here. When we find that out, we can estimate the amount of rust. As a matter of fact, that rust should be taken out, dried, and weighed to determine this thing."

Well, Scrugham couldn't wait that long. He wanted it right now. So I said to Dr. Adams, "All right, I won't sign any report. You can kick me out, but," I said, "you know it isn't right. Now, if he wants to come over and look at water, we'll just stop our research and he can determine for himself the physical purpose."

He did. He wrote a paper on it. Didn't amount to anything.

Then I also did analytical work for the food and drug department and would analyze those samples of foods and drugs when they came to the laboratory in the summertime. Those days, you had your three months'



vacation, but two were supposed to be used in improving yourself and end up your work with a bibliography. You had a month to yourself, and the rest of the time the University could assign you. So they assigned me this through the summer. It was the best experience I ever had. I can tell you stories on that.

Miles Kennedy sent me a snap that was taken of the exhibit we made at the Fallon fair not long ago. We went down to a mining camp in Nevada, and I took samples of strawberry jam, of fresh green peas and all-day suckers, and so on down the line— butter—and we brought the samples in and started to work on them. I got sort of intrigued. I asked if the department wouldn't put somebody else on the field work for a few days and permit me to do the work in the laboratory on these samples.

I took, I think, three all-day suckers and dissolved out the coloring matter that was in them. I diluted it, and purchased a little baby chemise. You know what that thing is, the diaper and the bootee (the little shoes) and the little stockings. I dyed all of those from the solution. We also found that the coloring wasn't a vegetable dye, but it was a coal-tar dye.

After, we got into the peas, and I just couldn't figure the dye that would be in that thing. I had a dickens of a time. I knew there was something wrong. All at once, then, I said, "There must be artificial color. What could it be colored with?" And I said, "Well, now, I have a hunch." I said, "Copper sulfate." It was there. So I dyed a table setting—knife, fork, teaspoon, soup spoon, butter spreader.

Now, I came to my strawberry preserves, and I was stuck. : knew what should be there. So I went to Dr. Adams and I said, "You know, I think that these were artificially colored, and I'd like to have permission to analyze them and the liquid portion, also.

Then we came to this other thing, the jam, and I was again stuck. Finally, I went over to the agricultural department that had the different grass seeds. I asked for some strawberry seeds. I took them and examined it, and I took this jam and examined it. No soap. Pretty soon, I had a hunch. I went back and got a lot of different samples and made a comparison. Sure enough, these seeds were little clover seeds.

I went back, then, to the matrix. I found the matrix to be glucose. Then I went to the coloring matter, and I found that that was coal-tar dye. Then what would give it the taste? Hydrochloric acid? Yes, just enough of it to give the taste. Then there was also one of these preservatives that they put in most of the time—it's still used. As long as it's indicated on the label there, they could use preservatives.

Then liquor was put under the food and drug department. I went down to Sparks and I went into a bar and ordered some bourbon liquor. I poured three fingers. Then I put my hand on the bottom of the glass and put this little hydrometer in there, and the hydrometer darn near jumped out of the glass. I sealed it right away. I also took a sample out of this bottle and sealed it and gave it to the bartender. My bottle, with a seal the same number as his, was placed in my bag. Then I went to lunch.

Gosh, I had a time with this sample! I talked to the other fellows in the department. None of them could suggest what to do. I said, "Well, this is adulterated, I think. But what gave it the color? It isn't burnt sugar." But I tried for it.

So we decided to go back to the bar. I took Mr. Dinsmore with me. We conversed with the bartender a little bit to see if he hadn't filled these bottles out of a keg. This was admitted. The bar bottles were filled from a whiskey barrel. So I said to Dinny, "let's go

down and take a look at this whiskey barrel. Let's draw some liquor out of it and seal the spigot and seal the hole on top. One of us can stay here, or we can both leave and go up and analyze it."

We found out certain things, and we identified the alcohol. But we couldn't identify the coloring matter. It was diluted in the alcohol. I suggested to Dinny that it would be a good thing if we looked inside of the barrel. These big barrels just have a hole in the top in addition to the spigot. We took possession of the barrel, and we knocked a hole in the top and looked into it. [Cigar butts] and cigarette butts floated on top of the so-called liquor. And that's where they were getting the coloring. And that's the liquor they were serving to these poor old Mexican patrons! We also found the scotch. And the flavor was gotten from the juice of these juniper (berries). Oh, we had just a lot of fun in those days.

Well, anyhow, we had that exhibit, and I was the one that picked up most of the samples, did the analytic work, so I had to do the talking about our exhibit. I had a large and interested audience. Now, those all-day suckers would've passed muster if the label had carried this information. Well, I guess, probably the strawberry preserves'd be all right if they would have labeled the bottle, "Matrix, glucose." We found a lot of oleomargarine that was sold as butter. And we did finally find a lot of these adulterated products coming out of Utah when we went over on our later visit.



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## A CAREER IN FUNERAL PRACTICE

### **HISTORICAL SKETCH OF FUNERAL PRACTICE**

[Reading from notes and script]: Some time ago, I wrote two articles, (1) "The Funeral Customs Throughout the Ages," and (2) "The Acacia." Both of these articles were published in the Star and Trestle Board and the New Age magazine. "The Acacia" was also published in the 100th anniversary bulletin of the Acacia Life Insurance Company. I believe copies of these articles were presented to the University of Nevada Library. Reference to these articles may fill in any omissions that may be made (in) describing the early first funeral customs of the state of Nevada.

May I first completely outline burial customs as practiced by the Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, English, and New Englanders in our first Colonies. It is to be remembered that funeral customs first started in Egypt, and the customs then were taken over in Greece with certain modifications. Then from there, it went to Rome with certain modifications, and then from Rome, it went to England

with certain modifications, and then was brought to the Colonies. And I'm making some observations on this. The early funeral services in Egypt, Greece, Rome, and the British Isles had a religious motif and were governed somewhat by necessary sanitation—Dead bodies were buried as soon as possible after death for these sanitary reasons. It was the custom in earliest times for friends to dig the grave six to eight feet in depth, lay a bed of charcoal on the bottom of the grave, place the body thereon, and cover it with earth saturated with a nitros solution. This provided for slow and inoffensive decomposition.

In checking the early records, we find (738-1102 B.C.) that the Egyptians had three grades of embalming: (1) the most expensive—it consisted of the removing of the brain and viscera, and then embalmed and preserved them separately, and they were placed in a series of four canopis, or canopic jars or burial vases. The cavities of the head and body were washed clean and filled with spices and resins. The body was then immersed in the soda solution for forty

days, following which time it was wrapped in fine linen. Now, (2) is the less costly. They injected cedar oil in the cavities without evisceration. The body was laid in natrum or natron (and that is a fixed alkali) for a fixed period, at which time the cedar oil, which had dissolved the soft organs, was released. The body, the flesh of which was dissolved by the natron, was reduced to preserve the skin and bones. (3) The third, as practiced by the poorer classes, consisted of purging the intestines and soaking the body in soda solution for seventy days.

The use of bitumen or pitch was a later development and resulted in a hard black mummy which tended to last almost indefinitely. It is the type that, in the Western mind, constitutes the proper image of an Egyptian mummy.

Bodies were embalmed with expensive unguents, spices, oils, and resins, but they quickly lost their preserved condition when unwrapped and were not likely to remain long on public display.

Another method was to withdraw the intestines from the side of the body. They were then cleaned and immersed in palm wine and afterwards covered with pounded aromatics. The body was then filled with a powder of myrrh, cassia, and other perfumes. The body was then sewed up and covered with niter for a period of seventy days. It was then washed and closely wrapped in bandages of cotton dipped in a gum which the Egyptians used as glue. This all being done, the body was placed in the coffin.

Now, chemical embalming in Europe: In those days, the occupational specialists were divided into four classes. One was the designer or painter (that would be the coffin maker, of course); two, the dissector or anatomist; three, the pollinator or apothecary; and four, the embalmer or surgeon, or in

some cases, the physician, the surgeon, and the priest. So much for the Egyptians briefly.

Reverence for the dead permeates the burial customs throughout all ages. The preparation of the dead body was generally done by family members. Washing of the body was done by women chosen from the next of kin. Laying out and dressing the body was a sacred duty entrusted in like manner to the female members of the family. No serious attempt at embalming was made, although the body was anointed with oils, perfumes, and spices. And then, in the Greek custom, they never buried a body naked. It always had clothing on it. Now, to explain that, nearly all of these had been wrapped in linen, and such Things as that, and put away that way. But the Greeks used the clothing of the individual. We also find that cremation of the dead began in Greece in 1000 B.C. And in that area, they used coffins. They also used tombs, and they were made of wood, stone, and baked clay.

Now, the ancient Romans, and this covers the early Christian, Hebrew, and Scandinavian burial customs. I find that the resemblance of many pagan funeral customs to our own is so striking as to suggest that the practices of Western civilization today were drawn from Eastern non-Christian sources (probably accidentally). It would appear that the basic system of concepts underlying present Western funeral practices are centrally rooted in the Judeo-Christian mortuary beliefs. Specific rituals and practices have resulted from the rise of sects and denominations, and even within these some modifications have taken place. It was probably due to local and national customs, factions, and whims. It is claimed that the basic ideologies underlying the Christian orientation to the dead and the provisions for their disposition have remained essentially unchanged today.



Now, the early Christian belief regarding death and disposal of the dead were built upon the general mortuary ideology of the Hebrews as verified and expanded by the teachings of Christ.

American colonial settlements were founded in the main by English-speaking people who sought freedom of religious organization, Fortune and fame—or simply, the chance to acquire a decent existence. The Virginia Colony, founded in 1607 at Jamestown, had as its underpinning a distinctly commercial motif. The impulse behind the Massachusetts Bay Colony, on the other hand, was primarily religious. Having no quarrel with the established Church of England, the Virginia colonists incorporated it into their government. It remained there along integral lines until after the Revolution.

The Pilgrim Fathers, conversely, rejected not only the Anglican but all other denominations and sects except their own creed. They set up a theocracy which continued for well over a century. Now, by theocracy, they meant this: that there was set up a belief in a Supreme Being, not necessarily the god that you and I worship, but it could be any of these things, and they were at liberty to worship that way. In other words, they had many gods in this thing. In neither case, however, was [there] any reason compelling the dissociation of death and the disposal of the dead from a sacred or religious context. On the contrary, death became one of the prime occasions for pulpit sermons on the essential mortality of mankind and the need for more exemplary ways of living.

A broader and more far-reaching development was the attempt by the colonists to shed their legal system of ecclesiastical law and to formalize the controls of the New World society by recourse only to common

law tempered by the inference that, “if it isn’t reasonable, it cannot be good law.”

Early American burial was in the churchyard. Work, ownership, substance, and salvation became parts of a unity of existence that had made up life in the colonies, founded, as it were, upon the principle that held, “Hard work is akin to godliness.

Now, the early American burial practices. New England graveyards were familiar places to the living as well as a resting place for the dead. That’s a statement. Gravestones not only identified the bodily remains, but through inscriptions in the form of epitaphs served as a medium for proper literary expression (using that advisedly). The dead were not alienated from the living in colonial times, rather, the inscriptions spun the thread of remembrance to the unique personalities of those who had passed on. That’s interesting to go back in those inscriptions. Death was never denied. In fact, the most persistent symbol of early New England days was probably the skull and crossbones.

Early New England burials were models of simplicity and quiet dignity. Mourners merely followed the coffin containing the dead body to the graveyard and stood silently as the grave was filled. In later years, mourning took on an extensive social character. Rings, scarves, gloves, books, poetry, and needlework all were used by the Colonists in the process of paying tribute to the dead. They handed them out. (Until this last war, one of the things that we used was pallbearers’ gloves. We don’t use them any more.) Vast numbers of each were given away, and the quality varied with the social status, blood relationship, or friendship that the recipient had with the bereaved. And this is interesting; I found this: In 1721, 1724, and 1742 the General Court of Massachusetts passed laws prohibiting extraordinary expense at funerals.” Now, you’ll see why a little bit later.

A typical New England town funeral in the middle 1800's indicates the following basic pattern: Upon death, neighbors— or possibly a nurse, if the faintly was well-to-do—would wash and lay out the body. The local carpenter or cabinetmaker would build the coffin, choosing the quality of wood to fit the social position of the deceased. And in special cases, they used the term “coffin furniture” (that means decorations). That would be added to the coffin, and these were metal decorations imported from England. Relatives and friends within a day's travel would be notified immediately. It was not customary to let the body lie in state. If the weather was warm, the body would be embalmed and placed in cerecloth. And that cerecloth is sheets soaked in alum, pitch, or wax. And sometimes, alcohol sheets were used. Rings, scarves, or gloves would be distributed to all those invited to the funeral. The procession to the grave was on foot with underbearers actually carrying the coffin on a bier, while pallbearers, who were the men of dignity and consanguinity, held the corners of the pall. If the distance was far, fresh underbearers were used; and in any case, the procession went slowly and was marked by numerous rest stops.

Now, these what they call underbearers were the people that were working with these new ways and became quite prominent during the Civil war. They used the pall for the reason that it would protect the casketed body from storms or anything like that, but it would be hidden from those that might be bandits and such things as that. And I can find some old pictures of that. They had six, and they had this canopy above it, and they would carry that, the pallbearers would.

And this idea of underbearers, when I was writing this, I was reminded of the time when I was in college, one of our boys died rather suddenly, and they had a little service for him

here in the mortuary. The cadet battalion turned out as an honor guard. And then they had bearers; they had twelve of us, and six would carry a while, then the others, and we accompanied that body from the mortuary to the station, where they put it in the shipping chest, and they sent it over to Genoa.

In many towns there were no gravediggers; consequently, neighbors supplied the necessary labor. Sometimes the church sexton dug the grave and slowly tolled the bell to announce the funeral. He collected a fee for each service. And the bell would toll very slowly and lasted over a period of several minutes. The purpose of tolling the bell was to notify people that there was a funeral procession coming. Now, the Roman Catholics used to toll a bell when we were approaching the church, but they don't do it any more. The sexton was an all-around man in those early days in the church. He was the janitor; he had charge of the grave—the digging of the graves and tolling the bell, and so forth. And he was paid.

It should be noted that the funeral customs varied somewhat with nationality. Historians claim that there were great social changes in the New England colonial days resulting from two revolutions, one political, the other economic; and that is the Revolutionary War, and then the economic period after that. American urbanism developed the aristocratic class, the middle class, and the lower class. Extravagance sprang up, and new and more elastic codes of conduct were accepted. Elaborate and more costly funerals were noted, resulting in a shift to simpler customs. Hence this thing that I mentioned up above here; I've mentioned it again. With the economic revolution and legislative scrutiny came a material change in funeral behavior. The luxury of gloves, scarves, rings, and so forth was eliminated. Even the luxury of food

and drink was cast out. Aromatics, perfumes, and so forth, were cut out and replaced by the use of sawdust and tar and the use of iceboxes.

I'm jumping now from that early day to the Civil War. Following the Civil War, the preservation of the dead was felt as a need. There was a rapid rise, spread, and acceptance for a body to be preserved preliminary to the proper interment. And by preserved, we mean embalmed, such as they had in those days. Another aspect of this development was the attention, ingenuity, and effort directed to the preservation of the dead by many persons acting independently and often unknown to one another. Some say that one of the reasons for the rapid and virtually universal spread of embalming in America was "a new way of living in the world" and new social forms emerging in the caste of American funeral behavior. In other words, it had to be a display.

Village life to some extent was founded upon the mutual aid and protection. The pattern of defense was to live together, rather than to fortify each dwelling. Small settlements fostered a community spirit which was expressed in either church or family graveyards. The family plot has always been a common element of cemetery organization in America. (I think I mentioned that.) Much importance was attached to being gathered, not only to but with the fathers.

Now, about this time, the compact village did not commonly appear west of the Appalachians. After the Indian raids had been minimized, it was safe for rural people to live in distant places in the farming areas. Now, they had their cemeteries, and even though they lived some distance, they would come over and bury there. Now, that time also promoted, or rather, manifested or showed the necessity of proper temporary preservation of the body, you see, to go this distance. Thus, the need for more adequate and reliable methods

of body preservation was generated to the extent that the desire to be buried "at home" called for the transportation of the body some distance.

Utility of chemical embalming had been demonstrated in England, France, and so forth, but with no appreciable amount of popular acceptance up until that time. The American methods of preserving the body up to the Civil War was based on the simple rudiments of refrigeration, air-tight burial cases (hermetically sealed leaden containers is what I mean by that) enclosed in shipping boxes, and also corpse coolers. Chemical embalming by injection was brought into American funeral practice shortly before the Civil War. Research and development in the production of fluids was done more or less independently by physicians, anatomists, and chemists. In America, zinc chloride compounds for the preservation of dead flesh was used. Now, arsenical and mercurous compounds were used in England but were outlawed in France. Today, we are not permitted to use arsenical fluids or any mercurous compounds. We can use a mercurous compound to bathe a body where they have infection, and such things as that.

Now, this may be interesting, coming to the Civil War burials. Now, mind you, this is started ahead; it was done ahead of time, and a lot of it was done because so much of the Civil War was around Washington, D. C., and that's where most of it began. But when it extended, General Order No. 33, issued by the War department in 1862, reads as follows:

In order to secure, as far as possible, the decent interment of those who have fallen or who may fall in battle, it is made the duty of the commanding generals to lay out lots or ground in some suitable spot near

the battlefield as soon as it may be in their power and to cause the remains of those killed to be interred with head boards on the graves bearing the numbers, and where practical, the names of the persons buried therein. A register of each burial ground will be preserved, which shall be noted and marked corresponding with the headboard.

The opening of the Civil War found embalming and the compounding of embalming fluids monopolized by physicians, surgeons, physiologists, anatomists, chemists, pharmaceutical druggists, and other persons connected with the rising medical profession. Its closing saw changes which eventually brought these processes and preparations almost completely under the control of the pharmacists and undertakers. Now, the undertakers at that time were those other persons connected with the rising medical profession, see, and they were the periphery group, as they were called. Then, of course, the wholesale chemical compound concerns started then.

The decade following the war, we find the surgeon-embalmer playing a less important role. He was less eager to make a career out of embalming than were others outside of the peripheral to the medical arts. And the undertaker, so to speak, advanced.

This period became to the undertakers—or what we now call funeral directors, or funeral service operators—one of great opportunity. They experimented with new practices and ideas and reviewed the developments in the funeral field as they had been augmented by the war, such as funeral processions, ceremonial disposal of the dead, pageantry, mournful simple silence, noise and excessive behavior (wakes), mock gaiety, or real gloom. It was said that “the

funeral procession is a dramatic movement involving many actors.” That goes back, you see, to all these people that processed it. It has also been said that “of all processions, the funeral procession is the oldest, but the funeral varies widely in different countries. It is one of the most human acts.” The word “funeral” is derived from *funeralis*, the Latin for torchlight procession.

Now, I’m starting the migration of ’49. During the great migration to the West in 1849 and following the Civil War, many of the early and later funeral customs of New England were practiced en route and in small settlements. Small rest and change stations, supply villages, and later, communities, grew up. There were deaths along the way. Most small settlements established a graveyard in which the burials were made. Identification of the graves was similar to those adopted by the government during the Civil War. In many cases, relatives returned and erected gravestones to mark the graves of their loved ones, similar to colonial days. At times, death occurred long distances from a settlement. In such cases, the body was buried along the route and wooden crosses (were] erected on the grave and stones placed thereon as a support and for protection of the cross.

Now, I’m jumping. Several wagon trails across Nevada and many change and rest stations were established, as well as small villages. Small communities were established in the agricultural areas and mining camps. The records show that graveyards were soon established in each area. Many of the mining camps and small villages have been abandoned. Yet, the gravestones tell the story of the pioneer who braved all vicissitudes in order to provide freedoms—the freedoms established by the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, and the Bill of Rights.

Now, we say in the early days of Nevada, funerals in rural areas followed this pattern: Women layers-out were common; the cabinetmaker made a coffin; friends opened and closed the grave; they walked to the cemetery; undertakers carried the casket; pallbearers carried the pall. If the distance to the cemetery was great, the close neighbor drove a team of horses attached to a spring wagon or buckboard to haul the casket.

Now, later in Nevada, coffins were available in the cabinet worker's shop or a combination furniture store. The caskets were lined by the cabinet worker or his wife or the funeral dealer or the furniture dealer or furniture maker. A coroner or medic determined the cause of death. No certificate of death was required in the early days. Rude cemetery records were kept by the undertaker. The man would take them down on just a piece of paper.

As the community grew and conditions were more stable, legislation was effected requiring certificates of death to be filed and permits issued for the burial. Cemeteries were regulated. And as the mining camps became more stable and men experienced in preparing the dead moved to the camps and nearby areas, the undertaking profession grew. Usually they were connected with some other business or occupation.

There were no embalming schools in the early days. One learned from practical men or proctors, who had learned from peripheral men who became undertakers after the close of the Civil War. In the late '90's and the early 1900's, short courses were offered by men well versed in mortuary practice as learned from those who served during the Civil War. These courses were offered over a period of one month or six weeks. Then compends (they got out a book) were prepared and printed for reference for the beginners, and it covered anatomy and a lot of things like that.

[Reading from notes and script]: The records indicate that the American period of Nevada began in 1851. The Mormons were the earliest colonizers in Nevada. It appears that the first colony to be settled in western Nevada was early in the 1850's. They settled first in Carson County, Utah territory, in the area of what is now the western border of Douglas County. This encompasses Genoa, Washoe Valley, and Pleasant Valley between Carson City and Reno. Later colonies were settled in the eastern and southern part of Nevada adjacent to the western line of the state of Utah. And some came to central Nevada. Their main pursuit seemed to be the raising of stock and agriculture. The individual holdings were quite far apart, yet central burial grounds were often provided, and in many cases the dead were still buried on the farm.

With the discovery of gold and silver in Nevada and substantial mining camps developing, one of the first things done by these settlers was to set aside ground for cemeteries. Some were church cemeteries, some nationality cemeteries (like Greeks, and so forth), some fraternal. The prevailing idea was to set aside a large tract of land for burial purposes. This tract was often subdivided into small areas, each area being set aside for church group, a fraternal group, or society group, and the balance of the general part to the general public, who had no church or other affiliation. The organizations joined in the expense of maintaining the cemetery. Sextons were sometimes employed to open and close the graves. The sexton was permitted to charge a fee for his labor. As the state developed and population increased, business areas were established in locations centrally located to accommodate the mining and milling ventures, stock raising, farming, freighting, and other commercial activities. These communities were usually located on or



near railroads and regular freight lines. Here, too, provision was made for and land set aside for burial purposes. Now, I will expand on that in just a moment. No provision was made for care or anything like that. And in a great many instances, there was no indication as to how they acquired the land or from whom it was acquired. They'd go up on a high spot and set this out. (Dayton is one of those cemeteries over here.) It would be fenced and such things as that, and it seemed to be a community affair, and the groups that wanted portions set apart did it. You can see that in the present Virginia City cemetery and in Carson and in others.

Now, thus having given you this beginning, I make this remark: The influence of many of the early New England funeral practices were followed in early Nevada, such as layers-out, early burial, walking to the cemetery, the casket, tombstones, and so forth. Later, teams with a buckboard or spring wagon were used to transport the body to the cemetery.

Now, the next part are trends—and I mean trends in this state. As many of the mining areas developed into urban areas, we find transitions in funeral behavior in Nevada which correspond with those of the New England colonial days. Classes and extravagance sprang up, and new and more elastic codes of conduct were accepted. When the economic revolution (that means the closing of mines and scattering of the population due to hard times) occurred in Nevada, there was a change to simpler systems or customs in funeral behavior. Luxuries were abandoned, gifts were eliminated, and so forth. Again, New England.

As the state developed in rural areas, applied related industries, and so forth, funeral behavior was improved. The new mining boom developed in the early 1900's—Tonopah, Goldfield, and Ely. Now, I'm

jumping a lot of space in here, but I wanted to hit the highlights. The transportation facilities contributed to a more stable situation in the state, and funeral behavior grew as well more stable.

The next topic will be the development of the funeral livery. Now, we started out with human carriers and the pallbearers, then the buckboard and the spring wagon, then came the dead wagon. That's what it was called. It was just a wagon which was enclosed, the driver sitting up in front and on the outside with the assistant, and the door in the back to put the body on a stretcher and put it in. I made this observation—and I already said that, too—the driver and the assistant sat on a seat. The wagon was oblong in shape to accommodate the carrying basket or stretcher, the width and height to accommodate with removal shafts or tongue. Rollers were in the bottom to carry the stretcher.

Now, in due time, then, in urban life, better proportions were made in height and width of this thing, and we have what we today call a funeral coach; it was then a hearse. It had glass panels on the sides, some ornamentation. Now, then, later, they developed that into a more conspicuous and ornate thing, and they had a lot of hand-carved corners and trim on it. Then, within a period of a few years, additional ornamentation was added, such as carriage lights, flower racks, drapes for the horses, and plumes on harness. Then the glass was tossed out because it fractured, it was hard to keep clean, and because people were objecting to the public looking through. They tried drapes, and that didn't work, so they then went to a hand-carved, or rather, a complete body, hand-carved. That was used for quite a while, and then was the advent of the automobile. Now, then, when that came in, they took the old hearse bodies and mounted them on a chassis, and they built an area onto

tins, lengthened it out, so that the driver and the assistant was on the inside. I can show you a picture of that. Now, that's as much as I've given on the hearse.

Now, the next is the hacks for mourners. These were enclosed. They had an entrance on both sides and then they had two seats, each wide enough for three people; the seats faced each other. The driver was on the outside in front of the family compartment to drive the team. In addition to that, they provided what they called a pallbearer's carryall. It was sort of a bus-type [vehicle] drawn with horses, and such things as that, but it was open with the exception of the curtains. They had three rows of seats, one behind the other and all facing the seat, to accommodate these pallbearers or any extras. Sometimes in the back end of it they would put flowers when traveling out.

Now, at that time, the livery was usually owned and supplied by the livery stable owner. Now, the reason for it was this: [if] the funeral director was trying to put those things in, he would be up against providing a stable, feed, horses, harnesses, and things which would increase the overhead and also increase his investment. Now, the livery people, having plenty of horses and plenty of hostlers, and such things as that, could operate those things at a minimum cost. And that was the condition when I entered the business here in 1915. I have here (a note that) the livery was usually owned and supplied by livery stable owners. Some stables operated only one hearse, one hack, and one pallbearers' car. Now, that would be in a small community like Wadsworth or a small community like Silver City, maybe Gold Hill, Gardnerville, and places like that. I'm using the present area. In Reno there were three hearses, six hacks, and two pallbearers' carryalls which were available, each with hard rubber tires. It made a lot of difference, too. One small

white hearse for children, one gray hearse for young adults, and one black hearse for older people. The hacks and carryalls were black in all cases and were used for every funeral. The black horses were used for older people (Land that's with a black hearse), gray or bay for the young adults, and white or light gray for children. Sorrel horses were usually used in the carryalls and bays for a hack. Now, I say usually; they would change those over. It didn't make too much difference, but they would try to have them matched, don't you see. And they could use those extra horses there. Here's an interesting thing, too. Every one of those horses that were in there were checked alike, so their heads were at the same angle—not one horse with his head way down here and the other one up in the air. They took a great deal of pride. Really, the interesting part of it is that the drivers on those hacks all had a regular suit to wear. The hearse driver had a Prince Albert and he wore a plug hat. The driver of hacks and the pallbearers' carrier had a suit and it was usually dark, and they wore beanies. How, so much for that.

In Eureka County in 1879, five men were killed in a local war between the mine owners and charcoal burners. The coroner determined the cause of death, the cabinetmaker provided the coffins, and the proprietor of the livery stable supplied the livery and conducted the funeral. Apparently at that time in the liveryman arranged and conducted funerals. He had the coach.

Now, the advent of the automobile: In the early 1900's, hearse bodies were placed on auto chassis and a seat added in front of the hearse body for the chauffeur and assistant. Now, that's not here, but that's in the larger metropolitan areas, but we're bringing us up to it. The old horse-drawn hearse was discarded for specially built bodies made to fit the standard chassis. Floral racks were built

into the compartment containing the casket. And let me say here that placing the hearse bodies on the standard chassis was not a success, and so they took to lengthening those ordinary chassis. That was not a success for the reason that the stress and strain and so forth weakened a part of it. Finally they had chassis, in the more modern times, built for that particular purpose.

Now, to bring it right down to this [time], the first auto hearse in Nevada was purchased by Grosbeck and O'Brien in Reno about 1915; it was either late '15 or early '16. It was gray in color, and the side panels were of glass, and they had some drapes. It didn't work out too well, but it was used in all funerals, and if you needed hacks or anything like that, we'd have horse-drawn stuff.

So I was in the business at that particular time and I began to study it. I found that probably we would better go to the Hancock hearse. We got Mr. Kitzmeyer of Kitzmeyer and Kinney interested. We purchased two cars; they were called Sayers and Scoville hearses—that's the name of them. The bodies were built by the body works of Sayers and Scoville, and they had a chassis assembled in different groups in order to give it plenty of length and such things as that. In order to try to get away from coal black, we took a gray and Kitzmeyer took a black. And in the event that he had a request for the gray, we'd drive ours over, and if they had a request for a black (that happened quite often here with the Italian families)—. In that way, we would be competition, plus.

Now, let me say that all of these hearses, even from the beginning of our funeral coaches or whatever you want to call it, opened from the end. You put the casket in there and then you took it out from there. It was, oh, maybe the early twenties that they went into the limousine type of hearse.

They had their different concerns that built the bodies and at the same time came in the seven-passenger accommodation. There were two or three or more body people. Most of them went to Cadillac to get their chassis built, but that finally ran into so much money that they had to go to cheaper cars in order to take care of this particular thing. So we have here that the old hand-carved and so forth were replaced by limousine types. Also, around 1925 or '26, there was a further development in that funeral culture to have both end and side loaders. But in order to accomplish that, it was necessary for them to build a table that could be brought up on the side and brought out so that you could get the casket on it, and then it switched in- It came in about that time.

Now, I made this observation, that the limousines replaced the hacks and so forth. Styles then became—well, some kept pace with new designs. The funeral directors found that, unless they were in metropolitan areas and had big volumes of business, they weren't able to make changes every year. So when they purchased a car, they would figure it was going to be good for several years.

Now, the bodies were good on all of those, but the engines petered out much more rapidly and on shorter distances than the ordinary car for the reason that most of these funeral processions were driven slowly and only for a small distance. We used to take our cars [out] every so often. We'd drive them from here out to Beckwourth and back in order that we could get them in condition.

Now, at that particular time, nearly all of the cars were black or gray, and essentially gray. Then we found that the color combinations were changed, usually in keeping with the tastes of the funeral director who observed what the taste of the public was. I know that when we changed, we went into

what was called battleship gray on the body with a dark top. It was an economical thing, too; it was easy to wipe the top off if you were having one funeral after the other, but you wouldn't have the time to wipe the sides; and if it's gray it wouldn't show so much, you see?

Now, the next point I want to make is this, that most operators now own or lease their motor equipment. They owned them for a long, long time. But the modern operator does keep maybe a hearse and a pickup car or a limousine, even though he's in an area where he can hire livery. He does it to take care of our-of-town work, because when you hire auto livery, they charge you quite a bit more than usual to run it, but they'll permit your men to drive your own car. And on long distances, they double up. For instance-, if they want twenty-five dollars for a hearse here, they would want fifty dollars in Carson City. And when they tried to put it in here, they wanted us all to throw away our own equipment.

We find now that the long distance transportation has seen the body transported by truck, freight, express, baggage (air and water as well as land). Now, since the air, carrying bodies, and also due to the improvement in highways and such Things as that, and The lack of interest on The part of the railroads to transport bodies, we have a new era at the present time and they have what is called the hearse delivery service. It's a business in its own right, by land. For instance, if we are having a body prepared in Los Angeles, we could have hearse service pick that body up, and they have a terminal; they'd haul it. And say, if it came up out of Las Vegas and 395, they'd probably haul it to Bishop. Then it'd be transferred and they'd haul it in here. If it came up the valley, there'd be a couple of transfers. We also find that it's quite advantageous because of the

poor connections by both air and railroad where they would take them into the small communities off the main lines. So that has become quite a problem in itself. I know that there's a man from Reno, and he's taken up a chap that used to belong with us. [They're] setting up a service headquarters in the San Francisco area to operate from Los Angeles-San Francisco, and from there on to Portland and, oh, Seattle. And they're going to try to arrange with the local services to take it out on the sidelines, and so on.

Now, another point that I'm making here [is the location of the] funerals. In the early days, most funerals were conducted from the residence, church, or a lodge hall. But during the last twenty-five to forty years, most of the funeral homes have erected or built chapels. They have provided parking areas. That's probably due to the fact that people in the old days used to have large homes where the bodies could be laid out. Now they live in smaller quarters. One of the objections they have to going to a church is that the churches have no family privacy. The churches don't as a rule, have parking space. Now, the fact that we've provided that space makes mortuary chapels more popular. The church, of course, would like to have the service there. (And as far as I'm concerned, if anything happens to me, I want my body taken to the Episcopal Church. I want a short Episcopal service; then I want the Masons to pick up from there and go to the cemetery.) But the trouble is this: we haven't—well, the Presbyterian Church has some parking area, though; the Baptist Church has some; and then the Congregational Church has some parking area other than on the streets.

In the early days when they went to lodge halls, they had no trouble with parking. For instance, we used to have a lot of our Masonic funerals right from this temple, and our

Elks funerals right from the Elks. And we had a parking area. This parking area is now business. You go to the St. Thomas Church in Reno, and by Jove, you have just a dickens of a time saving space enough to carry the casket out. - You have to double-park and things like that.

We (Ross-Burke Company) were the first to provide off-street parking; we finally increased it to one, two, fifty— a hundred and some-odd feet on Fourth Street by a hundred and forty, and then we had an “L” in there, about fifty by fifty. Then we later increased across the alley, and on the left, we had ground purchased. So if we had traffic congestion in the main streets, we could load off the original parking area, then cross over the alley through the two lots that we have on West Street, thence to Fifth Street, and out to the cemetery.

Now, we find this: in the larger metropolitan areas, the funeral directors are moving out where they can get more reasonably priced land. They’re building on a unit plan now, what we might call a farmhouse plan, all one story and plenty of parking area around it. The result is that we have little local areas. And some of the people that are operating in the metropolitan area are now established chapels in the less dense areas. They use their main business building as a place for selecting the casket, records, and such things as that. They minimize the investment in the livery that they use.

Next, I have cemeteries and the outline of the history to date. Now, I’d like to suggest to you that when you begin to read this that you refer to the address that I made at the groundbreaking ceremonies down in Las Vegas for that mausoleum.

Now, I have this here: (1) Our cemeteries were village, community, church, public, fraternal. I’ve already said they sometimes

unite and combine their cemeteries. In those early days, they erected stately monuments, and the identification on the inscription was evidence of who the person was, what he did, and so forth. I’ll show you later where now we’re eliminating monuments and using grass markers to mark the graves.

To illustrate, I’ll cite some cases. I’ve said often the evidence is written on the gravestones in the abandoned mining camps and ghost towns and a lot of abandoned business centers and villages. I call your attention to these: Gold Hill, Silver City, Dayton, Como, Virginia City, Sutro, Aurora, Bodie, Tybo, Lone, Belmont, Eureka, Austin, Hamilton, Treasure Hill, Unionville, Palisade, Cortez, Mineral Hill, Tuscarora, Cherry Creek, Searchlight, Wells, Fort Churchill, Port Halleck, Battle Mountain, and on the early ranches. There, you still find these monumental stones.

I’d like to call your attention to this, and that is the type of firms, or the men that operate the firms in the state now. A lot of them operate around these abandoned cemeteries, and from time to time following the early settlement, they were bringing the bodies back home. They made trips to the old burial lots. I say this: The funeral directors in Nevada operating near these abandoned or nearly abandoned cemeteries strive to keep the record of interments and interest the people who reside nearby to keep the cemetery clean and fenced. In addition to that, they have recorded the inscriptions on the gravestones and their locations and have them in their own files for posterity.

Now, let me in here expand. The early cemeteries had no provision for water which was necessary to plant trees, grass, and so on. But the record will indicate that annually, just before Memorial Day, they had a general cleaning up—the weeds were taken out,



raked up so that it had a nice appearance; and if there were any stones tipped, they were taken care of. Later, in some areas, they did get water. They developed water, maybe not too much, and the first thing they did was to plant some trees around the area—no grass. Still later, in the larger villages and towns, grass was grown on some of the plots and maintained by the living relatives. But that's where they were able to get a little water by pumps, or something like that.

Still larger cemeteries provided a sexton to open and close the grave. Besides opening and closing the grave, he would irrigate the lawns, clip them, and he was paid by the families for that care. Now, the unfortunate part of it was that, except in a few cases, your sexton was the man who wasn't busy but looking for another job. So you always had the problem of finding somebody to open and close graves. For instance, in Virginia City, we sometimes go to Carson City, and sometimes as far away as Gardnerville or Genoa, to get somebody to go up there and open those graves and blast the rock.

Then there was another move on. When the cemetery was large enough so that you could have a sexton practically full time, he would do the irrigating, keep the lawns irrigated, or, rather, clipped, and keep the weeds out. He lived right near the cemetery. He could collect a fee by that. Later, as the cemetery grew, the city or the division or the church, or whoever may do it, was able to pay a man to do those particular things.

But the interesting part of it is that in some of the areas of this state, those sextons were imbued with the idea of keeping some sort of a record. It is interesting to go back over some of those records. They realized that they were doing their darndest, but they didn't realize what the future would be. For instance, if you have a cemetery and it was plotted, and the

lots were numbered, as many of them were, the number[s] of graves in the plot were usually lettered as you faced the west, going on the east side, with one beginning on the south side, one through five going north. Then the upper part of that would begin with six and go back to ten. The idea was to write the name of the deceased, and such things as that, and the grave in which he was buried. But some of these early sextons interpreted that wrong (and, of course, they weren't checked too closely), and the first one to be buried there, he'd write it up as number one. Then the next one, he would mark number two. But they might be buried in different graves. I had the experience of identifying a lot of graves. After I first entered the business (I had the time), I provided a bar, and I obtained the cooperation of the sexton. We located the occupied graves, and then we got the fatly to tell us where they might be and corrected the errors.

Now, that brings us through the annual care. It wasn't ideal because some fellow would have a problem over here to be taken care of, and the people around him wouldn't do anything about it. And out of that grew the idea of "perpetual care," which has now been changed by law to "endowment care." We find at the present time that there are cemeteries owned by the city or county or fraternal organizations which are operating under endowed care. And those cemeteries are in Las Vegas, Elko, Ely, Hawthorne, Gardnerville, Reno. Well, in Reno we have, of course, Mountain View cemetery and the Catholic cemetery, the K of P, and the Jewish. All of those are under care. In Mountain View and the Masonic and in the K of P and the Jewish, they will not sell you a grave without you providing the perpetual care for it. Of course, in the K of P and in the Jewish, there were a lot of graves for the old-timers (all of 'em are gone) buried in these cemeteries. The

Masonic cemetery was the first to do that. Instead of setting aside the one dollar per square foot, which would be forty dollars, they'd put fifty in the endowed care fund. They built the fund up so that they had the money invested for every occupied grave in the cemeteries.

Now, along that line, as long as we're at that particular subject, here's the research that I did in 1961, I think. I happened to find these old regulations of the Masonic and Odd Fellows cemetery that were adopted in the first cemetery that they had in Reno—I mean, the mutual cemetery.\* Those rules and regulations applied to the Masonic and I. O. O. F. cemetery.

In the earliest days, the Masons and Odd Fellows worked hand in hand in fraternal fellow ship in Nevada. An act to incorporate the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons and the Grand Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows and their subordinate lodges in the state, providing penalty for violation thereof and other matters thereto, was passed by the Nevada legislature and approved March third, 1865. The records show that wherever a lodge of Masons was chartered in a Nevada community, an. Odd Fellows lodge was also chartered. Immediately after these lodges....

I want to call your attention to some little highlights in there (that was the first location of the first cemetery, in the old brickyard), and when they moved, and the conditions under which they moved.

In those days, the cemetery was on just the west outskirts of Reno. The lodge acquired the first of that land in 1871. Sanders laid out

the Hillside cemetery in 1870. Now, when the Odd Fellows and Masons established this ground, the first thing they did was to disinter bodies of Masons and Odd Fellows from the Hillside and interred them up in the new cemetery. Then when the Catholic cemetery was founded, St. Thomas (that's the one on North Virginia Street, the old St. Thomas), the Catholic people were moved out of Hillside up there.

And speaking of Hillside in Reno, it was laid out by Mr. Sanders, who was a cabinetmaker and also quite a. businessman and was also the funeral director—I mean, the one that started our business. He sold a piece off to the Knights of Pythias, another piece off to the Jewish people, and another piece for the GAR, and gave direct deeds for these. But the deeds in the other portion, in the public, were all conditional deeds. The condition was this: [the cemetery was] to be used for burial purposes, but if the bodies were ever removed, or anything like that, the land reverted to himself, his heirs, or assigns. These were all conditional deeds.

Now, it might be well to insert something about the early development of medical practice here, because you can go back to New England on this to some extent, and their difficulties, and to show the development of the medical practice and the state boards. Nevada population was small in the early period, no large cities—small villages and hamlets separated by long distances, and poor transportation and communication, no laws governing the practice of medicine. The records indicate that some men with a little medical training were in this area, but none

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\*Copy in Special Collections department, University of Nevada, Reno, Library

particularly fitted or anxious to find or make permanent locations to practice medicine. (By the way, I have a paper partially finished on that, on the highlights of practices by these people.)

After the Civil War, more qualified men came into the area, and in 1872, the first attempt to organize the qualified medical practitioners was made. A meeting was held in Pioche, Lincoln County. Doctors from Eureka, Austin, and Pioche attended. However, no progress was made at the original attempt because of the poor modes of travel, long distances, and so forth. That was the period that they called the “saddlebag days” because the transportation was by foot, horseback, or horse and cart. Now, in the highlights of that (first meeting), I’ve shown that Dr. Henry Bergstein was the one that called [it]. He was living in Pioche and practicing there. When they came to this decision, they said that they should try to organize the state board of health, and so on, in order to encourage better medical practice and to be in a position to help their community. But when they finally decided that it would be practically impossible to maintain the thing, they did decide that some of them should try to get elected to the legislature, and there introduce a bill to make provision for a state board of health. Dr. Bergstein was elected and sent up from Lincoln County.

This is 1875. They introduced a bill. The bill was passed and signed by the governor, showing the conditions and so forth. In 1875 (that was ’72 to begin with, ’75 when they passed), the Nevada state board of health was organized in Virginia City. I call this period in medicine the “brave and earnest effort period”; it lasted to the late ’90’s.

Now, in 1885, Dr. George H. Thoma of Eureka, who was at this particular meeting, was elected as senator from Eureka County.

He introduced a bill in the senate which strengthened the law of 1875. That went along, but in 1887, the first law or act governing vital statistics was passed by the Nevada legislature. It required the filing of the death and birth certificates with the county recorder, and so on. But as a sidelight on that, the doctors only had to submit these once a month. They were recorded by the county recorder. It was not sufficient. Later, the cities adopted rules and regulations about this. Then later the state board took the thing over.

But that accounts for some of the discrepancies in families. For instance, my sister was born in 1872, I think, along in there. Anyhow, she had a birth certificate. My brother was two years later, and he didn’t have any. It went on that way. Now, I was born in ’87, and I had no certificate; neither did my wife. But my younger sister and brother did. So we got my mother and Mrs. Ross’ mother to make affidavits of our births to the bureau of vital statistics in Nevada.

In 1893, the law creating the state board of health was amended to define more explicitly the duties and powers of the state board. Some of the doctors residing in Virginia City belonged to the national association of the AMA. They elected Dr. Bergstein to represent them in the AMA. In ’99, there was further legislation passed, creating the board of medical examiners, and it called for five members and defined the qualifications to serve. Now, you can see how they’re progressing in there. In 1911, the vital statistics department became a part of the state board of health.

Now, to give you our problem: When I came into the business in 1914, 1913, when we got certificates signed, we had to have three certificates signed by the doctors—one for the city of Sparks, one for the city of Reno, and one for the county health officer. When I was

on the council, we advocated the combination of these be signed by one person so that the Washoe County health office would be a clearance for both cities and the county.

### **LEARNING AND THEN OPERATING THE FUNERAL BUSINESS**

In my own experience, I've gone from the horse-drawn, through the automobile hearse, through the end loader, and then through end or side loader (vehicles).

I'll never forget when I attended a meeting in Colorado Springs and a man from Baltimore had charge of a discussion group. The discussion was [about] a two-way hearse. That's when it first came out. That meant you could load and unload through the end, or if it was difficult, from the side. Finally, one fellow got up and asked, "What do you mean by a two-way hearse?"

This man stuttered; he said, "Well, you surprised me. Th—tha—" He says, "That means in and out."

Then I've gone from the old combination flower rack, flat, to carry flowers, through the arch rack on the side, and to nothing now above the casket, also the separation in the auto of the compartment for the driver and anybody else and the body. To begin with, it was just a part of that one whole. I have seen color come into this, from black and gray up to different colors and different combinations. Some of them are unusual, but it's the identity. Then I have gone through this: that even the cars—the idea was developed that you should have gray family cars if you're using the gray hearse, and all black family cars if you're going to use the black hearse. I even saw a change in the horse-drawn affair. To begin with, you used to have white horses for the white hearse, gray horses for the gray hearse, and black horses for the black hearse. At a later time

the livery stables became careless and they would put out a mixed span of horses—one might be black and the other one gray. This was the time of the entry of auto livery. But if you notice that picture closely, you'll notice those horses are pretty well matched.

Well, now, in the cemetery equipment, I've seen them go from no lowering device, no grave lining, and only a large sheet, kind of a white thing, canvas, to put over the mound.

This may seem like a repetition, but I want to give you a little of the background that convinced me probably I would never go in the funeral business. Mother and Mrs. Kinney, our neighbor, were always called on for assistance in childbirth or death of a lady in the valley, also, if there was any serious illness. When I was large enough, I used to drive the cart to take them to the home when they laid out the body, then drive them down when they were ready to dress it.

When they laid the body out, with the undertaker's assistant, they took a door off the hinges and got a sawhorse—it was kind of high—and a chair over here [Eat the other end], and laid the door on that, and laid the body on top of the door [with a block to hold the head]. They then washed and posed the body as best they could and tied it to the door so it wouldn't slip off (that's after the bathing), and then they saturated the face and hands and arms and breasts in a solution to stop desiccation, and they closed the mouth by tying a dishtowel or a towel [dampened with a salt petre solution] around the chin and tying it up here on top. They closed the eyes and put a coin on them, and crossed the hands like this ([one over the other above the wrist]; they didn't even flex them), and tied them There, [and sometimes would relieve the gas that might be in the abdomen]. The ladies would replenish the solution from time to time. The undertaker would measure the

body and go to town and get the casket. They would be down at a certain time, so we'd take Mother and Mrs. Kinney down there again [to dress the body and place it in the casket].

The one in particular that I'm going to cite was a Mrs. Miller that lived about one and a half to two miles east of us, when she died. I drove them down and I was in the house when they moved the body. And the aroma was terrible! It was nauseating to me. As a matter of fact, I couldn't eat my meal. But on the way back, Mother said to Mrs. Kinney, "Mary, first chance I get on a Saturday that I can go to town with Orrin, I'm going to Levy, and I'm going to buy a certain amount of cloth. And I'm going to make my undergarments and dress for burial. And I'm going to put it in the bottom of the bureau drawer."

And Mrs. Kinney said to her, "You going to put lace on the panties and underskirt?"

And Mother said, "I certainly am, because 'ol St. Peter'll look like all the rest of the men!"

Then Mary said, "Nellie, what made you [began to laugh]—when'd you think of that?"

"Well," Mother said, "you know what happened today, and I got to thinking that thing over. When I put on that shroud—," and she described it, the front long, and long sleeves and lace over here and here, and then came around, and here (on the neck), they had a doodly-toot sort of a collar to hold it up and a string to pull it together, you see. They would tie it around the back. Then when it came to the underskirt and bottom thing, they took a sheet, and they wrapped it around the lower end in back, and tucked it and tied it together.

Mrs. Kinney said, "Well, what made you think of this?"

"Well," she said, "Mary, I got to thinking about this thing. I know when we die we go to Heaven, and St. Peter is going to meet us at the gate. And, of course, he'd know who we are, but we have to announce ourselves.

And he'll ask us a few questions, and he'll see the front of me, and I'll look as though I'm properly dressed and everything like that. And I've been wondering what he'd say if he let me in, when he looked at my back—no, looked at—."

Mary said, "What?"

"Well," she says, "my bare behind stickin' out!" [laughing] But Mother did do that.

Well, of course, that experience was bad for me. Then that was quite early, but about a year after the Spanish-American War, my brother was injured on the railroad and died as a result of it. They had the funeral. I've got a clipping on that. The service was at the ranch, and they had the number of vehicles out there and so on, and they had the Baptist minister—it was Hudleson. We got out to the cemetery, they had a few chairs there, and Father sat here, and on his left, Mother, and then my sister over here on her right, and I sat next to him. My brothers and sisters were all there. I noticed Father. He, during the committal service, paid strict attention, and all at once, he began to look in the grave. I couldn't figure why he was doing that at a sacred time like this. So on the way home, I asked him something about it. "Well," he said, "I didn't like the ground, son." Then he said, "Nellie, I looked at that ground. It had a lot of hardpan thrown out, and I looked down in the grave, and they had clay and then hardpan, quite a strip of it, and the bottom of it was hardpan."

Now, in those days, they lowered with straps, and the only other thing they did was try to cover up the mound with a linen cloth. But it was exposed. And he said to her, "On Saturday, when I go up to Reno, I'm going up to the cemetery and see if I can't find a piece of ground where there's sand." He said, "I know that if they'd dug deep enough, they'd've gone through that hardpan." (But as it was, if moisture ever got down there, it would



stand.) "I'm going to look and see if I can't find a sandy spot."

So he went to the sexton. The sexton said, "Orrin, I don't know of any ground here that has sand, because all of these interments are along this particular line, and we always run into this hardpan."

He went over on the other side in the public section, right next to the odd Fellows, and got ahold of the sexton, whose name was Ben Peck, and asked him if he had any sandy ground available for burial. Peck showed him around and said, "Here's a nice piece in here. It's all sand," and so on.

Father looked it over and asked, "How much is this plot?" The man gave him a price—I think it's a hundred dollars. So Father said, "I'll take it under one condition. Friday, I want you to dig a hole six feet deep. And I want it sloped out. Friday, I want that done, and Friday night, before you leave, I want you to fill it with water. And I'll be up Saturday just as soon as I get my business transacted and look at it."

I was with him, and we went up, and you could see it was all drained away, of course. The sand on each side showed the moisture. Father said, "I'll take it," and he had my brother moved.

Well, as a kid, that bothered me. There was no finesse or anything like that to it at all. The only comfort you could get out of it would be your minister, but if you were the same type as my dad and mother, you'd think about these other things. To me, it was cold—no comfort at all. Now, that was in 1901.

The next one was, oh, in September, 1901. I had a very close friend that I made when I came from country schools. His name was Orrel Wheeler. He asked me if I wouldn't (his parents had given him a shotgun) stay overnight Friday with him and go out hunting. And I told him I'd have to ask my

parents, and I did, and they said, "No, you've got your work to do here on Saturday, and we don't want you foolin' around with a gun."

There was a side issue to this, and that was this: my older brothers had a gun, and they went out hunting one day, and another boy was with them. In crawling through a fence, the gun went off and shot the boy in here tin the jaw]. It didn't kill him or anything like that, but a suit was brought for damages, and it broke Father, practically. That's what made Mother (dislike lawyers].

Well, anyhow, Orrel went up alone. He was hunting in the cemetery. But the doves kept flying as he moved around, and they went over the fence on the west side into that field, and there they landed. So he started over there, and as he went through the fence, this gun went off and killed him. I was a pallbearer. There again, of course, I couldn't reconcile my brother's death. See, he was just a young man, a young fellow; now, here's Orrel, a couple years older than I, taken.

Then shortly after that, a neighbor of ours had quite a large family, and he went out to hitch up the hay wagon, and the little kids followed him out. He hitched up the hay wagon and looked around, and the children, he thought, had left and gone. And he backed up and the little girl was in back of the wagon. He ran over her and she died. I was asked to be a pallbearer there. Now, in this particular case, they didn't even have lowering straps, but the graves in both Irvin's case and in Orrel Wheeler's case didn't have any decoration or anything like that, no lowering device (they used straps), no grave liner, or anything like that. They did have a kind of a white cloth over the mound, but the dirt, and the like of that—and there was just a few chairs. But here, they had to hold that team. They took the lines off and lowered with those straps. The preparation wasn't complete.

Now, in having three experiences, I naturally wondered, why so young? Why taken so young? Then the next thing that came into my mind—why have a memory picture that was so bleak? It seemed to me that there was no comfort, no refinement in it at all, and the only satisfaction you could get would be the words of the minister as he read scripture and offered prayers and read a benediction. But this other gruesome thing was the thing you observed first. The questions— why, why, why? In other words, they get afraid of death. And to go into the funeral business and do things like that would just break my heart.

Well, now, then, in 1906, one of the boys in Lincoln Hall died, and the body was prepared here and sent to Genoa for interment. Somebody got the idea that he was a cadet and that the cadets ought to turn out. So it was arranged that we would pick up the body at the mortuary, and they had twelve men assigned as carriers. They'd carry, six of them, just so long, and then they'd change hands and the others would rest. Then they had the cadet battalion as an escort with their guns. We marched from the mortuary, which was on Sierra, down to Second, Second to Center, Center to Commercial Row, and then to the baggage room. Of course, there was no hearse. Then we got there, we carried it to the shipping box, and it was lowered in there with straps (it was difficult at its best, but it seemed to be more handy), and from there, [shipped] to Genoa. We got to Genoa, and they had the same kind of cemetery setup and body carrying at the cemetery. I happened to be one of the twelve that was assigned to this carrier. That takes me back to ancient funeral customs from New England—carrying the body. He was just a young man; I think he was in his junior year.

By 1908, then, a young lady whose father and mother lived in Lincoln Hall died. Mr.

Brown was superintendent of buildings and grounds and master of Lincoln Hall. The daughter was only twenty years old.

I had been a Mason a few months in 1908, but I was on the relief committee, and I had learned a lot about a Mason's duty to sojourners and their families and knew something about the detail. I was able to help this family by talking with them [and was able to do some things for them]. Mr. and Mrs. Brown belonged to the Knights of Pythias and the Pythian Sisters, and [I took it upon myself to] notify them of the death, and got a list of the pallbearers and notified those, so they didn't have any responsibility there at all. I know us pallbearers took up a collection to get the pallbearer hack to go out there.

Now, when we got to the cemetery, there was more refinement than we'd had in quite a long time. We did have a mound cloth, the grave was lined, chairs were there for the family, and it was on a beautiful side hill. When we were all dismissed, we had that particular picture—the flowers around the grave, which was lovely. But the view from there to the west and south was not inspiring or restful for the reason that they had an area in there of unimproved graves, and the weeds and the like of that had started growing up. Then beyond that, they had horses and mules and a sort of a junk yard, and farther up they had a pasture. In that pasture was a big hole where they were digging out sand and the like of that. That in itself was not good. But we could look more to the south, and now I could see the Sierras and Mt. Rose. It was quite comforting. So it showed a definite improvement.

Now, as time went on, I had more opportunity to do things in connection with my responsibility of being one of the relief committee of the lodge to be able to help families. That isn't work. The pleasant duty

that I had as a member of that committee, to be able to help people, brought me pretty close to it.

My first real interest in the funeral business was developed there because I observed the difference in the appearance of bodies that came from one place and another. I became interested, then, in the chemical side of it. I watched it, and I finally made the statement that I believed that you could take two bodies, have one prepared by one firm and the other (by another firm), lay them side by side and call me, and I could tell you which firm prepared the body.

Then I found out that one of the perplexing things for a family, in shipment, was the uncertainty as to where the transfers would be made en route, particularly across the country, and what they had to do, and so forth—to clarify their minds on this. That was one of the things that appealed to me more than anything else, that I could do these things here, locally. But unless they knew (the route), they would have anxiety clear across the way. “Can’t you do something? Can’t something be done?”

I just worked on it for quite a while. But I worked on it from the Masonic point of view. We were able to arrange to notify the Masons, wherever there was a stop or a transfer, to be there. But that was about it.

Now, both [Reno] firms seemed to take an interest in me because of my interest in what was going on. I was asked to join both firms. But one in particular was like this—and that was in 1914 when they came to a head. We talked it over, and they offered me an awfully good proposition. But after talking it over, I had planned, under my agreement with Dr. Stubbs, to go that summer to graduate school in preparation for getting a master’s and eventually a Ph.D. degree and continuing teaching. So I turned the offer down, and I

went to Wisconsin and did my summer work and came back. Dr. Stubbs had died and there were some unpleasanties and conditions that we don’t need to quote now, but I went to the head of the department and said if they couldn’t live up to the oral agreement that I had with Dr. Stubbs, I was leaving and I wanted to notify them. I would stay long enough to help them ’til they could get somebody else. They didn’t do it, so I tendered my resignation.

I took up insurance. I had been selling insurance on the side part time to supplement my income to support the family. The opportunity came again, and, of course, in the first place, Emily and I had talked it over, and she said, “You do whatever you want to do, and I’m for you and with you. But it seems to me that you love teaching. You have a good setup here, and as long as you behave yourself, you can make a living and have the privilege of helping kids, and that position is fairly well guaranteed.” When this second chance came up, why, we made up our minds we were going in the funeral business.

And when it was announced, dear old Dr. Church, who’d gone to Dr. Stubbs when I received my appointment to the faculty, told him, “Dr. Stubbs, you’re making a mistake.” He didn’t question my ability or anything like that, but he thought inbreeding was bad, that they should get somebody from the outside.

And Dr. Stubbs told him, “I think I know what I’m doing.”

But when I went into the funeral business, Dr. Church came to me and said, “Silas, you should be ashamed of yourself! To do a thing like this! See what you’re going into? See the pleasant life you could have up here?” and so forth.

And I said, “Yes. But I think, doctor, I can do more people more good in times of unusual stress than I can do in just teaching. You have

said that I've made a success of teaching and done a lot of good for people, for youth. But here, I can meet the families in distress and maybe do things that'll be helpful."

He said, "I think you've made a mistake."

Anyhow, when Mrs. Church died, he called me and told me what he wanted, and I carried out everything in detail. He wanted it here, and he wanted it taken care of at home, wanted it laid out on the bed, clothed, right on the bed—and there was a family service right there—and then taken out and cremated. He wanted the cremains returned, but he wanted a certain type of urn, and so on. So I told him that I could do this, and I'd do what I could to help him.

The particular thing that he was interested in was to know where he could get a certain type of urn. And I said to him, "Doctor, I'm sending you to the foremost cremationist in the world. And he's very artistic. He loves old things, and he may have the type of urn that you're talking about, but if he can't, he'll know how to get it. And all you have to do is to look over what he has. And if he doesn't have what you desire, draw up or give him a word picture, and he'll get it."

So when Dr. Church returned from the cremation, he came in to see me. Larry Moore had called me. He said, "I found just what he wanted." He wanted this fixed in a certain way. He wanted the remains put in a bag—that is, a good substantial one, with the top pulled together with a string. On the top of the urn he wanted a little hook—that is, on the inside, so that he could hook this [bag of] ashes on that and put the urn in, and it would help keep the urn closed, and at the same time, keep everything together.

But when he came back, he came down and he said, "I said two unkind things about you. One, I objected to your appointment, not because of you, but because it was inbreeding.

But you made good. Then I chastised you and said you should be ashamed of yourself, and so forth, and you answered me." He said, "I've had this experience, and you've made a pleasant memory picture. Thank God for the change."

Now, when I started out in the business, it was understood that I would do apprentice work to become a licensed embalmer, because I said to them, "If I go in here, I want to know everything from the bottom up. I want to know what's required of me, I want to be an embalmer, and I want to handle people—this law is all in the books. And if you're keeping accounts, I want to look those over and do research work, and such things as that, in my odd time."

He said, "Yes."

And I guess I've always had a curious mind. But maybe I'm an idealist and perfectionist; I don't know. I figured that I had a business here and was operating in Reno, Nevada, and they were surely my people. And it was up to me to familiarize myself with every angle of this business to be qualified to do it.

Now, I looked over the law, and I looked carefully, and I said, "Well, I can qualify, I'm sure, with everything. But I'm not so sure of my biology and anatomy because I just had a little skirting of it." So I went to two doctors; one was a pathologist and the other was a surgeon. The surgeon taught me anatomy; the other one taught me biology and pathology. And I boned! I wanted to. I did my apprentice work under Mr. John Joseph Burke.

When I went down to take this examination, there were three of us taking it—one from Ely, one from Las Vegas, and I. We went to Tonopah. We went in, we sat down, they gave us our papers, and we started to work. It was the essay type of examination. I think we started around eight-thirty, nine o'clock. I had it finished at quarter to

eleven. I checked and rechecked. But it was disappointing to me because they didn't ask me anything about real anatomy, or biological science, or comparative anatomy, and such things as that. But anyhow, a little bit before twelve, they recessed the meeting, took up the papers of the other two people, and we went to lunch.

During lunch, it was decided that the other two would go back and continue the examination, and Mr. J. L. Keyser would give me an oral examination on a mannequin. And Mr. Keyser, God bless him, he was interested. He was one of the fellows that created the state board and everything like that, and served from the beginning until I succeeded him after he resigned. But he would go away and attend these two weeks, three weeks' schools in mortuary science. And I want to tell you, he put me through an examination! Finally, he said to me, "Do you do the autopsies?"

I said, "No, sir. I assist the pathologist."

"Well," he said, "why don't you do this thing?"

I said, "I'm not qualified to do it."

I'm not licensed to do it."

He said, "You could do it, couldn't you?"

I said, "I think I could, under the direction of a pathologist." I was very careful not to say, "Yeh, I can do it," because the law wouldn't permit me to do it.

But anyhow, these other fellows worked until—one handed in his paper at four-thirty, and they took up the other paper at five and excused us. They corrected the papers, and the next day we came on our way. On the way back I was sitting with Mr. Keyser and Mr. George E. Kitzmeyer. The other member, being from the south, he wasn't there. I said, "When will I know if I passed the examination?"

They looked at each other and said, "Well, right now. You passed it."

Then I said, "Will I have the opportunity to look over this examination paper to see wherein I failed so that I can brush up on it?"

They looked at each other rather funny, and I thought, "Well, now—now it's coming."

They said, "Sure, but you won't have to do that." Says, "You missed one question."

I said, "Can I look at that?"

They said, "We'll tell you. The question was this: If you were sewing up the body after an autopsy, and you had pricked your finger 'til it bled, what's the first thing you'd do?"

Well, the first thing, I'd said, you'd do would be to suck it. I said, "Suck the prick." [Laughing] They—they had just laughed their heads off. "That's the first thing you do?" I elaboration. I asked them more politely, saying, "Suck the injured part," and so forth. They accepted it.

I've looked back over that paper (they have to keep those papers) many times. Well, the fact that I made good and I had this information and the other fellows had such a tough time rather inspired me to say, "What can I do now to increase the background of these people so that I could help to elevate this business?" That's when I got really started in [on the] educational side of the business.

I became curious in working on the books. I'd worked things out with changes and such things as that, and I thought I could justify anything that I did. But I'd always ask the salesmen, "What do they do other places?" And, "How do they do this?" About all they could tell me was they'd charge you so much for that kind of a casket, so much for this.

And I said, "how do they arrive at these conclusions?"

"Well," they said, "casket houses tell you how they got the markup."

I said, "Is it honest?"

Those inequities didn't impress me at all, so I began to graph our business. I grouped



the thing on, say, indigent and semi-indigent, and under a hundred dollars. And then, between a hundred and two hundred, and two hundred and three hundred, and on up the line, and kept track of the volume of business we had in these different brackets and then determined where the median was, and there I could get percentages. I found, also, I studied up top, here, we weren't selling in some of these brackets because they were too high priced. Not only that, we were making too much money off of those people, and due to the fact that there were only a few of those, we were loading somebody else down here.

So with the indigent and the semi-indigent, and such classes as that, I set this group aside by themselves, and I worked the schedule out over here. From there, I had the cost of operation and I had the cost of merchandise. We had the operation (it'd cost us so much in a year), and so much merchandise and so much salaries over here. Now, we couldn't expect the indigent and the semi-indigent (not welfare then) and fraternal stuff—you couldn't put in a service charge there. So I just put this over here, and all I charged against that account was the fluids used, the chemicals, and such things as that, and the merchandise. No service charge. Now, at the end of the year I had so much over here and so much here. This month that we had over here was really, really a profit. So I deducted that from the total expense—you'll find it over there—and then I would divide and see what I had to do. Then I began to group them differently. I had it all graphed.

So I talked to people, and I didn't get very far, but I did show them some of my graphs. Then the next thing that I did, I talked to the partners. I said, "Now, I notice that there's a certain class of people that come to us, and in reading the papers, we don't get many in

some areas, and in other areas, we get a lot. Why? How're we going to find out?"

Well, the old idea is that they're buying their way, and all this, and that didn't appeal to me at all. I said, "There's one or two things we could improve on in my judgment. One is that we are not expanding ourselves enough socially, and the other is that possibly, these other people are giving a better service and they're going there. Let's find that out." I did.

But I got out into the area, I got a friend of mine and told him, "I know this thing. Now, why? Is it because we're not known, or is it because we have poor service?"

Well, we finally got that straightened out, and when I went in that business, we were doing less than fifty percent of the total. The first year we made a gain, and we gained right along. When Mr. Burke died, I thought we'd lose all the Catholic business. But the old families stayed with us and we gained. Then I thought maybe there's some way that we can get a census taken of the people we've served coming from the outside. I'll tell about some of those services, both local and outside, and the equipment we used.

How many times in those early days, particularly in the wintertime, if we used horse-drawn equipment on wheels, we could only go a certain distance and then we would have to leave our wheels behind and hire a sled and hitch our horses and a sleigh to take it to its destination! Many times in the particular area, they weren't able to use the rolling equipment, and they used sleds and sleighs, and then the families rode in their own vehicles, like buggies, buckboards, and so on. In the early days, also, it was quite the common thing for the funeral director to lead the procession with the horse and buggy. They took the minister with them and led the procession until we'd get to the cemetery. This horse and buggy would then speed up and

move on to the grave site and be prepared to receive the cortege.

Now, another thing that we had to sometimes use were the stages from towns on the main roads into the rural areas because our horse-drawn equipment was not strong enough or equipped well enough to go over the rugged roads and so on. Another thing that we used to have to do many times, when the death was in a rugged area, a long distance from any good highway, and in precipitous areas, we had to resort to a saddle horse and pack horses in order to bring the bodies out.

Now, motor equipment came in in the middle 1900's. I think somewhere else I said the first motor hearse was purchased by Grosbeck and O'Brien. It was a modern type with glass sides and ends, and in this particular vehicle, there was a compartment for the driver and maybe the head funeral director. It was covered. We continued with the livery and tried to influence the stables to put in motor equipment. They considered it an& decided not to spend that money. So Mr. George Kitzmeyer of Carson and our firm in Reno purchased the two Sayers and Scoville hearses which I have described elsewhere. Ours were the hand-carved type with a flower rack above the casket, a real necessity of the casket space to carry flowers. One of us took gray and the other one took black. We had the gray. And this we used for quite a while, but we were somewhat handicapped for the reason that we had to use the livery stable equipment for the fatly and pallbearers. They used to call the carryalls for the family "hacks," and they would only hold six people. They'd enter from the same compartment but sat facing each other, three on each side. Then the pallbearer's car was arranged with seats, but they had sides on it, and the like of that, to protect it—that's the kind that you'd fold up and down.

Well, the next thing that we did in order to get motor equipment for the families, we were able to rent large cars from the taxis or from individuals who might have a large car in which the family could ride. Still later, we purchased our own limousines. During the war, when we were limited on gas, the limousine proposition went out and families furnished their own cars. We didn't use our cars at all, excepting in an emergency. Now, it's come to the point where every firm furnishes at least two limousines on every funeral besides the coach. I think I have covered this elsewhere, but I'll repeat it. Many times, in transporting the bodies within the state, a terminal would be a long way from the destination. That's when we would have to use stage equipment. And if we went into the back country, sometimes a stage was the only one equipped to get through to a certain destination. Here's an illustration. When you get out to Battle Mountain, you had that long distance to cover other than by rail. And if you were going to Eureka, you'd go as far as Palisade and have to find your way to Eureka by stage. Or in Elko, [if] you'd want to get up to Tuscarora, you would have other means than by rail.

I don't think I've mentioned anything about air. At the present time, air is used a great deal in the transportation of bodies, either private planes or the regular lines. I don't know whether I mentioned before about the main saving of time and how we would have airplanes (called air freight) large enough to take a casket. They only stopped in certain urban areas, and you'd have to make other connections because the planes there were too small and we'd have to have a funeral director at the final destination come down and get the body. But we found that we'd ship a body by air from here to Washington, D. C., Boston, New York, and other distant points

for very much less than you could ship a body by train. When you ship a body by train, there were two areas in which you could operate. One would be baggage and the other, express. If the body went by baggage, it had to have an escort. The cost would be a fare for each. If it went by express, it would be two fares. I could never reconcile the fact that one would charge two fares and the other one one fare, and wrote a brief on it and presented it at one of our state meetings at which men from other states came in, and they thought the brief was timely. Of course, I thought it was tight. So the express companies came back and they said this, "If you want to ship it by express as such, instead of two fares, we'll charge you so much per hundred pounds." And we figured that out, and it cost us much more than two fares. So we had to give that up.

Now, in those days, the escort had to accompany the body and ride on the same train as the body. But recently, that has been changed because many of the express and baggage trains do not have passenger accommodations. We could ship it by train and they'd make the regular baggage shifts, and the body and the escort didn't arrive at the same time. Then that happened, we would always consign the body to the funeral director and have it delivered to him, and he would show his authorization to the baggage man in order to claim the body. Usually, the escort carried the baggage check that he would take to the baggage room to claim the body. Today, things have changed because the railroads don't cater, unless they absolutely have to, to transportation of the body. Air service isn't always available, but they do now have a concern called a hearse service, operating very much like the railroad. If you want to transfer the body from here to Los Angeles, you contact the head office and they'll arrange to pick the body up here

in Reno and take the shortest route to Los Angeles. And there, they deliver the body and then pick up other bodies from there and go back up the coast, say, to San Francisco.

Helicopters have saved us a lot today, because many times, there are deaths in inaccessible places in the rugged area, some of them that you can't even reach with these Jeeps. Of course, we used to use saddle horses and pack horses to bring dead bodies out. Now, the helicopter can go out and pick them up and transport them to—well, the funeral director in Reno or the closest funeral director. I think I mentioned the fact that this accident up near Genoa Peak, the question was raised as to whether they should take the bodies out by helicopter, or whether they should go in the lake trail and bring them out that way. And they decided, of course, on breaking the road through and taking them out that way, for the reason that the deaths occurred in Nevada, and all of the people on the plane were from certain areas around San Jose, California. The dead bodies had to be brought out and taken to a certain place, which was Minden, where all the physical examinations and identifications were made and other civil requirements made, and the bodies prepared for transportation. The remains were transported, some by plane, some by auto hearse, and some by train to their destinations. There was a problem of interstate law regarding interstate transportation.

I think we can move now to a discussion of where the services were held. In the early days in rural areas and some of the smaller urban areas, there were always large homes. The bodies would be prepared there. They would be dressed and casketed there, and a funeral would be held from the home. But, of course, each mortuary had a small chapel to take care of those that didn't have this particular accommodation. But after the

transportation was better, while the bodies might be prepared in the home and lie in state there, they would be taken to churches or to lodge rooms. Then in other cases, they would be in the small mortuary chapel. Problems came up finally in the matter of traffic and also the greater demand for services at the mortuary by the people who had no particular church affiliation. Then the parking came into consideration. Not many of the churches had parking space, and none of the lodge rooms. So the mortuaries then enlarged their chapels to accommodate the group and arrange parking space so that people could come and park their cars without interference.

In our own case, we first moved to the corner of Fourth and Sierra Streets in 1920. There wasn't too much traffic and people parked rather easily. But it finally grew and we had to make parking provision, we purchased an adjoining piece of property and turned that into a parking area. - Later, we purchased another piece which gave us a hundred feet on Sierra and a hundred forty feet west. Still later, we purchased another piece of property to use as a garage for our cars (the livery stable and so on having gone out, and the parking garages so far away from us), and also, a warehouse for different supplies. Then, the matter of a freeway came up through Reno, and the matter on Fourth Street was discussed, then one across the river, and then one right down Third Street, and we felt that if Fourth Street was made a boulevard, we would immediately have a traffic problem. We liked the idea of being close to the business area and on the same side of the tracks as the cemeteries, so we bought another lot a little to the north of our property and west, fifty by a hundred and forty feet, so that we could turn our processions out of our parking lot and go through this lot to West Street and then to Fifth and on out to the cemetery. Still

later, we bought another fifty by a hundred and forty to take care of the distant parking.

Now, we learned one thing, that if we directed or parked cars for people, our liability was greater. Even though we had parking lines run, and such things as that, we found that people didn't use those. They'd just park anywhere and block us all the time. But rather than to assume all that liability, we had a man out there directing the parking. He did not park the cars.

To give you an illustration, when we first put in our parking, we had the parking area graded and rolled, and then we had some pressed rock put on it and rolled, and then we had some sand put in, and then we put on what we called an asphalt skin coat until the ground would settle. The skin was asphalt with some sand and fine gravel mix.

We bought more stockings for people! Some ladies wore open-toed shoes, and the loose sand and gravel caused holes in the toe of the stocking. And rather than argue, we'd replace the stocking. I know in one case a lady entered one of our cars. She had a party dress on, an evening dress. While entering the car; she hooked the dress on something within the car and tore a section of the dress. She came and reported the condition to us, and we immediately referred her to our insurance agent. He immediately got busy on it. He asked her if she had the dress, and she said yes, she had it. He asked to look at it, and he had it appraised. Now, he was smart. He told her to go on down and get something like it and they would pay for it. She went down and bought a dress about five times what this thing cost! They finally settled.

Liability [insurance] is a great thing to have. For instance, if we direct the parking and somebody was careless in backing out and bumped into another car, we were liable. So we get those things all along. In some of the

states—and it's been tried in this state, too—if we put cars in the procession, even though they're private cars, if anything happens, we can be enjoined on damages.

Speaking of parking, our sign, "Parking for Funerals" won a prize. Well, this was an open space, and a lot of people who worked would drive down and park on that lot. And some people would come and park and do shopping. The result was that we didn't have much space, so we decided to put up some parking signs. We spent quite a bit of time trying to figure out just what should be put on the sign. You have a picture of it. We sent these pictures in for competition and exhibit. The signs do not say, "No parking"; they don't say, "Cars illegally parked will be hauled away," or anything like that. It's set up with a black background and a white edge, and then gold lettering, "Private Parking Area. Limited to friends while attending funeral services." That was selected as the best and most significant sign by the National Selected Morticians. It was a part of their program to have people submit something on signs like that and another one on advertising.

We were celebrating our seventy-fifth anniversary, I think, and we had these pictures showing the beginning, of course, with a little short story of the whole history, and then pictures of the staff members and a little bit about their background. It took a full page [in the newspaper]. I got Tom Wilson of Reno to help me on that. I furnished the information and he edited it, and this advertising was also exhibited. We won a first place on institutional advertising. It's around somewhere. I had a lot of letters on that.

I was never impressed with these great big signs out in front of your mortuary, or billboards, or anything like that at all. I didn't think billboards were worth a damn. People are not looking for them anyhow. But these

large conspicuous signs didn't convey any message, and that is why we just have this little neon sign in front, "Ross-Burke Company Funeral Service." But we have bracket lights around the place to light it up.

Speaking of advertising, a lot of the firms advocated doing something at Christmastime. And we toyed with it for quite a long time. And it was about the time that Dr. Moseley came to the University'. He erected a creche on the lawn facing Ninth Street and in front of the tram on the south end of Manzanita Lake. It was very effective. We placed a similar creche in front of our chapel. We were telling the story. We had lights on it. We had compliments. It created interest and compliments, but it was not successful. You'd get up there in the morning, and by golly, all our [laughing] strings of lights and so forth were gone. So we then changed it and erected the creche on the roof of our building. We again received a lot of compliments. But that's a sort of a semi-slate roof. The people who erected it there and took it down were breaking the shingles. We gave it to Trinity Church. The church used it, and they loaned it, I think, to the Baptist Church, and they used it for a while. We substituted in front of our building brackets of red candles with lights on them. The city adopted this idea and placed like candles on the bridges and other conspicuous places in the city. We discontinued the idea.

We used kneeling pads in our chapel. When we replaced the pads and substituted kneelers, we gave the kneeling pads to Trinity Church to use when they had the overflow of crowds. The kneeling pads went down the river during the flood.

We gave up the idea of this form of advertising because so many people started to erect creches, and it wasn't different. I find that, in the funeral business, conspicuous



advertising is not too much of an asset. If you want to say, "Serving the people of Reno and Washoe County since 1870," such advertising will be informative and dignified. Many funeral [firms] advertise service, service, service. So I coined the expression, "where service is more than a mere word." Those things were regarded as all right. Well, that's enough of that.

A few minutes ago, I was saying that in the earlier time, the bodies were prepared and dressed and casketed and everything in the homes. How much actual preservation and everything went into that? In the early days, when Mother—you know, she used to go out and lay them out. The funeral director came down—I think I've described this to you before.

When I entered into the business, this so-called word "embalming" meant body mutilation on the part of most people. That was never true. But they had the idea, so I suggested to our firm not to use the word "embalming" and say to them, "The body will have to be sterilized." Then if you get an audience that's right, you could describe this process to them. That's what we were doing. The word "embalming" means to allay bacterial decomposition, and also contemplates the removal of blood that's in the system, because that's the first thing to decompose. When it does, it causes swelling and purging. The first thing it does is throw the gas out into the little capillaries, which blocks the circulation of the disinfectant fluids. It was at the time that we were having all that trouble that I conceived the idea of injecting a solution of Epsom salt before the embalming fluid, based on the fact that that's what they used to give us on the ranch if we were constipated. I have told about that somewhere else. To this day, the bodies don't have to be embalmed. The health regulation says that they must be

either buried, cremated, or entombed within a period of eighteen hours, or that has to be done. It is done as a sanitary requirement. There's always the chance, if you don't allay this bacteria, there could be infection or contagion coming from it.

Now, I'd like to add to that just a little bit. There is a trend among certain people today to stress memorial services without the body. For certain organizations, they are advocating that, and certain churches. Well, of course, to me, that's rather cold, because I can't help but respect this body. It is the house that held the soul that I loved. That's number one. And number two, my observation is when death comes to an ordinary individual, some members of the family are there, and you see that struggle for breath, and such things as That. They see the expression of pain, of tiredness, and so on. And that's the mental picture you have of death. If they will let us prepare this body, it is possible for us to allay that expression, take care of the body and pose it so that it looks as though it's in peace. That leaves a pleasant memory picture for people. Even in bodies that have been hurt in an accident, all broken up, some of the family sees that—not a pleasant memory picture. If they'd give us a chance, we can usually put it back together and present a more normal picture.

The first one that I put back together was a man, a brakeman, who fell off a train up near Verdi. He was terribly mangled. I made the call and brought the remains back to the mortuary and decided, "I'm going to try to put this together." A lot of people saw this body in Verdi. I worked industriously and long hours, and I restored the body. I did dermasurgical work; I was careful with my cosmetics and my lighting.

And one member of the family that saw the bodyNorthwest Oral History Association

newsletter reminder in Verdi asked to see the body after restoration. He'd suggested maybe the family wouldn't want the casket for viewing. He viewed the body and was a most pleased man. He said he was going to talk to the family and get them to view the body, and he was going to get all of these people together that saw it in Verdi. That was the biggest piece of advertising that we ever had. But it takes time to do that. And to me, time and effort has never meant anything just so long as I can do something that's going to be comforting to people.

Oh, yes. One other thing. There's one fellow in this country, and in the last year or so, [who], rather than have open house for people for a certain period of time, decided to put in an area right next to a driveway on his property so that people could drive up and look through the window at it all night long. Such a thing does not appeal to me. Well, I don't know. He cot blessed by a lot of funeral directors, and when I say blessed, it was in a vulgar way. A good, legitimate funeral director is a person who thinks in terms of such privacy as a family would like and such love and protection and interest that they can go home and rest and know that body is in a reposing room, with flowers around it, and with a staff member present at all times.

I know a funeral director in another state who closes his mortuary at nine-thirty at night and does not return until nine-thirty in the morning. To me, this is rather gruesome. Suppose a fire break out. Suppose some vandals would get in. All of these things. Now, that's not saying that they would, but they could.

These people, when I talked to them, said, "Well, he's an idealist, he's a dreamer, but—" I had a sign on the mortuary operating door, calling attention to the fact that these bodies were to be treated just the same as they'd

want one of theirs treated. It's not open for the curious or people that are unauthorized to come in to watch it or anything like that at all. And it's to be treated that way even to covering the breasts on a lady and this portion here [pubic area] when they're working on it. I don't know, maybe so, but so help me, I've got a lot to be thankful for. My mind is clear and my heart is white.

Just the other day, I sat down at the table alone, and a fellow said, "Gee, you're alone. Come on over and eat with us." He introduced me to the man who was there, and he said, "I've known Si for I don't know how many years from when I was public administrator." He said that, "Whenever I had anything like that, Si insisted it didn't make any difference whether it was indigent or a person with money. If they had no relatives there and they wanted a prayer, he insisted on a prayer. And when that happened, the minister was never in there alone. A couple members of the staff were there."

I'll just illustrate that with a little anecdote. Well, that was my one ideal. One of the things that I never could do is to bury a lady in the indigent cemetery. Now, of course, there were exceptions. The Indians had their customs and we had to go through with that. But I did arrange later to get a piece of ground for the Indians. It's still in Mountain View cemetery. But I never would bury a lady in the indigent cemetery. I would buy a grave, a recorded grave, in what was called the unimproved section of the cemetery. And by that, I mean this, that part of the cemetery that wasn't in grass, maintained, but it was kept clean. Now, if it was an indigent case, the county made the allowance, but they didn't make any allowance for that type of grave. Then I had that come back to me many times, and I will cite this one in particular.

There was a doctor who lived in Tonopah whose wife would get up and leave every once

in a while and go on a trip, and he wouldn't know where she was unless he'd receive a note from her. She went away this time and she didn't come back, and he checked all the areas where she usually went. He had no history of her at all. Then he decided to go around to the funeral directors in the areas to find out if they had buried any unknowns or if they'd buried somebody by this name who was an indigent. He finally wound up in Reno. He put the question to me, "Have you ever buried an unknown lady or an unidentified lady?"

I said, "Yes, several of them."

He said, "Have you the records on them?"

I said, "Yes."

And he said, "Have you found—buried anybody within this period of time?"

I thought of one, and I said, "I think so. I'll go look it up." And I found this one.

Now, I had the habit, whenever we'd get an unknown, to measure the body, note the color of the eyes, the clothing worn, the height, approximate weight, and if it were a drowning case, to allow for swelling.

So I said, "This is an unknown, and she was found in the Truckee River, just across from Wingfield Park, anchored on a dam during relatively high water, and we were called. She was anchored on some willows there. My associate and I went out, and the water was such that we couldn't wade out, so I swam out to it with a rope, put it around the body, worked it so that it wouldn't go over the dam, and swam away from the dam upstream and they could pull me in.

So we brought her here and reported it to the coroner, and this was the description. It's all written down there, even to the size of the shoe. If I was in doubt about it, I'd take it down to Billy Johnston to tell me what the estimate was. Of course, then you could estimate pretty well the length of stocking, and so on, the type

stocking, her underwear, the skirt, the dress, the hair and the eyes.

He looked the record all over. Then on it, too, was a record, "No identification marks." There wasn't any laundry mark, anything like that, no purse or anything like that.

He'd asked me that question, and I answered him. He looked it all over, and he looked at me and the tears came in his eyes. He said, "Mr. Ross, that's my wife." He told me the story and then he said, "Where is she buried? In the potters' field?"

I said, "No, sir. She is in the single graves in the public section of Mountain View cemetery. It is not under endowed care, but it's kept clean. And there's a headboard on it and it's recorded."

So he asked me if I'd take him to the cemetery. And I did. I took him up and drove right to the grave. I didn't even have to stop to get the direction. There was a headboard, "Unknown Lady."

He looked around and he said, "What would it cost to disinter her and put her in an endowed care grave?"

I looked at him and I noticed he had a Masonic emblem on, and I said, "You can put her in the Masonic section, if you want, on your membership. The graves there will cost you fifty dollars under perpetual care. You will have to buy an outside container because this was in the county unit [casket]. And then you can mark the grave later, but you can't have a marker above the ground. It'll have to be flush."

"Well," he said, "what is it going to cost to disinter her?"

I said, "Their price is (so much). And they might be willing to raise it to the top of the ground for the grave, if you give it back to them. If not, it'll be (so much money). And then, the grave in the Masonic is (so much money), and (so much) for the opening

and closing. And then you'll have to buy an outside container. It can be of metal; it can be of concrete; it can be redwood, and whatever you take will determine the cost of that." He wanted protection. So I said, "That would cost you so much money." We got it all together.

"Now," he said, "what's your fee?"

I said, "Nothing."

"Well," he said, "you've put in all this time doing this, so—"

I said, "Yes, maybe I have. But I'm so happy that one of my customs which is unusual is proven to be worthwhile. And this is going to give you some comfort. I'm amply paid."

Well, he bought a metal vault. I told him that it wouldn't do any good to get another casket, because I realized what a mess it would be. We just wired it and kept her in the original unit. He ordered the bronze marker for her. The little extra that it cost to place a lady in a recorded grave is nothing as compared to the satisfaction of knowing that a lady, a female, who's somebody's daughter, somebody's wife, somebody's mother, and she loved that somebody, and that somebody loved her [is cared for properly].

Of course, I don't care whether this goes in or not—I was told I was wrong in this, but I still believe it. Women that get into that condition, where they're paupers and the like of that, are those that have been deceived somewhere along the line by some contemptible man.

Now, let's see. There are lots of people now talking about "private service." There are reasons for it; there are also objections. Now, I think it impresses me more than would be if I were in a large city, but I've come from a rural area, and I know people that'll travel from Eureka and all of these outlying districts to come in to attend the funeral, and they're great friends of the family, and they haven't seen the body, they haven't seen the family;

they say, "You can't come in." Now, to me, I won't say it isn't right, because, after all, I think a family has a right to express themselves. But you should be able to courteously ask them this: "Now, suppose (I always try to know where these persons were from) John Doe from Podunk had come in. Are we to permit him to see the body or attend the service, or something like that?"

"Well, I hadn't thought about that." They just let it ride.

So many of them say, "Well, now, what do you suggest?"

I said, "Let it go with private service. But you call your friends, and if anybody comes from the outside and hasn't had a chance to see you, if they would announce themselves, we will admit them."

And you know, I've had many people thank me for that. And always, in presenting this, I've always asked them what they want me to do under certain circumstances. That opens it, don't you see? Things that they hadn't thought about. I'd like to do what they want.

Now, the types of service—[this is] the private service, of course, and then those that are semiprivate, where friends are invited to attend. Then there's the memorial service, the church service, the home service, the mortuary service, and the chapel service at the cemetery. Now, those are all possible. we find, I think, a little trend back to the church atmosphere. But they always ask, with the exception of the Roman Catholic and some Episcopalian, "Now, is there a possibility for us to have a little privacy?" Now, that's not possible in the small churches, don't you see? And that is why many of the people like to have it at the mortuary, because they do have a privacy with the body before the funeral starts and they have the privacy of taking farewell that they can't very well get in the church.

Now, the chapel ceremonies at the cemetery are mostly committal service, or services during inclement weather. There is an alternate to that. If it's [given in] inclement weather, it would be far better to close the service at the conclusion of the mortuary and just keep the body there until they're ready to inter it, then let us know and we can notify the family to go out. If you take it up to the mortuary chapel, it has to rest there overnight and it's there alone. And the question that comes into my mind is this: Supposing there's nobody there at night and the watchman comes in. Supposing they had a fire like they did before? What could happen? And then again, kind of introspecting, say, how would I feel if my little mother were laying up there all alone, one who loved to have people around? Now? this, with us, it's inclement weather and they want to have the committal there, then as soon as the storm settles, take it over and bury it, I insist that our hearse stay there to move it, instead of putting it on a truck or some flower wagon, or something like that, and enough of us stay in order to handle it, to carry it out.

Now, from an economical point of view—I mean the cold-blooded dollar business—the staff members would be longer on that particular service than they would be the other, which means that the mortuary's losing money, see? Well, that—that doesn't count.

What kind of arrangements do the mortuaries like ours make with the various ministers around the town, with the churches? Well, now, my policy, when I was there, all of my staff did this religiously. When we got down and started to talk about the service, when they'd like to have it, and such things as that, I asked them, or told them, that we ought to communicate with the minister to see if he could be available at that time. And we ought to communicate with the

cemetery to find out if they could be there and coordinate this particular thing. Then, if they said, "I think that's fine," I would say, "Do you mind if I call up the minister now and the cemetery?" Call the minister first, and they would talk to him and he'd say yes or no, or, "we can adjust it this way because—," or, "take that up." "Well, that'll be all right." Then we called the cemetery to see if it could handle the interment at that time. I always tell the minister where the family is and who they are. They may be members at the church; they may not be, but there's someone among the relatives with whom the minister can converse. That gives the minister a chance to call them, if he cares to. Then I always give them his address. Now, since I've left, some of the above services to the family have been eliminated. People'll go to the cemetery and make their own arrangements.

What about people who want a religious service but don't have a church preference? Was it our custom to call our own minister, or to call the people on a rotating basis, or something like that? No, we tried that. That doesn't work out. At least I didn't think so. We asked, "Are you interested in a ritualistic service, or do you want just scripture and prayer, or do you want remarks, and so forth—eulogies, and what not?" When we'd get that information, then I called the minister to check it out. Now, then, if they want remarks, I arrange for an appointment with the minister and a member of the family.

Now, for instance, they say, "Well, a Methodist minister." There are three of them here in town operating—no, two operating out of one, and one other one independently. If they would like the Catholic church, we find out the priest that's on duty and we'll call him, and he will arrange it without a particular father. They like to talk to them. But if they want a particular father, we would call him.



If they want a Baptist minister—if they were from Sparks, there are two or three Baptist churches there. If they were here, there are two or three. And they make their choice. Now, some of the Baptist churches have two ministers. I know I've been questioned about this several times. We had a Methodist minister at one time and we were using him a little bit, and all at once, people didn't want him. So he came over to find out how we selected a minister. I explained to him that, "Our interest is the family interest, and it makes no difference to us what minister they want or what they don't want. We're going to try to get the man the family asks for. Now, if they say, 'I want a Methodist minister,'" I said, "We'll call you because you're the minister in charge. And if you can't take it, you'll tell us so-and-so can take it at such-and-such a time. That's the way we do it. However, if they want one of these so-and-so's, we call him directly."

First thing you know, he wasn't getting any services. He asked, "How come," and I said, "Well, they don't ask for you." He wanted to know why. And I said, "Well, I can't tell you why, but my observation is this: my conclusion is drawn from observation of the reaction of the people. It's the attitude that you take when you come in here." He's abrupt. "You'll take this, This, This." It wouldn't go. Now, that's why, when Rev. Unsworth was here, of the nondenominational, he had better than ninety percent of the funerals. They'd call for Brother Unsworth. They all called him "Brother Unsworth." Now, right after he passed on, it was all Brewster Adams. And when John Ledger was here, before he was here eight years, everybody wanted John. In many churches, They didn't like their minister and they'd get somebody else. But we've always tried to be fair with every denomination. We don't want to be prejudiced. We want people to know when they make their selection. As

far as I'm concerned, they could belong to any of the major churches or any of the minors, and even though I didn't believe in hell's fire and damnation, and such Things as that, if that's what they wanted, I knew that they were going to be comforted. I've tried to give them just the same service as I give anybody else.

I've got a heading here—transportation difficulties during my time. Well, in the early days of horse-drawn equipment, we had roads not paved and went great distances, and such roads as They had weren't very wide. And through lack of direct communication by road, we had to travel quite long distances.

Now, the first one that I have in mind is the lumber area west of Verdi. Many of the deaths There were by accident, and we'd have to take a team and drive it up on the Dog Valley grade near where they were and hitch our horses and take a basket and climb up to the body and then bring it back. That was laborious work and it was difficult. Of course, during the winter, we didn't have anything like that to do. But if we had a call at Floriston, as we did quite often, most of the time we had to go to Verdi and then up Dog Valley grade, and into what they call Presser Valley to the Little Truckee, where we crossed it, and then we followed that to Boca. Then we crossed the Truckee at Boca and the railroad track and went down that side road south of the river to Floriston, and then came back.

Now, the team would take you a good many hours. But shortly after I was connected with the firm, I began to look into this thing, and I went down and talked with the chief man in Sparks to see if we could ride the "swing" and detrain at Floriston. That left Sparks in the morning; it went to Truckee and then came back that afternoon. We got permission to do that. Now, that worked out beautifully. If a death occurred during the night, or early enough so that we could catch

that train up, we had a way over. It meant a lot of difference. I arranged with the board of health so that we could use the basket to put them in and put them in the caboose coming and going. Later, a passenger train used to come through sometime in the afternoon. And we could get on that and ride the baggage car down. That helped it a lot, but you can realize the difficulty.

Now, then, you see, there we had a law we had to comply with, and we had to get permits. That was in another county and in another state, and I had to get my California embalmer's license almost as quickly as I did this one here. I arranged with Mr. [C. A.] Oaker, who was in the funeral business up there, to file certificates for me because they were Reno people. He had no objection.

Now, in northern Washoe County, you sometimes had to make long trips with horses, but after the Western Pacific came through and got organized, if we made connection, we could get on the Western Pacific at Portola and go up and get the body and bring it back to Portola and then to Reno. But as the roads improved, we drove. Then when we got the automobile, of course, that made quite a bit of difference. Quite often, people from up in that northern end, if there was illness, they'd try to get to Reno for a doctor's attention, and some of them died on the way. Even sometimes when they died up there, the people would bring them in to us and save that long trip. But you know, now, that's the devil to do that, and I've done it. The people had to be satisfied.

Now, then, we'd go from here and we used to travel clear up into Long Valley, and then the valley that it connects with up there. We did quite a bit of work around Loyalton, Portola, Calpine, Beckwourth, and so forth. Let's see. Sierraville— we'd sometimes go in there, sometimes clear up to Quincy. But we've sometimes gone as far north as Janesville.

Now, when the weather was good, it was fine. But one year in midwinter, a man from Loyalton died in Reno and they wanted him buried in Loyalton. There was snow on the ground; it was storming. We got to a little place just the other side of Clio, right after you got through that tunnel. There was a little place in there. There was a sarcophagus on the top of the hill on the right. I forget what you call that. The snow was such that we couldn't get through with the wagon. So we borrowed a sleigh and hitched to it and took the body through and had the funeral and came back. And you know, before we left, we heated the bricks and so forth and put them in the hearse or wagon and had these big heavy coats, gloves, boots, and I don't know what all. As soon as we got up there, and before the funeral started, we arranged to put these bricks in a potbelly stove to get hot. Now, it's no trouble at all. We never had any trouble getting to Janesville, Beckwourth, Quincy.

Now, right around our own area in the horse-drawn days, if there was a death somewhere up around Mt. Rose or Hunter Creek, or any place like that, you had some roads you could get up on. For instance, we could follow up the power company road on Hunter Creek a certain distance. But over towards Mt. Rose, we could go just so far and then have to climb. Many times, we'd have to go out and go up one of those creeks where the sheep were.

One experience I had was rather unique, and you know, I had a letter from a chap that graduated in 1915, I think, this spring. He said, "I saw your name in an article that you published in the New Age." He said, "It recalled old times." And he said, "I am fifty years a Mason, and I am Master of my lodge right now. And I thought you'd like to know it."

I answered the letter and gave him the names of the people that were in his class and those that'd be a couple years behind him and those a couple years ahead. I told him where they were and what they were doing. In this letter he wrote, he said, "Do you remember you were coming way up on Hunter Creek to pick up the body of one of our University boys who died on a ski trip?"

And I wrote him and I said, "Yes. His name was (so-and-so)."

I started with an automobile with a basket across the back seats and I got out as far as Plumb ranch, and the snow was too deep. I couldn't go further with the car. So I arranged with Mr. Plumb and got a span of horses and a sled. They'd given me the direction. The two of us took that and we went up until we got to a steep incline and we couldn't go any further. So I took one horse (and we always had ropes that we took with us) and I rode to the top of the hill on this one horse. The other fellow stayed back with the remaining horse and sleigh. And there, we made an improvised sled out of extra skis, and such things as that, and I also had a couple blankets. I placed the body in that and we turned around to start down. The boys were there. They held the rope that was tied to the head end of this thing to keep it from sliding too fast. And we brought it down to where the other horse was. We put it in the sled and came on down to the Plumb ranch and there we put it in the automobile. I tried to pay Mr. Plumb for the team and the sled and he said, "That's most ridiculous. I want to do my part." I recalled that to his memory. They got the word to him, I don't know how, and asked for me personally.

Now, another interesting case was in the early days. This was the day when we had a company automobile, and there were three of us in the business, and each of us would take that every third Sunday. This Sunday, I took

it and brought the family and took them over to Gardnerville and back through Carson, Silver City, Gold Hill, and Virginia City, and on home. Then when I got in, I phoned to let them know that I was in, and they said, "Well, we're waiting for you because we have a call from Long Valley. And they want you. They're an old-time family that you knew."

I said, "All right, as soon as I can change. I'll come down and get a basket and run out and get some gas and go on out.

He said, "Oh, no. The mother of this man says she doesn't want a damned automobile out here. She wants horses because the boy was raised on horses and cattle and all of them that way.

So I went to the stable and got a driver and we drove out. It was on the Evans ranch. When we got there, [it was] pretty late, but anyhow, the hostler was out to unhitch our team, water the horses and feed them. We came into the house, talked to the family a little bit, and they had a big meal for us. I got the statistical data and took the body out and came to Reno. And just as we came over Lemmon Valley, the sun was coming up. But that showed the courtesy of these people. That was true every time we went into the country. But the odd part of it is this: within a year of that time, this dear old lady bought a Packard! [Laughing] When it came her time, she said to tell them she wanted to ride in an automobile!

Now, I made another trip, way out in—what's the valley beyond Long Valley, going to Susanville? Well, it's that valley, up near where the Western Pacific Station is. I drove from around ten o'clock at night until about four in the morning to get there. They, too, took my horses and fed them and watered, and then went in and had a big meal for me, and came clear back. And that—it took me just as long to come back as it did to go out. So you see, those are pretty long journeys.

And I always took a driver, or whoever went out took a driver with him. It was usually a man from the garage, so he'd drive part of the time.

On one of these trips, I drove all the way out. We were coming back and got started and I said, "You take over." We were in pretty good country, and he did. The first thing I knew, I was almost bumped off the seat, and I awakened. He was sound asleep, but I was down here [gesture]. We had a span of horses. One pulled faster than the other, and the mare pulled the fastest, swung the wagon into the sagebrush. I pulled him out of the sagebrush and drove the remaining distance to Reno.

Well, we had a call to Gerlach and we understood that we were to bring the body in to Reno. So I went out prepared to do that very thing. Then when we got there, they said, "No. We want it prepared here, and we want you to bring in a casket because we're going to bury her here."

Now, as a rule, if I went on a country call, I used to carry my embalming kit with me. But the call seemed to be plain and I left the grip home. And there I was. I was in a bad spot. I got the railroad people to telegraph away at Portola and back to Reno (after talking about the kind of casket they wanted and so on) to send the casket and an outside chest and my embalming outfit out to me as fast as they'd get there. I remained there, but I had to do something about this.

So I had no cooling board or anything like that, and I reverted the old way of getting a sawbuck and a chair, putting a door on it, and we raised the body and covered it there. This lady had a purpural fever. I knew what it meant, and I knew that I'd have to do something. So I decided if I could get certain things in Gerlach that I would improvise and wash the circulatory system of the extra blood, and that done, put more of this

improvised fluid in the circulatory system and tie it off in order to stop decomposition.

So I went over to the store, and I got some ordinary Epsom salt crystals, and I got some of these straws that you drink through, and I got some thread, and I bought the largest needles that I could get. Then I rustled to get a douche bag and then extra rubber tubing. Then I got some glass jars from the people there—they were like the old fruit jars—so that I'd have something to catch the blood.

I used my pocketknife to make the incisions. I smoked a long-stem pipe and took the stem out and inserted that in the vein and tied it off. Then I took up the—that's the femoral area. I took up the femoral vein, and I injected in it and put that in with the straw, tied it off and put a tube in it. Now, for injection, I got a string that you put on one of these picture things—on the wall that held the picture—and tied it with that, and put it on the wall and had the clamp, of course, and let gravity work down through the artery. And then as the blood came out, I caught it in these blood bottles. And after that was cleansed, then I thought the blood was cleansed, I continued to inject this epsom salt solution in the arteries until I thought they were saturated. Then I had to wait.

Of course, I posed the body and closed the eyes and mouth and orifices with cotton and the like of that, and put [on] face cream to stop desiccation. And finally, they came through with the casket and so forth, and we then did the proper injecting. We got permission to get the certificate signed by the coroner, and had the funeral, and came home. That shows what you can do when you have ingenuity. If I hadn't had the chemical background and things like that, I don't know where I'd've been.

We also had the same trouble in Truckee Canyon here, having to cross the river and

climb up these mountains because there was no trail or anything like that up there. One case in particular that was amusing, before we got through—two of us went out on a call and there were people up where the body was, and we picked it up, started down the hill. We raised it up, and the people that were on the rear of the other end had to hold back while we were getting down. When we got down to the railroad track, we had to cross this bridge. They had two planks, about twelve-inch planks, together, right through the center of the rails up here. So Mr. [Frank O.] Chick was with me, and we decided to go across. We looked in every direction. We thought we saw that we could make it across, and we started to walk across this bridge. We were fairly [well] along when we noticed a train coming. And what to do? Now, the thing to do was do our darnedest to get across, but if we weren't going to get across, we decided that we would take the basket around and jump overboard into the river. But we got over.

All right, now, here's another thing. In those early days, we usually had a basket that we carried the body in. It was made like a coffin, plenty of room, you could remove the top, lay the body in it, put the top back on, and anchor it. And you could carry it most anywhere. But it required lifting from a bed down to the basket, then picking it up and getting it out of the house. Now, when we got into these homes, there was just a stairway going right up there, just a narrow little—. Many times, you'd have to tip it on end. Or sometimes, in the hospital, the elevator wouldn't work. But where we were in some of the flats, because of the winding steps, we had to carry up and down.

And then we went from that to the stretcher. It shows you what ingenuity and thoughtfulness will do. They've developed a stretcher now so that you can get it in an

elevator. You have it on four wheels, you raise the body this way [by the shoulders], and then, on the other end, you can lower the body, that is, from the knees down, and make a regular chair out of it. And those work sometimes pretty well when you're in these apartment houses. But when you're in these apartment houses, you usually have to lift up over the banister and make your turn getting in there. Then you've got a steep stairway. Then you have to lift it over again when you get into the hall downstairs. And those are difficult things to do. They have no provision made for sharp turns or anything, but now they have this new stretcher-type [carrier] and it's so arranged that, honestly, two men can handle it, or it is arranged so that if you're coming out to the receiving cat, you can open your door and adjust that thing in such a way, tip it a little bit, and you have rollers on that end of it that keeps it up, and you just pick it up and push it in. And I want to tell you it's saved a lot of broken backs on winding stairs and so forth.

Now, another thing that we started many years ago, and I finally released it at one of the meetings: I've always felt that when I take care of a family for a funeral, I should do everything possible to make this process easy and to never direct them, but to lead them, suggest to them. Then when everything was over and the bill was paid, I still felt an obligation to that family to help them along any line. One of the things that I conceived was this: I knew of many families who'd moved out of the area and they had no one here. I conceived the idea of letting them know that we had a service that they could use at any time, on anniversaries or any other day, and that is if they wanted flowers placed on the grave to send them to us, or [ask] the florist to send them, or tell us what they wanted to spend and we'd buy it, and we'd put



them on the grave. It started out in a small way, and one year we placed flowers on more than three hundred graves. Now, then, some of these people had friends that they would send them to. And some of them, it was the florist.

You know, we ran into a little snag on that. We used to get these things together and go right up bright and early on Memorial Day and place them on the graves. Well, it took time to get around. Now, this is what happened. We'd have them up there early, and the wind started to come up and blow them away. And sometimes, we wouldn't get clear around, and some friend that had been by the grave hadn't seen any flowers—said they were up, didn't see any flowers on the grave—and they dropped a flower or two. Now, those flowers were on there. But I went up there to observe this myself, and I found these flowers blowing away if we had a wind. I also found, in going around, that if people came early, they would go to some other grave, and they had a right to say there weren't any flowers because we hadn't been there.

So we changed our policy. We asked them to have those flowers over to our place not later than two to two-thirty in the afternoon before Memorial Day. We took the flowers up, and if there were vases there, we put them in the vases and then anchored them with rock and mud. If there weren't any, we would dig a hole and put them in there, stems down, and put earth around them. If it was a spray, we would anchor it; if there was a stone there, we'd anchor it on the stone. If not, we'd take a peg along and drive that peg down and anchor them. Now, then, of course, there's always extras coming in. Then if some of them came in late, we made a note if it was coming from the florist, and we took them up and treated them just the same as we did the others, but we would write the family immediately and

say the order didn't get to us until a certain time, and we took them up. You know, they don't do that any more.

Now, our boys became so enamored with this policy, and by that I mean this: they became so enthused that they wanted to do something about it. If it was their day off, they'd ask to come up and help me decorate the graves. Whenever you do anything like that, you feel—well, anyhow, I feel—I know they're "looking down." I know I'd like to feel that other people feel as I do. Not only that, I still do this. Oldtime families that are friends of ours, and I know they're buried up there in the family ground, I take flowers to the grave every Memorial Day. Even one old fellow that was a hophead that used to do our janitor work, I talked to him and finally got him off the hop. He saved enough money to pay for his funeral, and he gave it to Billy Johnson in gold. I marked his grave.

I don't suppose all people feel like I do. And I don't think the other fellow should do it because I do. But I know if I was somebody like this and away from home and I knew somebody was going to put flowers on the grave, I'd feel quite comforted.

Anyone that was connected with our staff (some of them have no relations), I put flowers on their graves. Mr. Burke's family's all gone, Mr. Cloyd B. Thomas' family is all gone with the exception of one son, Mr. Fred Sawyer's family is all gone, and so on down the line. There's some of the University boys that died that are on the list up there.

Now, another thing is this: I've always felt that problems where people were unable to think the thing through, who don't want to admit it—I mean, go and ask—ask somebody else—. But they will come to me now. And we can sit down—. Now, we had one that happened the other day. This lady said to me— she called me on the phone early in the

morning, and she said, "Silas, you're no longer in the Ross-Burke Company?"

And I said, "No, I sold out five years ago and have a mortgage on the place. But I go over if the families want me, or they call me."

And she said; "If you were there, I'd send Mother there. And I want to know if it'd hurt you if I send her someplace else?"

And I said, "No. After all, this is yours to determine, not mine or anybody else's."

"Well," she said, "I thought of (thus-and-so)."

And I said, "You're in good hands because there's one of the boys that trained under me in both places."

So she said she was going out there to be with her mother, but she'd see me in the afternoon. In the meantime, I'd contacted these people to prepare them for her. They carried it out. Now, I could've said no, but you see, she wanted some assurance, as I see it, that it would be all right. And, of course, I've always felt that people had just as much right to choose their funeral director as I have to choose my doctor. It doesn't have to make any— And I've also felt this, that if I were called and the family wanted someone else, I would never hold the body under a technicality unless it was a legal technicality, because I was quite sure—and I am quite sure now—that no matter how hard I tried to serve them, I couldn't please them as much as if they went to the other place. So, that's it.

The other day a man came to my home. Saturday night, his mother had died down in the Los Angeles area and she wanted to be buried in her mother's grave. So he came to my home. I recognized him and asked him to come in. He started to talk and I said, "Come on in."

He said, "Now, my mother died, and she wanted to be placed in the grave of her mother. And I've been up to the cemetery,

and they say they don't have her mother and father buried there. And I checked both sides, so I've come to you."

And I said, "Well, tell me just—how do you spell it?" It was McFarland. We had McFarlin; we had MacFarlen; McFarland. I thought I knew it, you see. He told me and I said, "Well, we'll call them Monday morning and I'll dig it out."

But I got up Sunday morning, and I had some of these old books. I came down here. I located those two graves. I told him, "I think," I said, "I'm sure they were in Section A on the right-hand [side] as you go in. The mother and father were buried together." Mr. [Ray] Weldon was buried in the Weldon plot and their parents were over on this side. Mr. Weldon was dead. So I called the sexton, and I said, "Look in Section A-1 and see if you haven't got it," and he had it. Now, some of the others would say it was none of my business, but it was helpful. I just feel that the door should never be closed, and I'm going to continue that. I wasn't able to close the door on Blanchfield. But you know, I just feel happy when I place the shamrock on his grave. But I'm going to do it as long as I live.

Now, then, in 1930, the plan for burial insurance and pre-need was started, and it was called the "Deseret Plan." Previous to that time, in the states, and particularly in the South, a great many of the funeral directors formed a little organization with their own clients and solicited on that basis. They would pay funeral benefits on the basis of the number of people that were in the organization at the time that the person died. They charged a dollar and some cents per person, and then they would use that towards the burial and try to supply a funeral by the person who sold this particular plan. Now, then, if they went to another funeral director, there wasn't anything in it at all.

I opposed that, because it was a sort of a tontine policy you never knew what you were going to get. If you dropped out, then all of what you paid in there was gone. If you wanted to come back in, you had to start all over. I opposed that and advocated insurance.

Now, then, this Deseret thing came in. It was out of Salt Lake City and it traveled all over this state and over Idaho, parts of Utah, up into Montana, and in Colorado. It amounted to a forty-dollar fee that you paid directly to them, which would entitle you to a funeral at cost, plus a certain percent. That in itself did not appeal to me for the reason that the cost was not defined; secondly, this money was not deposited in a trust, or—it was just available to these particular people. So I made quite a study of it and when they got pretty hot and they came into this state, I took over the battle itself all alone.

In the meantime, I had collected all kinds of information on the organization from the chambers of commerce from the different states, arid so on, and I put copies of all of this information in every bank, and with the state, and in attorneys' offices. I guess we had spent, oh, close to two thousand dollars or more when I thought it was time to get the funeral directors together. I, in the meantime, had found out where they had been selling this plan. They came in and we formed our state association.

We got busy, organized our association, set up dues, and then put in an assessment, a per capita tax, to carry on this work and instructed a committee to get busy with the legislature to draft legislation that would protect the public. We didn't legislate anybody out, but we made it possible to come in if the purchaser was protected, and so on. Now, beginning at that time, I was opposing it nationally and otherwise in the state, and any prearrangement or

anything like that, advocated that it be done through life insurance or a deposit in a bank (trust department) or a building and loan association with a federal charter.

Well, anyhow, we passed those bills in spite of the fact that they had a man right in the legislature who was supposed to be handling the situation for them. They couldn't understand why a certain senator had so much information. His name was Burt, Lester Burt, representing Lincoln County. He was operating a little funeral home in Caliente, and he was not a licensed embalmer. But there was a licensed embalmer under the old act in Pioche. And if there was any trouble or difficulty, this fellow would come down to Caliente. Anyhow, we groomed Mr. Burt on all of this Deseret Plan, and at the same time, his evenings were always spent right here in Reno. He would work at night at our place to learn the preparation of bodies. I fed him with all this literature. And we were able to get this literature pretty well distributed through the legislators, particularly the chairmen. And we passed these particular bills.

Now, when this Deseret thing came up in 1931, the embalmer's law was changed, and in 1949, it was changed again, and in 1959, the first two amendments increased the educational requirements for licensing. And the 1959 amendment extended the law to include funeral directors and apprentices under a license system. Funeral directors in this state have always been interested in establishing standards of ethics, continuing service to the public, and standardizing in training, the educational criteria.

We got along pretty nicely until finally the government got into the picture and a suit was filed against this Deseret outfit, and a trial was held up in Montana. This chap that was representing the Dodge Chemical Company was to be a principal witness. He

had his portfolio and was giving testimony, and his portfolio disappeared. And he didn't have anything to submit. So he called me and I sent him my complete file at another address. He used that in testimony, and these people were convicted. Unfortunately, all of these people that put in any money lost their money. The fellow that had initiated it had enough money to start a mortuary of his own, but he cleared his own skirts; somebody else was doing this, do you see? I know that right here in Reno, they had a very fine attorney. He was so sold on this proposition that he invited his maid and others to buy this plan. And then, we were talking about it and I told him it was a fraud. But anyhow, a suit was brought, and then he wanted to know of me how to get their money back.

Now, on these prearrangements, a few years back, they started these prearrangements that are different than that dollar down, and the other was forty dollars, which was a guarantee of—that's the Deseret Plan. They started the idea of prearranging funerals. And I think that's fine. It's a great thing. But it made it a commercial thing. I opposed it all along and perhaps lost a little money for the company, but I think I made some. Put I contend this: if it's an elderly person, they can get social Security, and they can get welfare. But they can't get welfare if they have more than seven hundred dollars. Yet they don't want to be buried by the county. If they use up all their money and they die and have none, they're buried by the county, \$125. So I advised them if they didn't have ground to go up to the cemetery and pay for it, even on a deferred payment basis, then let us know about what they wanted to spend, and take it to the bank and put it in a trust department or in the building and loan in a savings, and write out their requests, and make us the beneficiary. In the prearrangements, we

usually specify the depositors and let them use the money—that is, they could use it. Put to dissolve it, it has to be by mutual consent. Now, that's on one thing. People can get that. Now, we have people in the business that are selling this, and they're legitimate. They charge no fee for selling. (You also have the insurance policies. You can get these for older people, and they would get the same type of policy you'd get if you were going to buy insurance.)

Now, right in the beginning, they made a mistake on that (prearrangement policy). It was to have a condition that it can be cancelled by mutual consent. In two or three cases, some fellow got ahold of the widows and got them interested in investing their money, and so forth. They withdrew the money, and when they died, there wasn't any money there. This other way, it works out quite well.

Now, what we also do is this, [prepare instructions like]: "Being of sound mind (and what not), and desire to make preparation for (thus and so)," [instructions to us are]: "You are to take charge of our body and prepare it in keeping with the law. Arrange a (certain type) of funeral, (I mean church or fraternal) or (certain) clergymen, music." If they want songs sung or they wanted a soloist, and where they were to be buried—it was all specified, even if they want clothing. They may also make provision that we use "or the equivalent," because they might like a certain type of casket and it may not be available at that particular time, you see. Or the estimate we gave them might change a little. In the event that even though they leave the money, it stops accumulating, "In the event that at the time of the death there's not enough money there to take care of the entire expense on this equivalency basis, (so-and-so) in the family will pay it, or it can be charged to the estate."

Now, we had one the other day. I'm glad I went out on it. This dear old lady had a son, and when her husband died, she had been quite well off, but she was at the point where she had to go out on welfare. But she provided for her funeral. She put his money in the savings account; she had her clothing and everything over at the mortuary. Those things were all done. When the funeral was over, there was a little bit more in the account than she had estimated necessary. The young man paid for the funeral, not knowing of the account. When we got a copy of the bill, I immediately wrote him, and we sent him all this money.

One of the first ones we had was a lady that worked here. She was working hard for a living, and she had a daughter who was in the University. The daughter was going to teach. She made all these arrangements, and when the mother died, the daughter was teaching way up in the northern end of Elko County. we notified her and asked her when she would be here. And when she came here, everything was taken care of; we were ready to go right ahead with the service because of the prearrangement.

Now, the insurance with this other plan, there is no commission charge, see, no service charge. Now, some prearrangement [plans], they take twenty-five percent right off the top for promotion. And then these that are under contract, they have an insurance that will cover anything if a man dies. Before he'd prepared this thing, it'll make up the deficit, don't you see? Yet, if there's more there than is actually spent, or the people wanted to withdraw, they have a charge for doing that.

It just seems to me that, if they're going to sell a prearrangement, they should operate like life insurance companies do. Their salesmen should be bonded, truthful, and give references, and everything like that. Their

forms should be standard and have to be made public. And if it's for Ross-Burke Company, we ought to have to absorb that extra expense, just like the insurance company does. But some funeral directors don't see it that way at all. Well, I think that's all I want to say on that.

### **PROFESSIONAL ASSOCIATIONS**

Now, the next (subject] I have down here is the funeral service. The first recorded attempt to form a funeral service association by the so-called undertakers in Nevada was a meeting called by George W. Perkins of Reno, George Kitzmeyer of Carson City, Thomas Dunn of Goldfield, and J. L. Keyser of Elko. The meeting was held in Reno in December, 1906. But when these people got together, they instructed the secretary to write every funeral service operator (undertaker, they were called at that particular time) of what they were attempting to do and urging their assistance. It was not as well attended as hoped for, but there were representatives from Reno, Carson City, Virginia City, Fallon, Winnemucca, Elko, Ely, Goldfield, and Tonopah. Now, when we mention Tonopah, that would cover a lot of those small areas, you know, out near Manhattan, and all that. Then, they invited the funeral directors from the bordering counties, and they appeared from Truckee, Bishop, and Beckwourth. Although there was some objection to the formation of an association, the main important reasons for poor attendance were poor transportation facilities and the fact that most establishments were small, one-man, owner-operated. This group elected George Perkins of Reno as its first president and George Kitzmeyer of Carson City as the first secretary-treasurer.

At this meeting, the idea of licensing the embalmers was advocated. A committee was appointed to draft proposed legislation and



seek information concerning the possibility of bringing a recognized authority to Nevada to give a series of lectures on and to demonstrate modern techniques in practical embalming. The committee reported at the next meeting, which was held the latter part of 1908. Now, this is being brief— the first proposed statute was adopted by the members present and submitted to the 1909 legislature for action. The bill was passed and signed by the governor. And the governor appointed J. L. Keyser of Elko, Thomas Dunn of Goldfield, and George Kitzmeyer of Carson City to the state board of the examiners. Now, of this first group that came in, Keyser and Dunn held embalmer's licenses from out of state. The others didn't have [licenses], other than some employees. Now, all of this slate was appointed by him, and his first formal meeting was April 20, 1909.

Arrangements were made with Professor Hoenschuh, who had established an embalming school in the Midwest to lecture and demonstrate techniques in Reno in September, 1909. Notice was given to all so-called undertakers in Nevada and the bordering counties of California. Thirty-two attended the lecture to which Dr. Hoenschuh gave all a written and oral examination. Of these, twenty-eight passed the examination and were given a license. And here, I have listed them and where they were from: Henry Alter, Reno, Nevada; J. Z. Archer, Reno, Nevada; P. J. Bacigalupi, Rhyolite, Nevada; E. W. Black, Fallon, Nevada; Frank Cavanaugh, Tonopah, Nevada; I-I. E. Clock, Reno, Nevada; J. H. Dick, Pioche, Nevada; W. J. Downey, Carson City, Nevada; T. F. Dunn, Goldfield, Nevada; Wallace Evans, Carson City, Nevada; John Gallagher, Aurora, Nevada; E. W. Griffith, Las Vegas, Nevada; John Gulling, Reno, Nevada; P. H. Hjul, Eureka, Nevada; H. A. Reams, Austin, Nevada; J. B. Kenney, Virginia

City, Nevada; J. L. Keyser, Elko, Nevada; George Kitzmeyer, Carson City, Nevada; W. Marsh, Tonopah, Nevada; J. F. Moody, Mina, Nevada; A. F. McPhail, Sparks, Nevada; E. F. Nevin, Ely, Nevada; C. A. Oaker, Truckee, California; Thomas D. Rogers, Manhattan, Nevada; R. E. Robbins, Elko, Nevada; Lloyd D. Smith, Las Vegas, Nevada; Cloyd B. Thomas, Winnemucca, Nevada; and E. N. Wallace, Virginia City, Nevada. Four didn't pass. It was interesting, too, to go over where they came from: Reno, Reno, Rhyolite, Fallon, Tonopah, Reno, Pioche, Carson City, Goldfield, Carson City, Aurora, Las Vegas, Reno, Eureka, Austin, Virginia City, Elko, Carson City, Tonopah, Mina, Sparks, Ely, Truckee, Manhattan, Elko, Las Vegas, Winnemucca, Virginia City. Now, Oaker was the only one that passed from out in California. The association held no more official meetings after 1908 until August, 1930, when the organization was reorganized.

Ross-Burke Company of Reno was the only Nevada firm holding membership in the National Funeral Directors Association at that time. This membership was held at large. Here's an interesting thing on that. Now did we become members?

Now, this first group at their second meeting paid dues to the National Funeral Directors Association, and that was the end of it. But I have been curious all my life, and I kept reading the trade magazines to find out, learn as much as I could, and particularly the programs for the meetings. This was the first year that they had something there that I thought that I'd like to hear. One was skin cleavage, and I went to a lecture on that particular subject; the other was the metallurgy of metals used in the casket industry. I wrote to find out if I could come as a visitor and listen to these lectures, or if there was a possibility of me buying a membership. The old fellow, his name is Kirkpatrick,

secretary of NFDA, said, "Yes. Send five dollars and we'll make you a member at large."

I went back to the convention. Skin cleavage always interested me, because many people, in making incisions, would make a cross section incision which was difficult to close. But if you had your skin cleavage, if your incision follows the direction of cleavage, you will have no difficulty in closing the incision.

And then the metallurgy, I knew of the metals that we were using, and from my experience in mining and metallurgy and chemistry, [I knew] the metals that they were using at that particular time weren't everything that they claimed them to be. The metals in use, being unlike when placed together, set up an ionic reaction (for instance, soldering two pieces of metal together) and would rust out. In assembling the bronze and copper caskets, to strengthen the corner, they would put the casts of bronze and other metals in there, which would set up an ionic action, turn the interior green, and then rust out. And the screws that they used on the side to put on the handles, and so forth, were still another metal.

When I came home and got to thinking this matter over, I checked my ideas and established the fact that I was right. And by virtue of that, I was able to advise with those other funeral directors and casket manufacturers. The result of it is that many of them changed their tactics. There again, I had an experience.

The funeral directors used to have a platted profit on those darn things, and they'd hold these caskets a year or so, you see? And the first thing you know, the ears on the handles would begin to crack, and you'd show the polish that it had on it wore off, and the indication of erosion. They'd have to have the exterior replaced. So I went into the thing and found out that they were using these unlike

metals and called their attention to this and suggested that instead of doing that particular thing that they take the same material that they use for the sides, bend it into shape, and weld it together for the corners. A lot of things like that that I was able to suggest, and by golly, it was adopted!

Now, this membership at large. We had no state association of funeral directors. In order to belong to NFDA, one had to belong to a state association. In the meantime, the statutes governing the practice of embalming—that means the embalming board—served as a unifying force for the profession in the state. Now, the changes in the embalmers laws were made in 1931, 1949, and 1959. The first two increased the educational requirements for apprentices 7 And in 1959 the amendments extended the law to include the funeral director and provided for reciprocity.

About 1927, one of these salesmen came through, and I showed him the records of what I was doing. I had platted everything, I had curves on it. He went back to Cedar Rapids, Iowa, his headquarters, and he went to Dave Turner, a man there who was an NSM'er [National Selected Morticians]. He said, "There's a kid out in Nevada you ought to have in NSM. He's in a small town of Reno, Nevada. But he has something I haven't seen that any of you have." So Dave Turner reported it to headquarters, and they sent two men to Reno to check. Now, I remember, I took one couple out to show them the valley, and the lady insisted on sitting in the rear seat and finally said, "Mr. Ross, do you belong to NSM?"

And I said, "What's that?"

"The National Selected Morticians."

I said, "I don't know anything about it. The only thing that I know anything about is NFDA, but I've never seen a program that was worthwhile, and I'm going to go back on my own if I can be admitted."

Well, I wasn't learning very much from the salesmen who came through. But this year at the National, as I've said, they had the two clinics on skin cleavage and the metallurgy of the metals used in the burial industry. They were both given at Cincinnati.

At that meeting, I was registering at the hotel and met a funeral director by the name of Charles Truman from Oakland. He was glad to see me, and with that, he saw Ben Wallace. He said, "Ben, come over here." He introduced me to Ben Wallace, and I said I was from Reno, Nevada.

Ben said, "Gosh, I'm glad you're here. It saves me a stop in Reno. You've been elected to the National Selected Morticians, and I was to come in and get your application."

I said, "I don't know anything about it. I'd like to talk it over."

"Well," he said, "the president's over here to talk to you."

So I said, "Oh, when I complete my registration, I'll come over with you." And I talked to Arthur Mann. I said, "Mr. Mann, it sounds very interesting to me, but I have an associate, and I'm on my way to Washington and I'll be there a period of time. Would you send me certain literature telling me about NSM and put on it, 'Open and read, but save for Mr. Ross' return?'" Mr. Burke did open it.

When I returned home, the first thing Mr. Burke did was to ask me about the literature from NSM. I said, "Well, Jack, these are what they told me, and I asked them to send them out for you to read it. You might like to get more information."

And he said, "Who the hell do they think they are?"

I said, "I don't know." I said, "They're some very representative men from over the country who want us as members."

And he said, "Who are they to say they're selected? Who selected 'em?"

I said, "I don't know that, either."

Now, I could see that he was not in favor, and I got to thinking about it and why. What Mr. Burke did was to show this to a salesman from California, and he opposed it. A number of funeral directors were not in favor because they weren't invited to be members. I then wrote to Mr. Mann and told him that I had to convince my partner, but there was some more information I would like to have. So he sent it on, and finally, I wrote back and I said, "My partner is not in sympathy with us. I'd like to be a member, but after all, I'm the junior partner," and so forth.

So Mr. Mann wrote back to me and he said, "Well, we'll give it to you personally if you'll take it."

And I wrote back and I said, "That's fine for what it costs for the service that NSM can give. But still, is it fair to issue this to me, when the regulation is that it's granted to fins?"

They said, "We want you."

Mr. Burke withdrew his objection; as long as I was sold on it, he would vote to put us in. Do you know Mr. Burke— we got him to attend a couple of meetings, and he got so happy with it! If a problem would come up, they'd ask me to ask him, and he'd say, "Well, ask Si." By gosh, he'd've given his right arm.

Now, I attended the next annual meeting. They had hired a chemist to do certain research. He made a report. He gave a very, very interesting talk. After they had hired him, he did the analysis of the fluids that were on the market, and he demonstrated the results of his experiment to prove what was good and what was bad. And gee, they were enthused, everybody. Then they opened up a discussion period. He let the people ask questions. Finally, I asked permission to speak.

"Certainly."

And I said, "Gentlemen, what I'm going to say you probably won't like, and what Dr.

[Ira Hilton] Jones has done is marvelous. He's shown us the folly of a lot of the ingredients that are used in the fluids. But don't expect him to develop a fluid or anything like that in a day or a week, because, from this, he has to get an idea, and then he has to approach that field. And in all experimental work, you run up against a snag and you have to back up. It's going to take time. So don't be disappointed if he doesn't solve our problem immediately. Keep him at it 'til he finds the answer." And there, all at once, there was quite a bit of applause.

And Dr. Jones said, "Gee, I'd like to have that fellow on my research committee."

I was appointed on it. Well, I did do quite a bit of research and thinking on that project and continued the thing while I was on the board. Then I was elected president. The nominating committee approached me and asked me to accept the presidency in Los Angeles. My answer was no.

They said, "Why?"

"Well," I said, "I've only been in a short time, number one; number two, I am in a small business, and I can't afford to—the expense of this thing, and I can't leave too often."

They said, "We're not taking 'no'; we're going to see you in the morning."

So Emily discussed it with me, and she said, "I think you ought to take it."

I said, "Well, Emily, it means this...."

She said, "We'll get along." So I was elected. What I did with this board was to sell them a program of research; I sold them the idea of getting consultants on a part-time basis. One was in insurance, the other was in political science, another one is in chemistry, another in pathology, and such things as that. I think I had five projects, and four of them were well along and proving successful. The fifth, the preliminary work was not completed after that

first year, and that's why I was reelected—to see them through to a successful completion.

Dr. Apfelbaugh, the one man who went in the pathological side, when they approached him, he kind of smiled and said, "Ridiculous."

Finally, I said to him, "Now, Doctor, don't say no. Think it over. You've got a field here where you can help us, and maybe we can help you a lot."

Now, this man was the chief medical legal pathologist in Chicago. He taught pathology at Rush Medical School, then lectured at the University of Illinois, and lectured at Northwestern in the field of medicine. He came back the next day, and he said, "I am interested. You proved me wrong."

And, funny part, he couldn't find human cadavers because [of ] all of the unclaimed bodies and fetuses, because all of these things by law became the property of the Pathologists Association of Chicago. The only requirement was that they would have to furnish enough human bodies for the medical schools in the area for dissection, and so on. So I suggested dogs. We started on that. And you know, he got so interested that he finally elaborated on it. He was very active in the pathologists' association and with hospitals, and he came in with some recommendations to them.

The insurance thing worked out and when research was completed, we found out that none of us had complete insurance, and most of us were underinsured in some lines, and overinsured in others, and some we didn't have at all; they didn't have complete coverage. But we started to work on it. We found that Lloyd's of London would give us a master policy, and if we would adjust our insurance so that it was properly balanced as far as they could see with the local companies, they would insure us on everything that wasn't covered. And we got the master policy.

But really, I was just lucky, that's all. I fell into these things because I was curious. Now, they kept me on as chairman of research for a long time. I told them that I couldn't afford—and they couldn't afford—to bring me back to Chicago a couple times a year, and such things as that, this distance. so they made me consultant on research.

I also advocated that we should have an advisory council on insurance out of the Chicago office on a part-time basis, and an advisory council on business management and a standard accounting system. These people all went in part time and they put in the action at the advisory capacity, and we could put our information in, and they would analyze it. And it's surprising what was accomplished.

Now, NSM had started this program before, and they asked the cooperation of the embalming schools. The embalming schools replied that all the research that was necessary, they were doing, and they didn't need [an association]. We offered to cooperate with them. So we hired a chemist and he had no appreciation for pathology. But when we started out on this new basis, we had a pathologist, and out of that grew this: courses on embalmed tissue, which made it possible for you to withdraw the blood that was in the circulatory system and replace it with sterilizing fluid. A sample of blood and a sample of the stomach content were required before starting the injection of sterilizing fluid. And that made it far more sanitary for pathologists to do autopsies. And you know, out of that grew a book. He was the head of that division of pathology, too. And he wrote a book describing this operation.

It's an interesting thing, during the time of this Stead Air Base near Reno, there were a lot of autopsies, and a doctor came in to do an autopsy one day, and I watched him. And

I said, "I only know of one other man who'd ever done the autopsy the way you have done it, and that was Dr. Apfelbaugh in Chicago." He said, "That's where I got my training."

Now, since that time, they've put in a part-time man on the matter of plans and specifications. Anyhow, it was quite a successful thing, and I left with flying colors. But on the strength of that particular thing, I was asked to serve—I was called from Seattle or Portland and asked if I would go on the board of governors of NFDA in this district. I told them no, I wasn't present and I couldn't come up there, but they said, "We want you."

So I finally said yes. Like Senator Oddie, I guess—if I were a female, I'd be pregnant all the time because I couldn't say no. So I served one year and resigned for the reason that you were very well curbed as to what you could say, as a director, of your problems, and so on. They held these meetings in different areas of the country. It cost a lot to travel, and time away, so I resigned from that. But then they put me on the educational committee. I served as a member of it and finally chairman of it. I finally sold NFDA on this two years of college business and the prerequisites.

Now, then, we joined the Conference of Funeral Service Examining Boards. Thank God I had an education that was quite helpful there ; and the committee on inspection of schools had already been appointed and acted. But when they came West, they asked me to go along with them. And we worked in San Francisco and the Los Angeles area.

We found that these people divided themselves up; each took a particular section of the work that was going on and made his report. They were working separately. When I met with them, before they went out, I suggested that they change that a little bit—have it overlapping. The man that had charge of this, he would probably go over to



another group and conduct this thing, and this, and this, and this, and this. This man would go over here, and this one would go over here, and they would gather information. I worked with each one of them on that, and we were able to discover quite a number of [differences] to straighten the thing out. So I served on that board for three years and then was elected president. Then after I retired as president, I was consultant to the board on these things.

One of the interesting and strange things we found while we were on it was this: we decided on what was called a national examination. Tie asked the schools to each submit a series of ten questions on each subject and give the answers. Then we would pool those things and we'd make up, say, about five sets of examination papers, taking some from one and some the other. If you wanted to take a conference examination, it had to be sent out. But we discovered something wrong with that, because so many of them were giving the same absolute answer from all over the country. It was found out later that the schools agreed among themselves that when they made out the questions, they would furnish each of the other schools with their questions and answers. And before graduation, they would put these kids all through these questions and answers.

So we decided to stop that and we'd do the examinations ourselves. And fortunately, we had three people who could probably do that. We had a dentist; we had a fellow that had his doctor of osteopathy; and I, who had the background in chemistry and metallurgy, and such things as that. So we made out the questions and the answers and sent those out. And there was a big howl, and particularly, a big howl on the chemistry which I had—I think I had chemistry, restorative art, and one other thing. You know, I never asked

them to write a formula or a reaction or anything like that at all. I just asked them the practical questions so that they could apply their chemistry. So we knew that would work very well.

We then made a contact with a good premedical school— and it was a private school. And they agreed to do this for us at a certain consideration. We had in turn agreed to supply them with a copy of the texts that were used in the different embalming schools in all subjects. You see, there would be no question asked of the qualifications of the people who were making out the examination questions. As a matter of fact, we had the thing checked. Dr. [Jesse] West had a better medical and anatomical background than anybody that was teaching. I had a better background in the chemical side of it, which included inorganic, organic, biochemistry, and fluids, and so on. And [Glen] Macy, a far better background in pathological sciences.

Those things worked out, and we accomplished a lot. We were able to get these embalming schools to cooperate. We worked hard towards a common end. we were able to make suggestions to them that were helpful. They increased the requirements to teach in anatomy and chemistry, and in the liquids, and such things as that, which was a great help.

Well, that was the beginning of establishing of pure research, and that's what NSM [is]. It's a research institution. To belong to it, you've got to cooperate in research, and you've got to show progress. I don't know, I'm still helping the schools by NFDS and by NSM asking my opinion on certain things.

In the Conference of Funeral Service Examining Boards, we had a complicated situation that was hard to resolve. The funeral directors could talk their language; the university professionals could talk their

language, and there was no way of getting together to consult. Then again, these people that go out and inspect the mortuaries and the embalming schools, they didn't have enough (vocabulary), but I happened to have the background that I could talk both. So I was appointed to the education committee and served for one time, and then I was an advisor. Now, those things built the reputation of Ross-Burke Company. And while it meant work, I thought that I was giving the people that came to me the good information from good sources which was correct, or they wouldn't permit me to advise them.

Now, out of that time, we worked out a cooperative agreement. For instance, a person died in San Francisco and the family was all here. They wanted to make the selection and arrangements for burial here. Under this agreement, it was possible for us to arrange with our representative to call for the body, embalm it, get the certificates, and send it to us, and so forth. We advised the family here of what they had to do in releasing the body. And finally, we reached out internationally. It's surprising what can be done through international cooperation.

#### **RESULTS OF RESEARCH IN FUNERAL PREPARATION AND SERVICE**

Now, on my own research, I got permission from the county commissioners and the county health officer to try some experiment work. I was not satisfied with the powders that they were using that were available to us, and I wasn't satisfied with the powder that we used, the powder that the lady used on herself from her cosmetics. It never worked out, and you wonder why. It's because the base is dead, see. So I started to work on that, and I got Prof Wilson interested in it. We didn't arrive anywhere, so I conceived the idea of

trying liquid for powder work. Then on the creams, just ordinary quality cold cream with a certain tint put in it and one that would close the pores—it wouldn't melt or anything like that—and we could increase or decrease the amount we put on.

Then the next thing that bothered me was this: in the process of—they call it embalming, I'd like to say sterilizing the body, the operation of it, we ran up against—particularly during flu times and pneumonia—a lot of blood clots, postmortem staining, and the like of that. They were hard to remove. To get complete saturation was almost an impossibility, with the result that there were dark spots. I studied that, and I just rationalized it this way: when we get constipated and the like of that, we are given a laxative. Well, what does a laxative do? Constipation is usually caused by inability to pass stool; it's big and hard, and so forth. All right. How do you dissolve it? How do you get it out? Well, you take epsom salt or something like that, and—it's a dehydrator. You get that in the area, not too strong but slowly. It will begin to absorb the moisture that's in the blood clot. The blood clot is fibrin—moisture, you see? And as it did that, it would enlarge the capillary or the artery or the vein, and it reduced the whole thing down to liquid, and it would pass easily. Then I worked further and could even do it with salt. So I showed that to a chemical company. They took the idea and they came out and they called it blood solvent. And boy, I went in the air! Now, that means to dissolve. I went in the air, and I said, "Gentlemen, it's all wrong. It's all misinformation. You got the idea from me, and you've got to use the proper term, or forget it! What it does, instead of dissolve the blood, it takes the moisture out. It allows this blood and the fibrin to go out. It enlarges the artery."

Now, the next thing that concerned me very definitely is a matter of aspiration. Now,

you use aspiration to get rid of gas or any blood that might be in the cavities, and such things as that, or any fetal matter that hadn't come out. The old way that they were using at that particular time, you had a blood bottle and a cork and something over here [gesture] that went into the artery or vein, and over here [gesture] you'd pump. As you did, you'd pump the air out; that caused suction, see. But you'd use that pump and such things as that. I got to thinking about my laboratory experience, and I said, "Gee, whiz, why can't we use an aspirator like we do [in the lab]?" So I went up to the laboratory and got some of these aspirators that we used to use in aspirating and filtration, you know? It's quite successful on certain cases. Others, it wasn't so good. And that's because of the arm that goes out here [gesture] to which you attach the rubber tube; it had too small a hole in it. So I had that taken off and had a hole made, oh, about half the size of a lead pencil and another one the size of a lead pencil. I used that and it worked quite well; we called it a "water aspirator." Now, you turn the water

There was Dave Turner at an NSM meeting, and he was the man that the salesman talked to to get us in. He said, "I've got an electrician that is a genius on things like that. Maybe he can do something about it." So they perfected it and got a control. They added to this a blower, which could dry the hair and such things as that, and a number of little things. They had two made up, and he kept one; I had to buy the other. It's still over there at Ross-Burke Company. It's interesting. But it has been improved now to where you have the control and you only have [a machine] three-quarters the size of that [tape recorder]. The first one was in cabinet form, a small cabinet that you could move around on rollers.

Now, then, they used to sell a rosy tint—paid three and a half for a little bottle. So I

analyzed it; there was nothing more than cochineal in it. You know the little cochineal shells, the little white shells from the little white fish? And you crush 'em up and you put them in alcohol or water and you make a solution, see? So I gave it to Dr. Jones, and he came and demonstrated it and he would buy so much cochineal in the shell and ground it up and he could make almost a tub of that stuff. So that was changed, and that was the kind of cosmetic—liquid cosmetic.

When we were doing our experimenting (mind you, we received cooperation from the University of Indiana on this, injecting the different fluids and then keep the injected body a certain time), we had a little problem getting that kind of a rigidity of the features we desired in wanting to please people. We hadn't arrived at anything at all. One day I said to the doctor who was the chemist and the pathologist, I said, "You vaccinate for smallpox and such things as that and you use the smallpox bacteria. Why can't we get the bacteria of decomposition and make that into a fluid, but inject it, which will counteract this thing."

We tried that. And it worked, but it didn't give rigidity. The only way to get rigidity would be, after we'd had the tissues saturated, to inject a certain formula into the areas that you didn't want to get soft. We tried it, and even Mayos tried it, because they thought it would be a marvelous thing for them. But the first that they shipped out to us here, they shipped it out in cans, and it just ate the can up. We tried it in bottles, but it corroded those. If you spilled it on the embalming tables, it was more powerful than hydrofluoric acid. So I suggested that maybe they could make it into a salt, potassium or sodium salt, and then we could add the water as that worked. The trouble is that the embalmer wasn't chemist enough to handle it. So we had to discard it,

but I thought it was pretty good when Mayos [became interested].

Another thing that we had trouble with is the body getting this trail of mold. Dr. Jones picked that up right away. He said, "I think I can do that." He had been taken from the chair of chemistry at Arizona, and back to the dairy people in Wisconsin to work out something that they could put in their butter things, that is, casks. And he used that as a basis and developed this other, and we used that to put in caskets and such things as that where they've been sealed, and they were going to be held for a time, and they never had any mold.

Now, those were all little things, and a lot of people said, "Why didn't you patent it?" In the first place, it hadn't been perfected. And in the second place, if it was worth a damn, I don't see why everybody shouldn't have it. I wasn't doing that for money. But we did build quite a reputation on it. Those things were quite a satisfaction to me.

Oh, I was called upon to lecture several times in the matter of embalming and funeral service. I've even been to Canada—in different states in the United States and into Canada. I was called upon to go back and act as a catalyst between an embalming school and Temple University. We were trying to—Eckels was trying to tie in with them, to get them to teach certain subjects and give a certificate on embalming. But unfortunately, the average funeral director, or even the druggist (and young Eckels was a pharmacist), they had a certain language; these people over here had a certain language. And thank God for my experience at the University and these others; I could talk to them. And I was able to reconcile this thing for the Eckels College of Embalming, and they took these young people, in spite of the fact that many of them were going in even with just a high school education.

They had an experimental course down there; it's kind of an extension course, where they take adults who don't have this academic background but aspire to perfect themselves. There's a name for it, but what it is, I don't know. You can register there and get a lot of preparation. If you make good in this particular thing, they give you credit for that towards going ahead and getting a degree. One of the first men to do that was a young chap from Colorado, on my advice. He went back and got his degree, but he had a pretty good education before he got there. But they want to let down on it.

I was later called to reconcile a misunderstanding between the university school of medicine at Washington—Seattle—and the embalmers of the area. They finally got a mutual understanding. Then I was asked by the school and by the embalmers to suggest a course of study. So I sent for the catalog to see what they did teach. And I found, with the different departments that were in there, they didn't need any extra staff. They could have a man who could teach embalming who could organize this thing, to sort of chair it, and they could get all of these basic things, you see, like woods, chemicals, metals, and so on, and they'd give him biological science with comparative anatomy and anatomy, biochemistry, and then set up a course for the embalming. I suggested contracts between the school and certain funeral directors around there who'd take them on to teach them the practical side. Then I also set up a program for managers and so forth to come back, and they would get a regular AB degree. On the basis of that, they then came back and asked me to write the context.

So I went to the president of the University of Nevada and asked if I might use, for instance, a representative of the psychology department, one in biological science, a

professor in chemistry, and so on down the line. I got some help on it, and I got, I guess, Dr. Walter Palmer. He was in metallurgy, over on the other side. I got some of them from the speech and business department. I talked it over with them and showed them what I had and asked them to take it and study it to tell me where I was wrong or what should be added. I was quite fortunate. They didn't take much out, and they didn't add much. We set it up and they agreed to go ahead.

The bill was introduced in the legislature. Now, mind you, here's a school of medicine, wanting this as a part of it. The union labor was opposed to it and defeated it. They had influence enough to defeat the bill. At a later time, the demands of the unions made on the funeral directors in the matter of hours, salary, and vacations were defeated by managers of the funeral businesses.

Now, I also cooperated with Nebraska in writing a law. Of course, they had a school of medicine that was interesting. got that catalog and I found that things were different in Nebraska than any place else. In Nebraska, they'll take you right into your four years of medicine at the end of your second year in college. But their curriculum there, in the first two years, eliminated a lot of the stuff that you get in the cultural course—gave you more chemistry and such things. Well, they took you through inorganic and organic up through the theoretical side, and some practical side, then they were brought ahead on biochemistry. But they did that to educate these young fellows to get them out into the field because Nebraska was feeling the need of doctors. They would go away to school, or graduate there, and go into other areas where there was a big hospital; so they were used to that. And then they got an arrangement, somehow or other, that these kids, when they got out, they would subsidize them and place

them in these small communities, and they would underwrite them to go in there to give them this service: So, when it come to writing the law, those people had followed ours pretty closely, but we had to go back and adjust it to their program. Ours was set up on the basis of three years of college here, you see. I had to cut theirs down to two years, and then it would be [compatible]. I felt quite happy that I was able to do that. But the only reason I was able to do it was the fact that I had teaching experience on the academic level. Maybe another thing is that I was sort of an idealist. Those were the things that I had all along the line that helped us go along. So I was the representative.

Now, another change that I observed during my time—in the early days, if you had a lodge funeral, you met in the lodge room to do it, and it was exclusively lodge; that was all there was. But if they had a church funeral, you prepared the body and kept fit] in the mortuary; you took the body to the church. And there, they had the church service. Then a fraternal order would get it and take it up to the lodge room. But as families grew up, people began to move into smaller homes or apartments, and such things as that. Many of these bodies, you know, were prepared in the home and kept there with the casket, and from there to the church, and so on. So they had to provide a little chapel and a place for the fatly—privacy, you don't get that. Out of that grew the mortuary chapel, and the growth of that, and it became quite popular.

We can use an illustration right now. Most of our Masonic funerals were from here [in the Masonic Temple]. They were completely Masonic, but it was very, very short, and it was long at the other end. It was written that way because of the old church layout. But it got crowded—traffic, and such things as that. And that was bad.



Now, we find that in the East and in the older communities where they used to have big homes that funeral parlors were really right in the heart of the business area, or they were out a little distance where they had parking area—the old homes, see—and they had the home atmosphere, and they joined rooms together for it. Of course, out of that grew the development of the complete mortuary establishment with the elevators and such things as that and the air conditioning. They were planned primarily around the fatly, secondarily around the friends, and then lastly, what was left we'd use for operation.

A health regulation about people being present in the embalming rooms and sanitary rules came in, and then we had to do something about that. That's why, when we went over here [to the Ross-Burke Company building], I put the operating room upstairs, so that you don't—the suction clamps, and so forth, where people do not walk in on you.

Now, the "family room" is small, but a lot of the mortuaries don't have a lavatory close to the family room, and they have to walk across the hall or around. So I put a toilet and bowl right in that area in back of my family room, so they can move back and forth. This is a side issue. My observation is this: that when people are in deep sorrow and there's a tension, their kidneys work—they have to go to the bathroom. So you ought to have something very close. Another thing: you ought to have another bathroom where the public can go without walking around too far, and then something on the other area handy so that when they're selecting a casket—. Those things come first, with the other.

Now, here's another thing that I observed: that if you lay a body out against a white background, the effect was terrible. They used a lot of white. But suppose the person died of a fever of some kind, you know what that—

skin is light. Suppose they had a jaundice. Or suppose that you had to do dermasurgery, and so forth. We suggested different types of interiors, We were some of the first to try it, and it worked out.

We were some of the first, instead of this old shroud, to have dresses made. We were just lucky that we had credit enough down at the dry goods store, and we didn't have to use terribly expensive stuff. We had girls, one who was the attendant, who was a pretty good dressmaker herself, and another lady, that made this thing. The only thing that we suggested was this: to make the sleeve holes large and to make the sleeve relatively large, either three-quarters or this (full length], and the placket deeper with plenty of material there so that you wouldn't have to tear it apart to put it on the body. You try to put on a dress sometimes, and the body is prepared, there is rigidity. There's a stress and strain, and sometimes you'd tear it. A lot of people cut them up the back, and in my judgment, that's the worst thing they could do. They shouldn't do it, but then, those things crept in.

An attempt to improve the protection of the case was the entry of the concrete outside case or vault. A local cement contractor built several and marketed them for use in the cemetery. The first experience that I had with them was, a man built a sort of a sarcophagus out of reinforced concrete, concrete base, and a granite top. When we had occasion to open that for the second body, it was full of water. Now, they have a process of putting something on concrete. (See, concrete will absorb water—interesting.) That helps it some. And then, we found the concrete vault that they had (it was like a cask, and then you would put the top on it), it was sort of a male-female [lid arrangement]. The female was the box below, and the male portion had a projection like a dovetail. You fill it with plastic of some

kind, tar, but that would leak. Now, we tried to bury them. They were awfully hard to handle. We used the air-seal. It worked pretty well as long as you had the bottom level and it was in a sandy soil so the water could leach away, and the base was high enough so that if it did have a seven-foot head of water, it would only raise the water inside so high. But it was awfully hard to handle. Then they went into metal vaults. They had the top-sealer and an end sealer. Then finally they came to the bell vault. Those things have worked very well for protection.

Now, right at the present time, the cemetery's in the vault business. A lot of people here in Reno right now are the ones that caused it. They decided that they didn't want to sell vaults; they'd rather sell metal caskets—let the cemetery do this thing. Now, the cemetery has made regulations that you've got to have a sectional vault or the other type of vault with just a top on it, see. Then they have the other one that they have the sides and bottom. They have some holes in it that have the male-female type thing up there, sealed with tar. And they're using those.

Of course, during the world war, they couldn't get these things. We were lucky, though, because we always bought our vaults by the carload lot. People, while they were making some of these vaults, they weren't making many, but they liked to ship in carload lots. I had them wire me for it from even as far back as Iowa during that period—I mean, during the war, and so on. We used them, and the cemetery will use them, but they will charge you that extra charge for opening and closing the grave anyhow, so that they don't lose any money. But the funeral directors here don't want to sell those things. They want to sell metal caskets.

And there is one of the frauds that there is in this. You have different gauges. You

start out: now, twenty-gauge means twenty of this to make an inch; twelve-gauge, twelve of them; eighteen-gauge, eighteen of them; ten-gauge, and so on down the line. Now, our twenty-gauge is very thin. They're very much like these automobiles you buy today. They'll bend and break, and they'll rust out.

There's another piece of research I did because I found in some of the caskets we had, particularly copper and bronzes, they'd stay there for a long, long while, and pretty soon, you'd have to have them relined, see, because the lining began to turn green. Now, I disinterred some of those, too, and I found, also, the handles—there was rust around the ear from the joint to the inside. So I found out what these things were. The thing that they put in the inside in the corner to give it rigidity was brass. It was shot. Now, then, you have the copper or the bronze now on the outside, these two coming together, they're unlike, the ionic action sets up, and you get rust, you see? That's where you get your green. I suggested to one of the companies that they try using the same type of material that they used in the shell, see, and put it together and make it good and thick, and put it in the corner and braze it in heat to get rigidity. And they used it. I also suggested to them that on their handles that they should attempt to use the same kind of screw or bolt as the casket side was. And that was difficult. I finally got them to go on the inside, and they would braze the head and the nut, and so forth, to go through with a light material, more molten material, to cover it up.

Then I got into another thing—a lot of these people would keep these things for over a year before they would sell them. The handles, the clips of them, would falter, crack, but sometimes the ear. Most of the ears that they put on (that's the thing that fits up against the casket, the holes for show), quite often, I

found out that that was a steel. I just guessed at these ends. I asked them to send us some, and I'd either get it analyzed or analyze it. So I took it up to Walter Palmer and got him interested. We got more advertising out of that than— (laughing). I said, "Walter, the only thing is that they pick up all the scraps and the like of that, metal, and they melt it up and they pour it into a frame, and that makes the ear. And then they fasten it on with a screw. And the fact that they'd do it that way with all these kinds of metal means that it's crystalline, and in time it'll fracture."

So Walter analyzed some of these things and asked me to come up and watch them. We did find that there were different elements in there. Then we put some aside, a case over here, exposed to the atmosphere; it worked up. Then we took some of this and ground it down and studied it under the microscope. You could see the different crystals.

Now, in the business, I suppose the manufacturer said, "Well, this doesn't amount to much anyhow, because if it does drop off, it'll be buried." But if you're selling the protection factor of this thing

Oh, I have so many interesting things that I just did on the side, like what percentage of the resultant ash in the cremains is wood ash. (I have told a little of this before.) And I wrote to different crematories to find out. Now, that shows how curious I am. I just figured somebody's going to ask me that, and I'm going to have to say, "I don't know," or say, "None," or, "Maybe some." So I wrote to these cremationists. And they practically all came back and said, "No. None of it is. Everything is reduced down."

But [Lawrence] Larry Moore wrote to me, and he says, "I don't know. Are you trying to trip me in this thing?"

I said, "No, I don't know." I said, "Will you cooperate with me?"

"You bet I will."

So I said, "This'll involve quite a bit of work on your part. I'll take the average casket. I'll take a piece out of it, so many cubic inches, and I'll know how many of those will be in this total casket. And I'll take this and reduce it down to a white ash. I'll weigh it ahead of time in one of those." That's your laboratory again, see.

And I did that with different hardwoods, cedar, redwood, mahogany, pine, and firs. So I had a pretty good setup on that particular thing. Then I realized that Larry had to get in this picture. We'd have to have the age of the individual, and such things as that, and his occupation, male or female, and so on, and he'd have to weigh the ash, and then I'd figure this in different-sized caskets, too. Now, when we weighed the ash, I had proved that there is resultant ash from the wood, you see? The metal melts down and goes into the little crevices and you sweep it out. And on the basis of that, we arrived at a pretty good figure. As I remember it—and I do remember—less than a tenth of one percent. So that was something for Larry to work out.

But you know the first person to ask me that? Dr. Hartman. Now, as I told you, his daughter was drowned in Pyramid Lake when he was loaned to the government during the war, and he couldn't come out, and he directed we cremate her, and such things as that, and hold the ashes 'til he came out. He wrote me a lovely letter, and when he came out, I sent him down to the Chapel of the Chimes and told him to tell Larry what he wanted. And I had briefed Larry to begin with. And he said to Larry, "How much of this resultant ash is wood ash?"

And Larry began to smile; he says, "Less than a tenth of one percent. But," he said, "I didn't determine that. Si Ross did at Reno."

Hartman said to Larry, "I would expect that of him."

In the early days, after cremation, there would be large bones that would be more calcareous than others. And when the cremation was complete, they would reduce these bones by pressure to ash. And the resulting ash was quite small. People were scattering the cremains. But the crematories decided not to crush the larger bones, holding that some of the people found out about it and were going to bring suit because they didn't treat the resultant ash reverently. I'll tell you an experience I had in connection with that later.

Another reason why I've been interested in the funeral business is because of the extent of the whole industry. It's so extensive, but it finally all comes together here [in the funeral parlor]. I think that when I'm waiting on a family that I should know and be able to give them reliable information if they ask for it. Or if I don't know, to say, "Oh, I'm not sure, but I'll try to find out."

Now, there's one thing I would never give out, not even to a family—the cause of death. I would tell them that that's a matter between the family and the doctor, or go to a bureau of vital statistics, if they can prove their interest. But the reason I didn't like that is the fact that people are naturally curious and say, "I heard this, I heard that, I heard the other thing," or, "Mr. Ross said this or said that or said the other thing." And, "Oh, I heard she died of dope. Is it so?" Now, to me, that information is sacred.

#### **CEMETERIES, MAUSOLEUMS, COLUMBARIUMS**

Now, in our state, as I said before, we carried out the early New England plan, and it carried through the revolution, then

the big urban areas sprung up and a lot of the moral ideas and the like of that were slipping, and things changed. Then after that, when they were making friends with the Indians and expanding, they had, to begin with, little communities where they had community worship and community living, and they worked in the fields and the forests and the like of that, adjacent to the urban, brought them together, and that was the little country churchyard, or, rather, the cemetery. If they had a large church, it would be the churchyard. And then, in '49, things opened up to come West, and I think I have said that we could follow some of that pioneer stuff all the way. And then, beginning with the Civil War, there was a great change.

In particular, in '49 and again following the Civil War, there was a great migration into this area. There were still these little communities, rural communities, and so forth, and they had these places, but particularly in New England. The families were buried in these little burial plots for generations. Calvin Coolidge is buried in Ludlow, Vermont, a little cemetery outside was theirs. It's terraced, on the hill there.

Well, out of that, here in the West was a subdivision. In other words, they went out and they located a spot to call the cemetery. There're not many of them that have any deeds or anything like that at all. They were just fenced. Then it was laid out, and families, the first one to die, if it was a good-sized family, they would take a plot of ground and fence it; that was theirs. Then they didn't have any chance to bring the water or anything like that to cultivate anything but sagebrush, but they would clean it up, and they had monuments, copings, iron fences, and such things as that. Right to this day, people from New England go down to Florida in the wintertime, but if they die during the winter, they keep them

there until spring opens up so that they can get home to the old cemetery. So we find that we have these little family plots, and they call it "home." So we call it the "home plots."

Then as we developed these into church cemeteries and fraternal cemeteries and public cemeteries, they would take a block of ground and put copings around it and big headstones, and that took care of the entire family.

Now, shortly after the Civil War, a little bit along in the revolutions, we have the introduction of the sarcophagi— above-ground burial. And that, of course, was picked up in this state. The first one is in Eureka. I think I've covered all that [about the German family] in one of my papers. I gave that in this paper that I gave on the breaking down ceremony in Las Vegas of the Acacia Mausoleum. I covered that and the history of it, and then I covered all of the others, showing the number here, there, elsewhere.

Well, now, up until ten or fifteen years ago, we had a trend by wealthy people to build small family mausoleums that were three to six crypts, see, some sarcophagus, and still some others, single sarcophagus. Then another type—we would call them catacombs today. But where they would dig down in their plot and reinforce, concrete the whole thing and make more crypt spaces on the side, they covered it with a house with a name on it, and then the center portion would be covered with timbers, which you could either remove in sections, or you could take it, tip it up just like they used to with the old doors that they had in front of the stores. They opened up on the main street and dropped them out. This would fold back. And then they had these little crypts on each side. I think there were eight. Now, we had one like that.

Now, the interesting part of the early days when I was in here—many of these

cemeteries were located in areas where there was no water, or anything like that. And once in a while, you'd find people planting trees that could get along after they got started, grow pretty well around the border, see. They would even carry water to them until they got them started. Or they would get a shrub, like an acacia, or something like that that would grow. Or they would get a rose bush started. You'll find that in a lot of these small cemeteries all over the area.

Now, Then we started in Reno here, in 1870 we had interments in the Glendale area and in Washoe City, in Huffaker, and such places as that, and after Sanders Started his cemetery in 1870, we began to move. Then in '72, when the Masons and the Odd Fellows got their cemetery up here on West Fourth Street, they moved their dead out of the Sanders cemetery, and also, the dead of Masons and their families around the valley. The result is that there are none left in Glendale. Now, this cemetery that the Odd Fellows and Masons had had no water there for quite a while. But the plots were laid out, and first they needed to be cleaned up. They had a sexton and such things as that and he lived right there. But later when they got water, they began to improve, and families would get together, and they'd connect with the water main and pay a sexton an annual maintenance fee. Many of them put in copings and large monuments to mark this particular thing, and then on Memorial Day, they'd all get together and clean it up. But then when Sanders deeded a part of this ground he had up here off of Tenth Street to the Knights of Pythias, another portion he deeded to the GAR. The Pythians and the GAR improved theirs with grass. And then that was extended, and these people who had plots in the Hillside were sold a conditional deed by Mr. Sanders, had the water run down there, and the sexton



would take care of them at the same pay and so much per month.

Now, that same thing prevailed at the new cemetery up here on top of the hill they purchased in 1898. And they had an early water right. They got rid of the property. They built a reservoir over the extension of Seventh Street. The water ran (the water line) on a diagonal from that to where the Nixon mausoleum is now and distributed from there. And then they provided annual care. Then they would collect so much for that and help pay the sexton.

When I came into the picture, I found that there were a lot of errors there. In the first place, when they laid the cemetery out, it was beautiful on paper. It was laid out in blocks of four—four twenty-by-twenty plots, and a six-foot alley running perpendicular and crosswise to a street, which meant that every plot had a street—one street and two alleys leading to it, see? Well, they had two streets, one going this way and one the other. And they provided this care and put in copings, and they came to be a nuisance. We had a lot of people talking about (we called it) perpetual care.

Our firm conceived the idea of starting one of our own. We purchased a block of land directly west of the vault and improved it. We called it the "Rose Plot." We had in mind planting roses on it, see. And we started that, and we had a little centerpiece there for a tree. We put in a weeping willow. We had an arrangement with them. We paid for the ground and then we paid them so much annually for taking care of the vacant graves. But as we sold these graves, they would issue a perpetual care deed for thirty dollars and deduct that thirty cents, you see, from what we were paying. But we limited burial in this to our own clients. The idea of perpetual care became popular. The trustees finally came to

us—I'd been talking about this for years. They came to us and requested us to sell this spot back to them. We said, "Sure." That was a piece of advertising for our services.

Then I made the suggestion that they expand. I got them to close every other road—east, west, north, and south, and throw that into burial ground. But when you did that, there was a plot twenty by twenty, without any egress or ingress. so we planted that as a park. And I got them the seed ahead of time, and we waited three years so we'd have good sod. And they established, then, perpetual care.

I got the Masons, finally. I had a dickens of a time convincing them. But they had an area in the cemetery where they moved The unclaimed bodies and so forth from this old cemetery (they were all lifted; there was nobody left), but it always grew up with weeds, and so on, and I told them, I said, "You could plant this, and it would cost you less to just keep it clipped, because water sprinkles over it anyhow, than it would to clean it up twice a year."

I didn't get anywhere, so I connived with the sexton, and I paid him a little bit extra to smooth off that particular area and bring it up to grade. And after the first snowstorm—it was wet—I bought the seed, clover and blue grass, and sprinkled it there. Of course, There was more snow, and The next spring, This came up, beautifully. And they saw that I was right, So then they adopted the perpetual care idea for the whole cemetery. The result is that there isn't a square foot of ground that has been sold or assigned that doesn't have a dollar per square foot set aside for its maintenance. Now, they did that by charging a little extra for the graves as they sold them and put this additional charge into the endowed care fund to take care of those families that are gone and have members of their family there.

Then I showed them where they were having trouble with their copings because they weren't properly set (they were poor grade), and also, their big monuments, and these things were outlawed from there right from the very beginning. The side issue to the thing is this: there were two monument workers here. One of them was a Mason; the other was an Odd Fellow, and they got together and got the trustees to give them *carte blanche* and they'd take care of the cemetery. And they sold a lot of inferior material up there. Now, the result is that over the years they got rid of all those copings. Any monument that was well set is in good shape. If it tips over, or anything like that, then it has to be laid flat. Then they finally changed their rules, and the only marker that you have on it is a grass marker. They make them, for instance, on the Masonic end, bronze, because the stone markers are the little thin ones, and they're set on concrete and not doweled. The Masonic, these markers, particularly the bronze, have these anchors. And they pour this thing big enough so to put these things and work it down, and then they have a three-inch molding all the way around on each side. They do the same thing with the stone. They let you use stone if you've used it before. That's what they call the lawn cemetery. And that's what we have today.

As a matter of fact, I'll tell you about the first two trees that were planted there. I paid for them. And I planted the first parks. I had the advice of Joe Lintz and Lehenbauer from the University. And practically every evergreen that we had up there is Si Ross's evergreen. I got donations from the University; we got all these pine trees because I had done the soil work for Peter Frandsen when he was experimenting, trying to grow pine trees down here. He proved his point, so he had a lot of those things down there, and he turned

the sheep in, and they ate off all the lower limbs. But they wanted to get rid of them. They'd give them away, so that's how we got them. But the two beautiful spruce that are in the section when you go to the vault and go this way, towards the south—you'll see two beautiful large spruces. I planted them in front of Ross plots.

Then I planted the one to show—well, I thought I was getting the Scotch pine for the center. But irrigation didn't go out there. Then I had planted in there shrubs like *forsythia*, and then some roses, then put on each corner a small spruce, having in mind, as these things grew up, you'd take out the metal. Well, that small spruce didn't work out, so I planted another one with this hedge-type cedar; a lot of those are still there. This last winter a lot of branches and some trees blew down up there with the wind we had, We have a beautiful spot up there, though.

That grew until today, they don't sell anything up there now unless it is under endowed care, with the exception of a small space that's set up for the indigent dead. That's kept clean. Oh, also, the law is such that this endowed care or perpetual care money had to be invested in government, state, county, municipal, or school bonds. That was at a low rate of interest—paid around four percent.

About the time Mr. Roosevelt got to going good around here, things began to change—the interest rate dropped, and there had been litigation on the term “perpetual care” somewhere along the line, having been adjudged by a court of some kind that you couldn't guarantee perpetual care; that meant forever. They changed the law to call it “endowed care.” That endowed care provides that they will keep it in lawn and such things as that, and keep it clipped as long as it's humanly possible. But if something should come up that they couldn't provide it, the

lawn and so forth, the trustees would have to maintain it in some suitable way. In other words, they could put rock on it and keep it clean, or they could cover it with concrete—there's a lot of little things that they could do.

An interesting sidelight on that is this: that when they discovered that these copings were irregular, that is, contrary to their rules and regulations, and some of them were so poorly set, they took these copings up and leveled this thing off and lowered the stone with a good base, and they used these copings as curbs. There are a lot of them up there.

Now, I want to say this. There are still cemeteries, rural cemeteries in this area and in other areas in the state, that are on private property. I'll cite some just for reference: Bower's mansion, the Twaddle ranch, the Holcomb ranch (it's still there), and there's one on the Clift ranch, the one at Glenbrook, Washoe City. As far as we know or can find out, this was just laid out there on that road. I had an inquiry the other day to know if people who were in the Washoe— or if most people could bury in that cemetery. Of course, all I could do was to say, "If he'd established that, I don't think there'll be any objection." See? But there are a lot of important people buried there. I had the same question arise when Mr. Fleischmann died. He had expressed, to begin with, a desire to have his cremains buried in the cemetery at Glenbrook. But that was on private property, and they had to get the consent of the Hobarts. But after they thought it over, they decided, "Ho, it was on private property," and they buried it up here in the Masonic.

Now, then, in this side, in Washoe County, there is the private cemetery of the Callahan ranch; one at Galena—and that's where a lot of the Chinamen and those were buried in the early days of woodcutting. We find that true in nearly all of the Nevada mining camps.

Genoa is one, Dayton, and on the foothills along Carson Valley, : you begin Genoa, going down that way, I guess, Fredericksberg, and so on, and even over the line into Markleeville. Then we can come up—that's in Carson Valley. Now, Wadsworth is one that's never been planted. Silver City, Gold Hill, Crystal Peak, and Dayton, Tuscarora, and the abandoned mining camps like Hamilton. Well, we have those all over the state. We buried people in all of them.

But we do have difficulties because of not enough people in there to open and close the graves. We usually have to depend on some of the farmers. Now, you take Gardnerville and that area. By golly, they have a sexton working out of Carson. But seven times out of ten, the farmers get busy, go over and dig it and then go back and change their clothes and attend the funeral and then come back and' fill the graves. But we do have this: we give them the dimensions and we always have to go early and send our men out there to trim the grave. Sometimes it isn't level, and sometimes it isn't perpendicular, and so on, to make the setup.

But I don't know, I love to go to those old places and just look around. There was a man in there this morning. He asked me if I would go up to Virginia City with him and help him try to straighten out the divisions that they had in that cemetery. You see, in the early days, the first cemeteries they had there, the Jewish and the Catholic cemetery, was in that canyon northeast of the present cemetery and that area where Julia Bulette is, the public cemetery. Finally, they got together and they got this area where the present cemetery is, and they divided it up into the Masonic section, Odd Fellows section, K of P section, and then, every one of the nationalities up there had a charitable organization, and the Roman Catholic section, and then a public section.

But you see, they had it mapped out, but the maps are lost. Now, as far as the Masonic end is concerned, there's an old gentleman that was a hoist engineer for years, a very prominent Mason. When the bottom dropped out, he kept that up, the records and everything like that. When he died, his daughter handled them. And she got ill and she turned it over to the secretary of the lodge up there. And he died. They've lost all of that. But the only place that I could be of any help to them at all is that I'll recognize a name. Then I might be able to look up that one. So time and time again, we've gone up and they say, "Put it here." And we'll go down and find a grave. And, of course, it's tough up there. You have to "shoot" the grave because of rock and such things as that.

Now, it's interesting to note that in the early days, if people took a plot that's, say, four, six, or ten graves, or whatever it might be, they erected a monument in the center and put names on there. But at the foot or head, they had what they call the footstone or headstone, usually a granite marker. You might also note that in the original plan of Mountain View cemetery, they did not permit copings and such things as that. And, of course, they've passed down from generation to generation. They began to put them in (I told you about the two men that worked up there), and all at once, I showed them the thing in the book that they were going to turn out and burn—and burn was their rules on that. So they've taken them out.

Now, also, we find that among these that I just mentioned, they have what they call the "county cemeteries." But it's different than the county cemetery we have here. In other words, the county helped them to get going, but it's tough to find a deed.

I was approached not long ago by Clark Guild, Jr. He was working with Fran Breen,

the attorney. They've all buried at Dayton for the reason Breen buried his mother and other ancestors there. He had an idea that he might be able to get something out of the Fleischmann estate to improve it and make it worthwhile. Of course, the first thing they had to do was to find out who owned the Dayton cemetery. I was called in on it and I said, "Well, your county records should show that."

Guild said, "They all burned up."

"Well," I said, "certainly, in Carson City somewhere, they have the maps of the area. You might be able to locate it that way."

But I think, very definitely, that they just selected this spot, because I have a record to show that two men laid that out. One of them afterwards became state treasurer (he's buried up here), and he ran the livery stable, and so on. You've got that name, L. L. Crockett. He was state treasurer from '79 to '82. But he ran a livery barn and a hay yard in Dayton, and such things as that, he and this fellow got together and they laid out a cemetery, and there was a death. Crockett didn't have any sexton, so he went up and dug a grave. Later, he liquidated there and came to Reno, settled here, and then he was afterwards elected state treasurer. He has quite an interesting background. But anyhow, I told him [Guild] that, and I said, "I don't think you'll find anything unless you find this map. It was probably taken up that way. And you might be able to find some maps of the farms in that area, too, you see, because it goes up the hill that way. And you might find some records of it." But Clark has never got any. The interesting part of it is that, with a few exceptions, there's no title to any cemetery we've got here in Nevada, except in the modern time.

Now, beyond that, even in the early days, and as early as 1870, some of the fraternities' cemeteries were laid out by private people, like Mr. [will] Sanders laid out the first one

here in Reno, called it Hillside cemetery. Now, off of this cemetery, as I have said, he sold a piece to Knights of Pythias, another piece to the GAR, and another piece to the Jewish people. Straight-out deeds were given with that. But in the other section of the cemetery that was operated by Mr. Sanders, he issued no deeds. He issued no straight-out deeds. They were deeded for burial purposes as long as it was used as such. But in the event that they moved the bodies out, the land reverted to Mr. Sanders, his heirs or assigns. That is one of the little problems they have now in connection with any possibility of moving that Hillside cemetery. Now, Mr. Sanders kept records, and I have that book that was given to me of those burials. He left there and moved down to the coast [to San Francisco]. They were all dead with the exception of Johnny, and he was a cripple. He remained here for a while, He used to drive all the funerals for Hymers. He placed this book in the county recorder's office. He came back some time afterwards and he found that it wasn't being utilized or recognized very often, so he took it out and he gave it to me. So that means that I have records from 1870.

Now, at the time that he laid out this cemetery, many of the people had burials on farms and remote places like Glendale and some out around Huffaker—there were some buried on the farms around there. Of course, there were quite a number of the Holcomb relatives, which begin with the Lyles, buried there. We had to remove some from there and they were placed in the Hillside cemetery.

Now, in 1872, the Masons and Odd Fellows got together and bought about three acres of land up where the [Reno Press Brick] brickyard was. They moved any of their dead from Hillside to bury in that cemetery. And shortly after that, a man (I don't know who he was, but I kind of think it was Johnny Hayes,

but I'm not sure) gave the Catholic church here the ground for old St. Thomas cemetery. The Roman Catholic people moved their dead out of it and into their new cemetery. Now, the Roman Catholics didn't give a deed to anybody, either.

Now, when the Odd Fellows and Masons purchased this ground in 1898, which is now called Mountain View, and started moving in 1900, they did not issue any deeds to the fraternal part. They continue that to this day. They assign certain grave space to every member for himself and his dependent family, providing he maintained it. And that is true today.

Now, since the—well, beginning with the discontinuance of the lumber industry up around Verdi, many of the Verdi people had their dead moved from Crystal Peak cemetery to the Masonic and Odd Fellows, or public section, and some to the St. Thomas. Right along with that, as far as I've been able to find, the ground that is called Crystal Peak cemetery was never deeded to anybody. But it's a part of the piece of ground that's owned in there by a private individual. Yet it was laid out just as the others were.

Now, during that period from—well, from the early days on through until fairly recently, they did have above-ground burial, but they were private. There were tombs built, small mausoleums and sarcophagi in the different cemeteries. And the board of health, plus the engineering department of the board of health, could set up specifications. Among the specifications that they set up [was] that fifteen percent of the cost of this thing would have to be set aside in endowed care to maintain them.

Now, most of the new ground up there [at Mountain View], and also in the new Mater Dolorosa cemetery, will not let you erect a tombstone unless you have a pretty good-



sized piece of ground. And then it can only be a small one. It must be a grass marker, either bronze or stone. Some have used marble, but the trustees frown on it because rain (the marble is flat) cracks and breaks.

So during this time, with that observation, I've seen the thing grow from unkept and carelessly kept burial spots to improved spots under care, and we've seen mausoleums go up for the public. If you remember in that address that I gave at the breaking of the ground, I called attention to the fact that there was a so-called miniature catacomb built in Mountain View cemetery. The head of the family purchased the plot. Then he went down and he cemented the plot down to a depth of seven feet on each side on the floor. And then he built crypts on each side, one on top of the other, and erected a building over it. And the center portion, as you entered, had doors on it, see. They could move back and lower the casket and put it in on the side. That was declared unsanitary, and so on, as some of the others.

Now, in addition to going into the community mausoleum, we now have crematoriums, and we have columbariums and the combination columbarium and mausoleum together, and ground space in the cemetery proper for the urn garden so that they may be buried there, and then we also have outside niches in some of the walls around the mausoleum, such as you see when you go in the gates up there. Now, in the Masonic end, they have inside niches and outside niches, and it is arranged like this:

Suppose this is the mausoleum, and this is the entrance here (1). They'll have crypts, like this (2), clear up to the top; across this end they will have, clear up to the top, niches (3), with a face that looks like a square of four small niches in that—it's a marble finish on them and put on the inscription, and

then they also have in there a bronze-glass combination so that you can have an outside. And then on the outside, around here (4), this end, and along here, on both sides up a certain distance, they have more niches. Now, then, they also have—this being the inside (1), on the outside (5), they do have crypts that come through this way, and they— but this is overlaid, you see, having in mind if they wanted to expand, they could go on the other, outside, and add on to this here (6) and leave some space in there. And these sets of crypts will be on the inside then. It is something different and is being used a lot in order to save space, maintenance, and things like that.

A few years ago, they passed a law forbidding the scattering of cremains. The law requires them to be placed in a cemetery—that is, in the cemetery to be buried—the cemetery, columbarium, or mausoleum. If the thing doesn't have any teeth, the result is that these cremains are—for instance, down in California, they'd be shipped in "for so and so, in care of Ross-Burke (or the other place)," and this person is to pick them up. Now, that, we'll say, is for burial in the cemetery at Brunswick, or some place like that. Now, when we turn the cremains over to them, we take a receipt for them, and they use the same permit and go out and supposedly bury them and return the permit. Whether they do or not, I don't know. But I do know a lot of them were scattered. I know a lot of them were put in these old cemeteries like the one at Empire— you know, as you go towards Virginia City, there's a little cemetery up on top of the hill, just before you come to Brunswick Canyon. Well, we buried people in there just recently. It isn't maintained and they've excavated right up the one side for a big sand pit, and they've got the garbage pit on the other side that they maintain.

Now, we've here experienced two or three unfortunate things in connection with this scattering. I'll mention them and not mention the names. One case, the cremains were shipped to us, and they were to be scattered by the widow along the Orr Ditch up at the University. Her husband worked in that area so long. She came down one evening to visit, and the night janitor was Maury Lewis and his wife, who also worked on the campus. I had called her and told her that the cremains had arrived. So when she came down to visit, she asked the Lewises if they were there. They looked at the record and said, "yes". She said she'd like to see them. So they brought up the carton all tied. She looked it over. Then she wanted them to open it. And they, very unwisely, did that. They had no right, no authority. But when she opened it, she found that the cremains were bones like this [two inches in diameter]. She fainted. When she came to, she told them, she said, "You tell Mr. Ross that I don't want them to scatter them. I want to make other arrangements." And she did.

Of course, naturally, I wanted to know why, and she said, "Well, with the squirrels and the like of that running around there, I don't want them to pick up these bones and run around with them."

Now, you see, most people felt that the human body is cremated and burned right up until you just have ashes. And that is not true. The large bones that are calcareous and the like of that, they don't reduce them clear down. Now, in the early days, to minimize the size of these, they had a sort of a pressure thing, and they'd break them down so they were small. But they stopped doing that.

Then we had found some of them that were supposed to've been thrown in Lake Tahoe. They didn't have them in urns and they had been washed up on the shore. One happened just recently, not with us. Then

we found where they're placed in these abandoned cemeteries. They didn't dig the hole very deeply, and squirrels and the like of that running around would pull one of these things out, and we'd have an urn exposed. Sometimes when they were taken out into the forest, you would find them that way. I don't think they do that any more, but they did do it. I know very well that a lot of these California people do get these cremains and they take them. As far as we know, they're going to be put in a cemetery somewhere. Whether they do or not, I don't know.

Now, cremains sometimes are placed in the walls of public buildings where the individual has been connected with it. The only one that I know anything about is Dr. and Mrs. Church, [that story about the ashes being placed in the cornerstone of the Church Fine Arts building]. We don't need to go further on. But I was called from Chicago on that thing.

The chapter national of SAE, there was a young German who came over, and he arrived in Chicago. and he was looking for work, and he got his job at the SAE headquarters there in Evanston. They found out he was quite an artist. So they built a tower. He painted that interior, showing the history of fraternal initiation—a beautiful thing. Then he did other art work in there. He remained single and he continued to work there until he died. He asked ahead of time if his cremains could be placed somewhere in a wall of the temple. I was called into it, I think, in two ways. One was that the people knew that I was interested in that. They also knew that when I was president, I started a lot of research after two years and I might know. So I told them very definitely, if it was approved by the Supreme Council and also approved by the state and city boards of health, there's no reason in the world why the ashes couldn't be put in the wall with a plaque over them. And they're there.

Now, I know of one in Albany, of a crematorium that sits on top of a hill. It has beautiful grounds and everything like that, and it also has burial areas. They don't have a columbarium, but the cremains are placed all around the edges of the rows, each of them marked, the little spaces. It's pretty good looking; it's pretty nice.

### LOCAL AND ETHNIC FUNERAL CUSTOMS

Now, you wanted me to say something on ethnic funerals or ethnic services. I'd have to divide those into probably the Irish, the Italian, the Greek, and the Jew, and then add to that the nationality groups that they used to have in the state. For instance, if there were a bunch of Scotsmen, they had the Scots' benevolent society. And they pulled together to take care of each other, particularly at the time of death, and to carry out certain burial customs that were typical of their ritual. Many times, there wouldn't be any particular minister or priest of their denomination. Now, they would use perhaps the popular person at that particular time.

Then, for instance, if you go over to the Gold Hill cemetery and read those monuments, you will see that many of those people came from Nova Scotia. You would find on the monuments, or grave markers, whichever you call it, on many of those groups, you'd read of a Swede or a Scotsman or of an Irishman, or some such nationality. You'll find that these different nationality groups, each had these beneficial groups that provided for social contacts among themselves and provided for the care of the sick and injured, or at the time of death, help with the funeral arrangements. And should the widow not have enough money, they'd take care of it. Nearly all of those early markers had the nativity on them.

Now, I found this in reading the old papers and talking to the old-timers: if one of this nationality group had a church connection or wanted a minister to say prayers and such things as that, they all pitched in to help. But they always concluded the service with their own little social service at the cemetery.

Another interesting observation: when I first came in touch with it, or, rather, had it impressed upon my mind, [it] was quite a number of years ago when Reno No. 13 was celebrating their seventy-fifth anniversary. The lodge decided to make something out of it, and they appointed three people, each to take twenty-five years of the minutes and write down the highlights of that particular time. Then I was to be the coordinator and narrator. Now, I didn't know anything about it 'til I got back from [a vacation at] the Lake, but they got busy on it and handed me their script. I read the script, and, you know, I couldn't find a key to go through that whole thing. The interest of the individual was on a particular thing and he emphasized it—this one one way, and this one the other way. So (Mrs. Ross and the children were at the Lake) I asked for a copy of the book of minutes. And I read them all, right from the beginning.

There, I found that it was the custom, if the deceased or the family had requested a Masonic service, they would notify the Master and he would get his officers together that evening and announce the death of the brother and open the lodge for a particular ceremony to conduct the funeral on. Then he'd recess it. And then they would wait until the family decided what they wanted. And in those early days, many people went to the church or the home, see? If it was from the church in particular, or if it was from the home, the Masons would convene and go to the church or home and attend that service. Now, following that service, they would take

over and go to the cemetery and have their service, which would make it quite long. But there was a combination, and also, a very definite cooperation.

So That got me to going into other things. I talked to the Odd Fellows, the old-timers there, the old K of P's. And, of course, the Elks was a younger organization, but even in its early days, the same thing prevailed. Now, when they knew when this service was to be, they would call this recessed meeting together again in order and conduct it, and then write up the minutes, showing what happened in the meantime.

And one case in particular that I remember reading, this man belonged to the Knights Templar in Virginia City. He belonged to the Royal Arch chapter in Carson, and he belonged to the blue lodge here in Reno. And the family wanted a blue lodge service with an escort from the Commandery and from the Royal Arch chapter. Each of these groups had to be notified and given time to organize and set a date.

Now, it's a very interesting thing. This custom prevailed for a long period of time, and about to the time that I was Master of this lodge in 1912. However, funeral services in the church or in the home have been minimized. And I think one of the reasons for that is that many of the services for fraternal groups were for "sojourner" members, people who belonged outside of their state, or in this state, who had no church affiliation and wanted a complete service. So we'd hold it in the Masonic Temple. But the fraternal service in the hall was very, very short. Then we would go to the cemetery for the committal service, which was long.

When I was Master, I decided to change the old custom, which was a suggested form for a funeral service in the code. I further read the customs used in other jurisdictions which

provided for more of the service in the lodge room or chapel and a shorter committal at the cemetery. It took me a long time to convince members who were used to the old service that this was more acceptable to the family than the former.

The Grand Master asked me about that one day, and I gave him my reasons for the change. He says, "You've got a service, and that's what you use."

I said, "Sir, I don't want to disagree with you, but the service you refer to is merely a suggested service. The Grand Lodge has adopted the Simmons Monitor as the monitor for this Grand Lodge. The service that I propose follows the Simmons Monitor with certain adjustments to meet the conditions as they exist here in Reno."

This service contemplates more of the ritual in the lodge room and a shorter period of time at the cemetery. It's mostly scripture reading and prayer. The scripture that you read depends a lot upon the denomination. If it happened to be a Jewish brother, you wouldn't mention Christ, and you would use scripture adaptable to their religious custom;

We finally had a Grand Lodge committee appointed to redraft it. Mr. Samuel Unsworth was chairman of the committee, and he never called it together, but he did come in with a report to the next session of the Grand Lodge, and it was practically an Episcopal service, and they wouldn't accept it. So they reappointed a committee and made me chairman. By golly, I wrote all over the country and got these services and made a digest of them. The oldest ritualist group we had in town was Episcopalian, and I knew that they had forms and reasons. I sat down and asked them to explain their burial service, what it meant to them. Then after I did that, I compiled the stuff, got it together, and selected passages with all of this. Then

I had Bayard Jones edit it. He was a liturgist in the Episcopal church. He was a dean over here at one time. They adopted the first part of it but not the second—that is, the cemetery part. I had a short form, but two or three years afterwards, I got it through, with the assistance of the Reverend Mr. Hersey. The proposed committal service was adopted. That's what we had observed.

We also observed that in the fraternal groups, and in even the nationality groups, they had some little thing that they as a group did. They'd drop evergreen at a certain time, or a flower, or something like that. It was symbolic, with a little explanation of it, you see. I don't know of any of them that didn't have something like that. Now, of course, I don't know all of them, but I notice it. Even in these ethnic services, they have those things. In the Jewish ceremony at the cemetery, everybody, as he leaves, picks up a sprig of grass and tosses it over his shoulder. Some of them, even the early English and Scotch, and the like of that, would deposit something, like an evergreen, a piece of palm, or grass—some little thing like that which was a part of the ritual. And right to this day, people that go to the cemetery, or if they're having the entire service at the cemetery, these Masons want to know when they can drop their evergreen.

Most of what I am going to give you are the things that were told to me by Mr. Sol Jacobs, one of the early businessmen in the city of Reno. He was highly regarded by the Jewish people all over the state. He told me of a lot of the customs. He said that the Jewish people believed in reverence for the dead and simplicity in order to do away with inequality but to carry out the equality between the rich and the poor.

He also said that they believed in rapid burial. They didn't believe in cremation, they didn't

believe in incisions of the body, or bloodletting. But they did believe in burial societies. Now, those were in the earliest days. It was he who told me that in those early days, the Jewish people were out in the country (and he used the word "peasant." I don't think he meant "peasant," but he meant the uneducated and the poor and those that were out in the country). They lived in huts—no floors, or anything like that, but they did have partitions. The result was that they just had earth floors. He said that they had a ceremony or a ritual that they carried out over a period of time, that the body was finally taken from the bed and placed on crossed sticks, and such things as that, on the floor, in order to give the body a chance to cool off. He also said that they used burning tapers because the body would be alone in the room, or whatever it might be, with the exception of the poorest member of the congregation, and the oldest member would stay there as a watchman, see? Now, this was the way he put it. They usually only have two candles, one at the head and one at the foot. But in the early days, when they were laid out in these hovels, they had two at the head and one at the foot. The two at the head, one was in back of one shoulder and one of the other. And I asked him why. "Well," he said, "rats and the like of that would come in, and if they would see these lights, they would stay away." The shoulders were broader, don't you see, than the feet.

He also told me that you never touched the body excepting when necessary. The men bathed and dressed the men; the women bathed and dressed the women. He said, "In this country, and in Nevada in particular, we don't permit any vehicles within the cemetery. We have small driveways, maybe ten to fifteen feet, and then we have walks around. And we carry (the casket) in the cemetery." He said, "From the earliest times, they used to fence their cemeteries, and they'd have gates."



He also said that if you attend a Jewish funeral service, you'll find some of the Jewish people are not orthodox, or they haven't lived up to their religion. The Jew that hadn't been circumcised couldn't come in unless he had paid attention to his religion. He said, "We also have this practice of stopping three times en route to the grave. The bearers would carry it so far and then they'd let it down on the sawhorses, or something like that (we always had a church truck, see), then they'd say some prayers there. Then the third time that they stopped was when it was placed over the grave. And they had a ceremony each time. He said, "we carry out the fraying of the garment worn by the closest of kin." And I'll cover that a little bit later."

Now, he said in the old country, they prepared these bodies in the homes and such places as that. But he said here, if the home was large enough, we'd do it, and we bathe them there. "But," he said, "we've sort of grown out of it recently, and the body will have to remain in the home a certain period of time for the cooling process and such things as that." Then we have it picked up and taken to the mortuary to have it embalmed, sterilized, and then the Jewish people will come in and take care of the bathing and putting on the shrouds and so on. Now, that was the early information that he gave me.

There's one other thing he said. We didn't have a synagogue here, but we've got one now. He said they never planned on taking anybody up to the worshipping part because of the stairway, so we don't go there unless it be, maybe, a rabbi or some of the influential members of the church.

He said that in the Jewish areas, they had these little societies and they had certain responsibilities. I'm going to try to give you some of those. Among their duties: now, representatives had the care of a dying person.

They had to be there while the person was dying and to observe certain things and to take care of the family. Then they also had the care of the dead body to do some of the things I just told you about. Now, then, they were the ones that provided for the tearing of this rent in the clothing. They also supervised the conduct of the next of kin. In other words, they saw to it that the chief mourner had all the attention and the subordinate mourner had less, with no interference. But they had some sort of a purification ceremony, and it's connected with the shroud that I will mention later. That is, they had to be sure the linen was pressed and clean, and as it was put on, things were done that way, and the body was properly fixed.

Then this same little group, see, kind of like a social group, they removed the body, prepared for the funeral, and then the supervisor arranged the order of the funeral service and the interment. Now, when I say the order, I mean the time and place. If they needed cars or anything like that, those things were all taken care of by this group. Then beyond that, they were concerned with family behavior. The men didn't shave or cut their hair or anything like that. They wore little caps around here, on their heads. Today, whenever you attend a Jewish service, they get as many as possible to wear that little cap. And they bury them in that. That's over a period of time. Now, as I remember that, as he told it to me, what I've said is all the preliminaries. Now, when the service was over, then there was another seven-day layout which comes in, when they came in on that.

Now, they have what is called a meal of condolence. That's either immediately following the service, or it's held the next day for the family. And there, they have prayers, and such things as that. Now, they had these seven days of mourning [shibah]. According

to their custom, the mourners' first meal on the first day of mourning was called the meal of condolence. The neighbors supply the food for the first meal. The mourning rites, they call -it, begin and must be observed when the grave is filled. During the first three days of these mourning rites, no labor is permitted, even to the poor. On the fourth, to secure food, or necessary food, or necessary things, the poor man worked privately in his home. And the interesting [thing] that he told me [was] that that did not apply to the wives. Now, she may cook, bake, such things as that, see? They forbid laughter and rejoicing—they were avoided. Prayer services were held twice daily at the mourners' home, and there was less intense mourning for the next twenty days. There's a bathing proposition in here, too. That's right. Bathing except for health purposes was not permitted for that seven-day period. Now, then, the rest of the twenty days, there was less intense mourning. But during the whole of the mourning period, the griever must not cut his hair or train his beard. I've covered the seven days of mourning, and within the thirty days, and then they have another ceremony on the twelfth month following the death of the individual. Now, I asked our present rabbi what they called that. He said it's kaddish and yahrserl, and he said it means the death anniversary.

Now, in addition to that, this group had charge of the information of the papers. Any timely news, or anything like that, they would get it to the papers. Any delayed news, they'd give to it. Now, this same group, as I remember, sort of took care of the tombstone that was erected on the graves. That seemed to be really a part of the ceremony. In other words, there should be a tombstone over every grave, or a large tombstone with enough places on it to inscribe the names of the people. If the family wanted that, they'd go to this same group that I

was telling you about, and [this group] would take over the responsibility of getting plans and specifications, and such things as that. And when it's completed and approved by the people, they have an unveiling ceremony.

Now, here's another thing that Mr. Jacobs told me. I noticed that they had their little cemetery fenced with good, substantial fencing. I noticed they only had one gate into it, and that was the one in front. I said, "Now, you're the first ones to do that here."

He said, "We do that in order to protect our dead." He said, "We usually like to have it high up, and we may not be able to maintain it with grass or anything like that, but we must keep it clean." And they did that.

Well, now, this memorial service—that takes care of it. It's usually done on the first anniversary. He said it wasn't carried out too much in this country. He said also that the American Jew (and by that I mean the Jewish people that are born in America of Jewish parentage) didn't live up to that old orthodox stuff. But if the young people that were born and under Jewish influence came here, they wanted to carry it out. I know the nephews that he brought over here, the Jacobs brother and others, they used to belong to this little social group. They're the ones that did the bathing and the clothing, and such things as that.

Now, that's the outline for that group. I asked him if they had physicians everywhere that could sign certificates. He said, "No, we have people who, I guess, maybe have books like we used to have in the country," the homeopathic thing. They would do that treating.

I asked him how they reported the dead, who determined that. He said if he had one of those people present, or there was one available, "We send for him when we think life is out. And if he comes and pronounces him

dead, then we go ahead with our ceremony. But," he said, "if we can't get them—" And here's the interesting thing. In those early days, the people there put a feather in front of the nostril. And that today is used for a test to see if there's any breath there at all. I've got it down here, "A light feather held near the nostrils would suffice to detect breathing." Most Israelites died in the home in early times, but "burial may be conducted only through the burial brotherhood." And that's what I mean here.

Now, this is something I read when I was studying about this. I've observed certain things when I go into a home, and I was wondering how far it went back. Now, when death was close, they would throw the windows wide open. The mirrors are covered. Prayers are recited. Then the eyes are closed. In the early times—not today, but the early times with Mr. Jacobs here, the son, if the dead had sons, the eyes were closed by him. And I said the eldest son, the first son. The chin is bound and the face is covered. And that's done by the sons. Now, do you know what I mean by "bound?" Take a towel around to close it that way. The body is left on the bed for an hour. Boy, they have it cut right down! I've read on it; that's been verified. At the end of that time, the body is removed to the floor.

And this is interesting to me, because from time immemorial, there have been customs of the position of the feet and head. In the early Jewish custom, the feet pointed in the direction of the entrance of the room. Now, as a rule, in burial customs, the head is to the west, the feet to the east, so they were looking at the rising sun. And that is the same in the church, unless it be a high dignitary of the church, and that's the same with the Jews, too. As the body is carried into the church, the head is toward the altar. Now, when that is done, the head is raised by placing a small

stone beneath it. The limbs are straightened and a sheet spread over the body. Here we come again on the candles—a pair of lighted candles, one at the head and the other at the foot. Now, after that is done, the body should never be left alone. A constant watch is maintained to detect possible life. Food may not be eaten in the death chamber.

Now, in all my experience, from the earliest days, the garment was rent at the cemetery, over the grave. Now, this I observed, that they never start to wash a body until after they have the shroud completed. That's when they could come out. In our business, we used to have a large metal pan, and then a drain out of it, place the body on that, on top of the table, so as to keep the water from splashing all over.

Now, Mr. Jacobs didn't tell me this, but I read up on it. I forget the name of the Jewish rabbi that we had here—oh, he was a brilliant fellow, but very quiet. He was the one, when we observed the shibah and such things as that, he got the Jews to make it for us here and things like that. He even did the research on the garments for us that they wore. They had a specification that shrouds must be made without hem or knot. They usually consist of three basic garments: the sheet, breeches, and an overgarment with a girdle. A white cap is put upon the head, and white stockings upon the legs of the dead. The body of a man is wrapped in his prayer shawl. And instead of the prayer shawl, an additional garment is placed on a lady's body. Old Jewish tradition, according to Mr. Jacobs, was that the body could never be moved by one person; he couldn't pick it up. They always had to have two. And it had to be picked up in such a way that the feet and legs wouldn't dangle. And that's pretty tough, unless the body had been embalmed.

Oh, yes, well, the Jewish women observed this. In this washing process, they have the

body covered with a white sheet, and they work under that, and wrap it around it. Also, they had a regulation that the body should never be placed with the face downward—looking up, I guess.

Now, this came up one time. We had a Jewish boy, a young fellow by the name of Abrams. He lived up in that [southwest] part of town, and he had leukemia, or something like that. But he was young enough to be a child. They forbade any kissing of that body. Mr. Jacobs told me that [it was] according to the Jewish custom, because they might carry the germ, whatever it may be, or get it by contact.

Now, in the old days, Mr. Jacobs said that the body is carried by relatives, not any outsider. But, of course, we seldom have ever had a family that big here. But if a couple of them outside of the husband were relatives, they would have them; then the others would be chosen from the Jewish friends.

I've already said that the Jewish tradition demands utmost simplicity, the democratic equality thereof. I think I told you this before—I'd better repeat it. After the body was lowered in the grave (and they used to fray it here), and the top put on there, each of the relatives throws a shovel of dirt on it, the casket, in the grave. Then they sit back and the rest of them that are there fill in the grave.

I had an experience one time on that—had an Irishman open the grave. He was hiding over behind the tombstone and I was looking for a shovel, so I went over to get some and he said, "I'll take care of that now."

I said, "You stay here."

I brought them over so they were handy. And when the Jews started to shovel the thing in, the Irishman came over, and he said, "That's not your business. This is mine." I watched, and he walked away. Among the orthodox, they won't leave until that grave

is absolutely filled. That's why you have to be careful about rocks and such things as that. And in this area, I find in looking into the tradition of this thing, that as the people leave the cemetery, they pluck some grass to cast over their shoulders, saying, "He remembereth that we are dust."

The Jews have this that is interesting, and our Rabbi Frankel has instituted it. Then they get to the cemetery, he processes just the same as the other. He leads and he reads, but there's no stopping unless the people stop him. Then before he starts to give the service, he explains what they're doing so that people can understand it. Then he reads that. Then when it's over, as the family leaves, he leaves with them and leads them out to their cars. And he rides, usually, with the first fatly car. Now, Frankel has sort of cut that out. He said, "I'd rather stay with you." They're cooperative with other groups. They have no objection at all to having other services prepared. They can have their service first, conclude it, and then go on with the fraternal service. But they'd like to be there to see the final benediction and lead the fatly out.

Now, I'm going to this Greek Orthodox thing a little bit. I think I've given you something on it already. We have the Greek Orthodox [here], and we also have another congregation, too, that's more liberal. Now, the Greek Orthodox contemplates a short service at the mortuary. The old-timers then go to the church, and the speaker is at the altar, and they have to have the holy icon there. Now, then, if they have funeral music, the priest reads it. Now, in their ceremony, as the people pass by when the service is over, they kiss this icon. Now, that's a sacred thing. I looked that up. It can have a cross on it, or it can have some other sacred emblem. But the regular icon has a little message on it that the Greek understands. Then they use candles,

one at the head and one at the foot. They have an incense burner, and then they also have one of these things that put out smoke, you know; it's an incense box, but they swing it. Then when they get to the cemetery, they have a certain lowering process. It's down just so far, and towards the end, they open the casket and they make a sign with oil on the forehead and face. Then they take earth and put it on there. Then it's closed, and they do some—place that oil and such things on the first earth that you put in there.

Wow, we'll go to the Irish. The traditions vary a little bit with what part of Ireland that you may come from, and if you read of the early burial customs in Ireland, you'll find that it varies considerably. But the one thing they do want is to have this nourishment and get together and visit with the family and [have] food. In the early days, the priest used to go to the home and have a rosary. In the Reno area, all of the Roman Catholic people and everybody also wanted funerals on Sunday. And we had that. Finally, the clergy and the others got together and said no, because they're so busy on Sunday. Of course, the Irish use the pall in order to not have any class distinction—it shows that before God we're all alike. Then later, after Father Tubman left, they sent in a new priest here; he was a monsignor. He decided on the rosaries for the chapel the night before, and they all have that now. No more wakes in the mortuary, but they may have it at the home. I know that in waiting on these people that if you went to the home, you had to drink some of their wine and such things as that, and they always had food afterwards.

Now, then, they also have a plan in the church. Instead of sending flowers and the like of that, they will contribute "mass cards." There'll be a mass card so that they can have masses said.

Now, the Italians—we don't have many of the old old-timers that came here in later years. The basic thing among them all was the mass. The customs and the like of that, before and after and even during the service, varied, depending upon what part of Italy they came from. The Italian priest that we had here told me that the Italians are not a pure nation; they're a cross. I know that (during World War II) when they brought a lot of these prisoners here and they were out at Herlong, there were deaths, and we took care of most of them. And the different customs—the customs there were very much different among, you'd say, the Italians from northern Italy, and so on. You could tell them by the size of the people—of course, they have changed quite a bit. But if you read the early funeral customs, you will find that the mass prevailed. And it was common, but certain traditions differed with the locality. Today, they have their rosary and they have their mass. They have just a short period of mourning.

But one thing, though, that the Italians, those from Sparks—they like to have you drive by the home, even though it's several blocks away—it's a part of bidding farewell—and to stop there just a few moments. Now, I had observed the last few years that I was in the business that the rosaries were well attended, but the masses were not. I was curious. I found out that many of these people that died were old-timers, and they were great friends of the elderly people here. They came out to the rosary and completed that, but to go to the church and get to the church and climb the stairs, and the like of that, was difficult. That's another interesting thing that I noticed on Italian funerals in the earlier times, and even now. They'd go to church, but the men don't go on the inside; they sit out and visit. Not many of them go in.



Nevadans, as a group, have one unique characteristic, and that is this: they will travel miles and miles and miles to attend a service. A funeral director will go miles and miles and miles. And if it's to be a fraternal service and he belongs in Tonopah but wants to be buried in Austin in that lodge, they'll send the riders up there to do that particular thing. If it's to be out in an abandoned area and the man is single or has no relatives and he happened to be a member of the group that wants to be buried in the Masonic end, they'll phone the Masons there in Austin or Eureka and have them open the grave and conduct it, such things as that. And the interesting thing, too, is that people will travel from all over.

Now, the time that Charlie Keough died—Charlie died over in Carson. He had been living in Tonopah, but his home was out in that big valley where Austin is. And his sister and others were down in California. I knew—I was going through that day, so I waited in Austin and went over to the service. They brought the minister. But when she saw me there, she said, "My gosh, Si. Just to think you came this far to be at your old schoolmate's funeral!" Charlie went to college with me. They came from all over the area. Of course, it's an occasion and they still observe the old custom. Now, when there's a funeral, they just close up the store. The last people to do that particular thing in this area that I can remember is Robinson and McPherson. Those were both from oldtime families, and they ran a store together. If it was a friend of theirs that died, they'd close the store up and come over to attend the funeral. They weren't looking for that almighty dollar.

Another thing that is unusual in Nevada, and that is the interests that the funeral directors operated in an area where there are abandoned mining camps or places fallen down. They are doing their best to get a

record of the people who are buried there, and to get the people together and clean it up before Memorial Day, and have fences maintained. Right at the present time, Hallie Eddy is working on this interment way up in the northern part of that county, near that Indian reservation. And that's following what I did here in the early days of the Odd Fellow-Masonic cemetery.

Another thing, some ministers are very, very particular about taking a funeral. "Is he a member of my church?" "Has he attended church?" "Was he baptized," and such things as that. And, "What was his business?" "Did he live a clean life," and so on. Others say, "Sure, who are the relatives, and so on, and I'll go and call on 'em." See? Now, I know these people have a right, but it seems to me that they're overlooking the fact that the funeral isn't for the dead; it's for the family.

[Laughing] This is an experience—I don't know whether you want it recorded or not. But we had a colored funeral one time at the colored church here. The minister worked on the side to make a living; he used to take care of our lawn out at the mortuary. This colored lady died. She was a prostitute, but she wanted the colored minister, and so on. I took it up with him and he said, "Well, she's a bad woman."

I said, "Well, that's right, but she has relatives and close friends who want the services for her. It's for them."

He had the habit of preaching a little bit about this thing, but he said, "I'll do it."

So we went along, and it came up to this particular place for his remarks—and he said, "Well, I'm here doing this thing. You know, I've read scripture and I've offered prayer, and," he said, "I don't know that I'm going to help her a bit, but I hope it'll help you."

That same minister was up to the church one time. We always took the body there

ahead of time and helped them clean up, and on his lectern, there were some rocks up there. So we'd dust up and we came to these rocks. I picked them up and started to carry them out. He said, "No, Mr. Ross, leave those there."

"Oh," I said. "I'm sorry. I just thought—"

"Well," he said, "the last service I had here," he said, "some of the people started to throw rocks out in back, and," he said, "I'm goin' to throw 'em back!" [laughing]

Have you ever attended a colored funeral? Well, it's interesting. Some lady gets up and she reads all the cards that have been sent and all the messages that have been sent from different people all over the area—that's a part of the service. Then they sing a lot of harmony; sometimes they'll sing a duet or quartet, or something like that. And they plan a feed afterwards. Of course, the fraternal groups do that a lot. Some of the church groups do that. But always, when the service is over and you're not home, they'll have a meal for you, a supper or something like that when you come in.

### FAMOUS OR UNUSUAL FUNERALS

I will discuss briefly the funerals of important people, and also, the funerals that were outstanding or unusual. Now, to me, all of them are important, but some were more conspicuous than others due to the fact that the politicians were in office and died unexpectedly, or an unusual death by accident, and such things as that.

Now, as far as I am personally concerned, during my time, I know that we have handled the service for five former United States Senators. The first was George S. Nixon; the second, William A. Massey; the third, Key Pittman; the fourth, Patrick McCarran; and the last one, Ernest S. Brown.

We also handled the service of five former congressmen: Thomas Wren, George A.

Bartlett, Edwin E. Roberts, Samuel Arentz, and Maurice J. Sullivan.

And governors, five: Frank Bell, John Sparks, Fred B. Balzar, Morley Griswold, Richard Kirman, and Vail M. Pittman.

Wow, there're going to be some repetitions, but I'm going to put them down anyhow. Lieutenant Governors, five: Frank Bell, Gilbert C. Ross, Maurice J. Sullivan, Morley Griswold, and Vail Pittman. Now, out of that, of course, Bell finally became governor, and [so did] Griswold and Vail Pittman.

Surveyors General, we handled four: George Watt, Thomas A. Lotz, Ray F. Staley, and Wayne McLeod.

Superintendents of Public Instruction, four: C. S. Young, Orvis Ring, John E. Bray, and Chauncey W. Smith.

Justices of the Supreme Court (and here again you're going to have repetition): Judge W. A. Massey, Thomas Julien, Frank H. Norcross, Patrick A. McCarran, and E. J. L. Taber. You've got five of those.

Clerks of the Supreme Court, two: William Kennett and Eva Hatton. We might've handled Brodigan, but I'm not sure on that.

Now, then, district judges, five—no, more than that: W. A. Massey, Thomas Julien, Frank Norcross, Patrick McCarran, B. J. L. Taber, A. J. Maestretti, W. D. Hatton, William McKnight, D. W. Priest, Miles N. Pike, and Peter Breen.

Now, it comes to the members of the Nevada legislature, and golly, it runs—I don't know whether I even want to mention them because we have one, two—twenty-six or more, a great many of them, members of the Nevada state legislature, many of whom served in county and other positions. Now, all those real old-timers would be H. H. Beck of Reno, and Felix O'Neill, A. C. Cleveland, Fielding Lemmon, Charles H. Stoddard, C. C. Powning, Ross Lewers, George H.

Thoma, R. S. Osburn, J. E. Gignoux, Sol Hilp, Sardis Summerfield, L. A. Blakeslee, M. C. McMillan, George E. Peckham, W. W. Webster, Greathouse (that's W. G.), Samuel Platt, Harry Martin. A. W. Holmes, T. A. Brandon, H. B. Bulmer, E. R. Dodge, C. H. Duborg, W. J. Luke, Sr., William S. Lunsford, Albert D. Ayers, James Gault, Charles Friedhoff, James Hash, Alfred Blundell, Harry Heidtman, Guy Walts, M. R. Penrose, Elbert Stewart, Robert C. Turritin, Fred D. Black, Harry Dunseath, Ernest Kleppe, Edgar Sadler, J. E. Horgan, C. F. Wittenberg, Newton Crumley, Mabel Isbell. Now, those—I've chosen those out of the many for the reason that most of them served in other positions during their lifetime, like Stoddard was over here as county recorder for years and years and years, and Delle Boyd's father, and those like that.

Now, then, the Regents of the University. And this is a little surprising because the Regents, as a rule, were scattered from all over the state. Not all of them are buried here, but those that I've taken care of are J. N. Evans, John Sunderland, Jr., Harry Martin, J. E. Souchereau, William W. Webster, George F. Turritin, Richard Kirman, A. A. Codd, Dr. J. J. Sullivan, Dr. H. E. Reid, J. W. O'Brien, Walter E. Pratt, Benjamin F. Curler, Mrs. Edna Baker, Mrs. Eunice Hood, George S. Brown, George Wingfield, Anna H. Wardin, and Newton W. Crumley. How, those are the ones that I can recall, and they are all very eminent in their entities in Washoe County. Some of them were second generations, like John Sunderland, Jr. and Harry Martin. And then, the Turrittins—George Turritin was afterwards the mayor of the city here. Dr. Sullivan was a Regent of the University and also the second man from Nevada to get his MD degree.

Now, then, in the [University] faculty. You know, I was looking—I know we buried

more of them. As they came to my mind, they are as follows: Dr. J. E. Church, Dr. Peter Frandsen, Dr. Samuel B. Doten, Dr. Robert E. Stewart, Dr. Charles Fleming, Robert Lewers, Katherine Lewers, Charles Gorman, Dr. Charles Haseman, Dr. Fred W. Traner, John Fulton, Col. Robert N. Brambilla, Henry Thurtell, Horace P. Boardman, Richard Brown, Anne Martin, Dr. Benjamin Chappelle, Albert Preston, Charles LeRoy Brown, Dr. Claude Jones, Al Higginbotham, Dr. Charles Hicks, Margaret Mack, Lucille Baugh Benson, recently Professor N. 2. Wilson, Dr. George Sears, Fred Bixby, Dr. Reuben Cyril Thompson, Fred Wilson, Verner Scott, Cecil Creel, Dr. Eldon Wittwer, McKinlay (I can't think of his first name; he was in the mechanical engineering department), George Blair, and S. C. Feemster. Now, those are the ones that I can remember. Some of them had very important careers, and some of them were also very active on the campus in helping the students. They had careers, but at the same time, they boosted athletics; they'd get out and play, help coach, and such things as that. And some of them went clear out on a limb into the world. But these people are the ones that I remember. NOW, I can think further; I know there're more, but that covers practically every department. Of course, some that were here died elsewhere. But let that go for the time being, and maybe, as we go on with this, we can give you some highlights on it.

Mayors of Reno: George F. Turritin, N. E. Wilson, and a pro tem, Richard Kirman, A. M. Britt, R. C. Turritin, Harry E. Stewart, E. E. Roberts, Sam Frank, pro tem.

Now, the medical men that were here—Dr. H. H. Hogan, Dr. Dawson I knew, and Dr. George H. Thoma. But I was not in the business when they were buried; yet I afterwards was in touch with their families in carrying out endowed care and so forth

for the graves. But from here on out, I think practically all of them: J. E. Pickard, W. H. Hood, S. K. Morrison, Samuel G. Gibson, James W. Gerow, J. L. Robinson, M. A. Robison, George W. Burke, Harold E. Lohlein, James C. Farrell, T. H. Harper, W. L. Samuels, C. W. West, William N. Kingsbury, Arthur E. Landers, A. Parker Lewis, John A. Lewis, A. L. Stadtherr, Alice Thompson, Thomas W. Bath, H. E. Belknap, John Tees, B. D. Rice, Alva Bishop (and I'll tell you a story about that; they were cremains), W. L. Kistler, L. R. Brigman, Horace J. Brown, Byron H. Caples, Robert R. Couag, Henry L. Dalby, Edward C. Galsgie, Ernest B. Gregory, Arthur I. Grover, J. B. Hardy, A. E. Hershisier (he fitted me to my first glasses), S. L. Joslin, D. C. Lambird, Carl H. Lehnerns, Dana Little, W. B. Mack, Henry A. Paradis, Lawrence Parsons, George L. Servoss, David L. Shaw, William A. Shaw, John J. Sullivan, Frederick H. Wichman, A. W. Wullschluger, and Rodney Wyman.

This will give you an idea; I think about fifty-two doctors have been buried in the years that I've been in the business. And we've buried two or three of them since that I've participated in, and, oh, judges, and so on.

It was the service of Governor John Sparks, who died while in office, and we had no militia or anything like that, so the commissioned officers of the University cadet battalion all had their commissions from the governor, so they decided that the cadet battalion would turn out and act as an escort. Now, the governor died on May 25th, 1908. He had an Elk service, and I think the Reverend Mr. Unsworth had participated in it as chaplain, and we read some prayers; I'm not sure. But I have to think about that.

Anyhow, I was in this [University cadet] battalion. They had horse-drawn equipment. We were dressed in those heavy blues, and we presented arms as they placed the casket

in the hearse and so forth. Then we preceded that thing, walking, to the cemetery. We had to move right along. And just when we got to the foot of the hill, the major halted the militia and the funeral procession and he sent the firing squad ahead. I was in charge of that firing squad. We were go to go the area where Governor Sparks was to be temporarily entombed and get our ammunition and so forth.

Now, it was temporarily entombed in the Kaiser mausoleum (that's located on the main road going south from that receiving center, called section C-1) and was to remain there until the family decided whether they would go East and return him to Texas where they would build a mausoleum, or bury him here. But they had to wait until such time as they could go into the will and the estate, and such things as that. It was some time afterwards that they decided that that was out, and they then buried him in the Masonic section of the Mountain View cemetery. The plot was taken in the name of the governor's son, Benton Sparks, who was a member of Reno Lodge No. 13 F and AM. Now, Governor Sparks did take the Masonic apprentice degree, but he never continued it. He was on the road so much he finally gave up getting his lecture. Now, I participated in that removal (it was sometimes afterwards), (but] not as anyone in the funeral business. I was interested in the funeral, but I participated as a Mason, carrying it across.

But getting back to the firing squad, I went up to Captain Cox, who was the head of the state police and had been captain of Troop N, Torrey's Rough Riders, which was a Nevada troop, the first Nevada troop to leave here for the Spanish-American War. We sent them to Fort D. A. Russell. They only got as far as Cuba, though, and the war was over. Well, anyhow, I went up to Captain Cox

and explained who I was and told him that Captain Brambilla, who was a commandant at the University at that time, had told me to come to him and he would give me the ammunition for these old muskets. So he handed the ammunition to me and I looked them over, and they just had caps in them. It was the old-fashioned layout; there was no powder or a rod. So I looked at them and I said, "Captain, these will not make a report. Did you get the wrong ammunition, or what?"

He said, "They will make the report."

So I refrained the question, and he said, "They will, and you use them."

I said, "All right."

And they came up to the firing squad. I lined them up and gave the commands, and all we had was a little clicking of the hammers that went down. But I went through the whole thing three times, three volleys. When the service was over, Captain Brambilla, who was the commandant, came up to me, and he said, "What was the matter?"

"Well," I said, I told him—I repeated what my experience was, and I said, "Cox told me to use them and intimated he wanted no further conversation." You know, I never heard a man get a dressing down like Brambilla did Captain Cox! Captain Cox was a man—I would say he was fully six feet tall. He weighed, oh, a hundred and eighty to ninety pounds, well-built. Toby went up to him and he said, "I understand that you told Sergeant Ross that that ammunition would report and to use it."

He said, "Yes."

And he said, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself! A man who'd served in the Spanish-American War and was a captain, and so forth, should've known these things!" And he dressed him down pretty bad, and he said, "I'm going to report you to the governor."

I think he was the head of the state police or something like that. And the captain took it. Of course, it was embarrassing and it was explained.

Now, the other part of it was this: May fifteenth, and it was kind of warm that day. And marching back, the cadet major, who was Lloyd D. Skinner, stopped us up on Ralston. Then he had us march north to Fifth Street. Then he sent a commissioned officer down to stop at this saloon up here at the corner of Fifth Street. The old beer brewery was to the south of it. Then they had this saloon, and out in front, they had a watering trough for these farmers to water their horses, and so on. He ordered cokes or soda, or something like that, for each one of us. And they'd have to have so many on the bar. Then they ordered beer as the last layout for the commissioned officers, being of age, see? So we got just about in front of the brewery and he halted us, and then he directed the first squad to form single file to go through the bar and pick up their soft drinks, and put them down and go out on the other side, and assemble. And as soon as they were through, he'd have the other one come through, and right on down the line. Oh, it was refreshing! Probably a violation of the law, but Skinner was a man that knew what he was doing. All of us minors who were under twenty-one, we got the soft drinks. And he paid for the whole layout. Now, I've never forgotten it. Too, because of the unusual thing in burying the governor.

Now, this was well attended, this service, had people all over the state, as well as some people from the outside. And the Elks halls were just crowded, and they were outside, too. Of course, it was not as large a funeral at that time because they didn't have so many people here, but it was representative. People came that were in politics and the stock business from all over the state.



Since that time, I have buried in that plot Benton Sparks's wife, Ada E. Sparks, and the cremains of Mr. Sparks's wife, his son, Charlie, and a grandson. Now, Ada was buried. The others were all cremains and they are in the grave with the governor. Later, the daughter made a bronze bust, herself. She was an artist, or whatever you want to call them. Then they built a tall pillar of reinforced concrete and cement and placed the bust on top of that. I forget just what they call those things in monuments, but it was supposed to be something like the tall spire that they erected in Washington, D. C. for Senator Taft. Oh, there's a name for it; I'll think of it later.

Now, next was Senator Nixon. Senator Nixon died in 1912— June of 1912, while in office, and they were debating as to what type of service he would have. At first, they'd asked for a Masonic service. Then there were people coming from Washington and other places, so they decided to have an Episcopal service and have it on the lawn of his home up on California Avenue. Now, I was in on that because I was a Mason and was told by the new master that if it was a Masonic service, I would have to do it because he hadn't done it. So we'd been prepared for it. But we attended the service anyhow, and his body was placed in the receiving vault (that's on top of the hill; that's what they called it, the crypt in the receiving vault) until such time as they could build a family mausoleum. The mausoleum was to be erected in the Masonic section, and it was erected on the north end of the main drive, going north, looking down that strip. This was completed late in '14 or early '15, and really, there are eight crypts in it, but six above ground. It apparently was erected by direction in his will, that he wanted such a thing for himself and his family. I participated in moving the body and in the Masonic committal layout. And it was in early '15, I

perhaps participated as the funeral director at the time, because it's one of the first ones that we had. Now, they had Masonic committal services; that's right.

Now, later, he had a son called Bertram Estill Nixon, and he got his interest of the estate. He was married, had a child, was living down around Burlingame or that area just below San Francisco, and he was killed in an auto wreck. And he was brought up here and placed in that. Then I had charge of that service. Mrs. Nixon remarried. Somebody said that this fellow, Armand d'Aleria, was a count, or something, but he turned out to be no-account, and squandered everything she had, I guess, because she died in southern California without funds, and the daughter-in-law went down and claimed the cremains and brought them to her home. Now, I don't know whether it was Modesto or Fresno or if it was Stockton. Some time later, I guess Bertram's estate had been dissipated, too. Anyhow, the daughter-in-law came to Reno with the idea of taking out the bodies of the senator and her former husband, Bertram, and cremating them and taking the cremains to bury them in her plot in one of those places down there and to sell the mausoleum, claiming that the boy had an interest in it, see, the grandson.

Now, I was called in on that by the attorneys. I told them that they'd better look into the law because this mausoleum, as we understood it in Masonry, was built by direction of Mr. Nixon and it was paid for out of his estate. He made provision, you see, for members of the family. Now, the ground was selected for the site and everything like that. The estate paid for it and it was accepted by the lodge as a permanent thing, with instructions to place only members of the family in there. Mrs. Nixon didn't endow the mausoleum or the ground around it. Years afterwards,

George Wingfield did that. Anyhow, I then discussed the matter with the attorney of Reno lodge No. 13 and told him that we might get involved if they permitted it, and if they were going to do it, make them bring the case in court. So then, finally—fortunately, the attorney had talked to me about it. I took her out to the cemetery and showed her and everything like that. And I said, “You know, as I understand the regulations here, you have no claim to it at all, and you cant desecrate a place like this. And it was done in trust, see, with the Masons. And they are not in a position to relinquish this right or sell it.” And I would suggest that maybe, if she was going to do it, that she might be up against a suit. Well, she got her attorney and he advised her the same way, so she left and never has come back.

I’m going to A. C. Cleveland. Mr. Cleveland was born in Maine in 1838—that’s the same time my dad was born in Massachusetts. He originally settled in this area and he worked in the mills as an expert on the mill business in the area where the Winters ranch is. He was sent to the state assembly from this county, and later he was elected a county commissioner. Now, at the time that he was elected to county commissioner, he was elected as a delegate to the Republican state convention (in those days, they used to nominate their ticket) with instructions to cast his vote for Blasdel against Winters for the nomination. I guess it was a pretty hot fight. But anyhow, they brought all kinds of pressure to bear on him. He also had a small interest in one of the mines up in Virginia City with Winters and he was working with Winters, see. And they brought all kinds of pressure on him, even to threaten him with losing his job, and so forth, unless he voted for his boss. His reply was this: that he came there under instructions; he had no right to change his vote. His word was as good as his bond, and he voted for Blasdel.

Now, from what I had heard from Father, Cleveland left here and went to the eastern part of the state. I know that he went to Hamilton. I knew that when I checked him out on his Masonic membership. And he stayed there for quite a while. Then his next real move was over into the Ely district. But he went by Eureka and Cherry Creek. He was there in mining just a little bit and then he decided to go into the stock business. He acquired land south and east of what is now Ely and around that hill and back in on the creek where the smelter is. And he went into the blooded stock—that is, cattle and blooded horses and blooded dogs. His place was quite famous for his hospitality for people that came through, but also quite famous for this particular kind of a dog. They could outrun coyotes and such things as that. Then his cattle were all a good strain. He had tried all of ’em, and finally, he crossed some of them, and some of them he kept for purebreds—the Herefords, the Durhams, the Angus, and so on.

Now, he died in Ely in 1903. He had expressed some time, am told Land I got this from Mrs. (Kate Peters) Cleveland long after he died), that he hoped that he would be brought back to Reno to be placed in the Masonic cemetery and a mausoleum be built for him and her. Well, it took her some time to get the whole thing straightened out. She did come in and built that, and I’m told (at least she told me) that the estate paid for it. They got this stone, granite, from Vermont, and such Things as that. They were in crypts, one beside the other, and a bronze entrance, and so forth. He was placed in There in 1907.

Now, later, Mrs. Cleveland took some trips and such Things as that, and finally she came back into this area. I think that some promoters got told of her, and also Mrs. McKissick (that’s Howard McKissick’s mother,

who was a widow), and interested Them in financing a development on. North Sierra Street on The west side, from Eleventh Street to the city limits (which is on top of That hill over there), and from Sierra Street over to the reservoir. They surveyed this thing and they had all those circular drives you see up there—you'll notice some of The names are Cleveland Avenue, and so on. They sold some property and quite a bit of lots to people from Tonopah and so on. There were a few houses built on it, and They graded the streets and put in curbs and gutters and fenced in places. Then they ditched out and these people had all their money in there with no chance of going ahead, see? They got her on two or three of these ventures, and she finally wound up here.

She was a member of The Eastern Star, and Mr. Cleveland was a Mason. He was raised in the lodge in Cherry Creek; it's Steptoe Lodge No. 24 F and AM. Then he went from the Ely district, you see? I had to trace his Masonic layout, so I first went to Hamilton and I couldn't find anything there at all. So then I tried Eureka, and couldn't find anything, then I went over and tried Austin. Then I tried White Pine—that is, the lodge in Ely. Of course, it got its charter after that, you see? So I thought I'd go to Steptoe, and sure enough, I picked it up. There, he was a member until the end of his life, and he used to travel to attend lodge up there.

Well, now, then, one day Mrs. Cleveland came over to see me. She was out at Washoe Medical at the time, and she was being cared for by the Eastern Star, Masons, and also, Mr. Charles McGill (he was the son of the original McGill out there; the original McGill, of course, apparently purchased that part of the Cleveland property where McGill is now). So she had the idea—she knew that she was broke and she didn't like to accept this charity. So she went to an attorney who was a Mason

and he chatted with her a while. "Now," he said, "I'll have to look this up," and he took these notes down, and so forth. He said, "If you want to go up to the cemetery and see what's there, I'm sure that Mr. Si Ross will take you up." And she left. The next day she called me. But in the meantime, he called me and told me what she wanted. So I had called him back and gave him the same story that I gave on Nixon.

So she gave it up, and when she passed on, we handled the service, and Mr. McGill and the Masons and Eastern Star paid for it. She's laid there, but mind you, she never endowed the spot. So the Masons were carrying that along. There was another attempt, you see, to move his body. A cemetery's got to be pretty careful about that. It's placed in there in a certain person's name. Unless it's been deeded to somebody else, and the like of that, you can't remove that body, even though it's your layout, a body of a relative of yours. If you're placed in that plot, you couldn't take it out—say it was in my plot—without my consent. There's a good reason for it.

Now, the next interesting thing in which I participated was the funeral of Harry J. Gosse, Jr. He enlisted in the war and he was sent to Hawaii. He became ill, and if I remember correctly, it developed into meningitis. He was critically ill and Mrs. Gosse went over. It was diagnosed as that, and it was only a matter of time. That's one of the reasons of the delay. He died July, 1917, and we didn't bury him until August, 1917. So there was some time that elapsed between the time he died and he was brought here for this funeral.

Now, being among, or maybe the first, from Reno that had enlisted that died in the service, quite naturally everybody was concerned, and he had a very, very large funeral. We planned it, and we had all kinds of suggestions of what we should and should

not do. But there was a certain group that got together and they decided on certain things. They were going to have this with any military stuff that they could get, and they insisted that we get a large flag and cover the top of the hearse with it. I called their attention to the regulations that that casket was to be covered with the colors and protected against inclement weather. There was no authority to put it on top of the hearse. I further stated that I didn't think they could find a flag large enough to go around there. But they insisted on it. So they got the big flag and I tied it on there, and everybody thought that was a fine thing to do and it should be done. But it was wrong.

There was quite a lengthy parade. I remember we came from there up Virginia, and then from Second to Ralston, and from Ralston to the extension of Third Street. Then we took the county road from there up to the cemetery. Of course, we had motor equipment at that time and traveled a little bit faster than we would any other time. Now, I'm quite sure there was a firing squad, but where it came from, I don't know, unless they called in the cadet battalion. They could do that again, but I'm just not sure. Now, it was largely attended, and the matter of organizing it, getting the cars in the proper place and policing the streets—all of those things had to be taken care of, and we did it to the satisfaction of Mr. and Mrs. Gosse.

Now, the next unusual service was William F. Blanchfield. Blanchfield was quite a pioneer in Reno. He was a veteran of the English air corps during the war and he came over to this country and went into this mail service. A buddy from the air service, Serazin, I think that's it, had died and they were burying him in the K of P cemetery. It was decided that Blanchfield, because he and this fellow had been buddies somewhere, was

to go and fly over and drop a wreath on the grave when the thing was over. Now, there's confusion in the reports as to whether he dropped the wreath or not. But I was there. He dropped the wreath and he almost made a bull's-eye. And I can see that plane—see, it was up above these trees, making this turn, and it turned and finally got over near Ralston and just cut down, like this [gesture].

And we took care of it. His mother and one sister were in Ireland, and another sister, Mary, was on her way to Australia, and I think he had a brother—anyhow, some relative that was in Los Angeles. He came up and they decided to bury him here. The Odd Fellows, because this is the first sojourner, you might say, I reckon, gave the plot of ten graves for the burial of veterans who had no ties in this country or anything like that, and no one to care for them. So we buried him in this plot with the understanding with the Odd Fellows that the others could be buried there until there was a total number of ten graves. But the veterans got busy and went out and raised money to put up a large headstone called "Blanchfield" with his name on it. And it was understood that there weren't to be any more markers on that grave, but the names would be inscribed on the monument.

Now, I had the address of the mother and I kept all the clippings, pictures, and so forth, that I got and sent them to the mother so that she might know what it was and what happened, and told her that if on any anniversary or anything like that that she'd like to have flowers placed on the grave, we'd be glad to do this. She came back, and she thanked me and asked if I would place the Irish shamrock (she sent it to me) on his grave. I said I would gladly do it. Now, when it came, it was dry and so on, but we placed it on the grave and had a picture taken and sent it back. And again I told her we would like to repeat this, but maybe I

could get permission of the cemetery trustees to plant some shamrock on the grave, and if she could send me some roots that were moist in a little [bag], I'd try it. And she wrote back, the dear little lady, and thanked me so much. She said, "There's no use trying. The shamrock won't grow anywhere but in Ireland."

That was a large funeral because it was an accidental death, and such things as that, and it turned out to be rather simple yet extensive planning with relatives in Ireland, somebody down here, over in Australia to coordinate. Now, he was buried from the cathedral over here. His mail buddies were pallbearers.

Now, then, two other things that I want to get to, and that is this: that I participated in moving the body of J. W. Haines, who had been a member of the [Nevada] constitutional convention. He'd also been a Regent of the University. And some claim that he was the inventor of the V-flume for logging. There are a lot of people that've claimed that. He was a very influential person. He was the father of Jack Howell's mother. When one of them died, Mrs. Howell (I think her mother lived with her here for many years) had us move him over here, with the monument and all, and placed him in a cemetery. I participated. As a matter of fact, I planned it for them.

The other one is J. K. Lovejoy. Now, J. K. Lovejoy was a newspaperman and he worked on the *Was hoe Zephyr*, and such things as that. He was elected to the second territorial legislature from Washoe County, and that was in 1862. He was working for two people over there that were operating the paper; one of them was shot and the other one died unexpectedly. So he purchased the paper and published it for a while. (You can get information on that. I've written an article; it's in the local papers.) But they wrote me and asked if I would get somebody to write this story; they'd have an editorial layout.\*

That was a very interesting thing. This grave was discovered, or known about, many years ago. It was discovered by the Verdi justice of the peace, Mosconi. The Mosconis were acting as custodians and directors of the ranch there—I think it was for the power company here. There was a fence corner near the house, and it was growing up to sagebrush and trash and so forth, and she had the boys go out and clean that up and take it out and burn it because it was a fire hazard. When they came back to clear up the thing, they found this monument there, laid flat, and it had "J. K. Lovejoy" on it, and the year that he was born, the year of his death. They had a square and compass and didn't have any "G" on it. Mrs. Mosconi took care of that thereafter and she placed flowers on it every year at Memorial day. When she passed on, her boys continued it.

Then Ira LaRivers got interested in Verdi, and this was called to his attention. He brought me a description of it and wanted to know if I knew where he belonged to the Masons. Oh, I think he called me up. I said, "I will Research it." He had the dates. 1877 he died. So when I did look up the old "Proceedings" of 1877 in that particular area, I couldn't locate his name. So I told Ira; I called him. I said, "I can't get it yet, but let me go a little bit further, and I'll go back into the old lodges under California." And by golly, I picked him up there, and I picked him up as a charter member of old Washoe lodge No. 2. See, in looking over in 1877, I wouldn't've found him there. Then I traced him so far and then lost him. Then somewhere, we got the hunch that there were—Illinois, these people. I said to Ira, "You have better contacts than I

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\**New Age*, June, 1967



have through the University. Maybe you could get in touch with the bureau of vital statistics in Illinois or the historical group and see if you can find out about this thing.” And he did this development.

I then kept going, and I finally found that this fellow had been out of the Quincy area, someplace there, when he came to Washoe, and he was a Mason there, see? Now, then, after the paper in Washoe City closed up, he went north. Then he came back and went to Virginia City, and he started a paper. It didn’t last very long. Then he went to Carson and tried it. That didn’t last. He went back to Quincy a little bit and then went to Verdi, and he bought a piece of ground there and took up additional ground. He was elected justice of the peace.

But anyhow, we traced that thing, even the tact that they were abolitionists. One of the Lovejoys had a printing plant and they tossed it in the river—it’s all in that article. The research was actually done by me from the Masonic point of view.

It was I that conceived the idea of moving the body here, see, instead of covering it up or plowing it up. We got the cooperation of the power company. I guess if I hadn’t been tenacious, they would have lost it completely. It was based on ’77 [Proceedings].

But he was very interesting.

You’ve heard of the shooting war [“Roop County War”] up around Susanville. Well, the citizens representing Nevada and the citizens representing California had a meeting and stopped this shooting war, passed a resolution asking that the governors of the two states get together and settle it. They sent a copy of the resolution to the governor here of the territory and the governor in California. And the acting governor of the territory here was Mark Twain’s brother. So he sent this Lovejoy up there to look into the thing.

Before I finished, I had a copy of the resolution that was made up here in Susanville. And I had a copy of his report. I’ve got it in the files here someplace. It’s interesting to read. Wow, he did some reporting. John Sanford says that he thinks that he wrote a lot for the *Crescent Cit* was one of these early papers here) because—well, he got mad at the county commissioners here because he didn’t agree with their attitude towards the Central Pacific railroad. And my! He had a sharp tongue and a sharp pen! He’s a contemporary of the thing. Now, of course, that was an interesting thing in which I participated, and this other. And it just meant history.

Now, at this point, I’d like to say this. In that list of names you took there, it’s been my privilege to bury people from all walks of life. To me, every one of them were important to somebody. They cover the bracket of United States Senators, congressmen, governors, secretaries of state—you have all of that list there. The three outstanding services that we handled were Governor Balzar, Senator Key Pittman, and Senator Pat McCarran. We also had Bishop George Hunting and Mayor E. r. Roberts.

Well, now, you find in reviewing this, that all of these, if they’re in political office and there is an unexpected death, an unexpired term and they die, or if he is in the governing layout, that it becomes public property. The shock is great and the sympathy of the people is extended. Usually those deaths are more elaborate; more organizations and people participate. Next to that is the sudden death of anybody in the community—unexpected death. You can depend on a large funeral.

More recently, though, if a man has been out of office some time, or even though he’s held an important office and he’s out of circulation, we have a funeral for them and such things as that, but the attendance is not

as great. I can cite quite a number of those people, like ex-governors, ex-United States Senators, and so on down the line.

Now, I think Pittman—let's see, he died in 1940. There were all kinds of nasty rumors and such things. Remember, he died right after the election? They said a lot of things, and that was brought up not long ago. I was brought into it and I said, "Well, our records show (thus and so). He died in Washoe Medical Center."

"Ah, they brought him in from Tonopah, or someplace, and kept him there 'til after election." But that's not true.

When he died, Mrs. Pittman had asked for me because I was an SAE. She knew that I knew the senator and assisted him from the University to get chapter national through him. So a state funeral was planned, and it was held in the old State Building auditorium with an Episcopal minister. And we had a male quartet made up of good people. There was one fellow, a friend of Pittman's that could sing a little bit, and he wanted to sing in the quartet. But it was balanced, so they didn't want an additional voice. He approached Mrs. Pittman, and she said, "If you can let him sing, all right. she said, "you keep down. The tenor's high!"

Well, anyhow, they planned this state funeral and arranged for bearers, and Bob Douglass (who was his right-hand man here; he was connected with the Internal Revenue) and we had worked it out ahead of time. I cautioned Bob on a certain number of things. I told him what the custom is, that we couldn't wait for the sergeant-at-arms to come out and do the planning. I knew what the regulations were and I'd like to go ahead and plan this thing. And he said, "You go ahead."

Now, he met these people out at the air field, arranged transportation, and they stayed at the Riverside. As soon as they had

registered, the sergeant-at-arms went to Bob and he said, "I've got to get in touch with the undertaker and go over and show him what to do and how to do it."

And Bob told him this. He said, "The thing for you to do is go up and get cleaned up and rest a little bit. This is all planned out, and our undertaker knows what you're doing. You and your group be at a certain point. An area is designated for you. He has chairs for you, and he'll have your chair where it belongs, on the right, and so on." And the fellow did that.

We tried to work in people to assist us that meant something. SAE meant a lot to Key—that's Sigma Alpha Epsilon. It meant a lot to his people. So one of my staff members was an SAE. So I assigned him to the family. I took him over and introduced him to the family, and he took complete care of them. Then the others I had spotted in different directions so that there was never any running around or anything like that at all. And we had—oh, it was a big procession. We went clear over to Fourth Street on Virginia, then out to the cemetery. And there, the body was placed in this receiving vault pending final disposition.

There was talk about entombment and all of these things, and they finally decided that they were going to place him in the Masonic section in what they called a mausoleum or vault row, and these people were going out to get estimates on the cost of a double-crypt mausoleum, either side by side or one on top of the other. They consulted with Mrs. Pittman and they came to me. I recommended Howard Seidell of San Francisco, who was quite an artistic man, to come up and listen to them and make some sketches. They finally decided on the high one, one crypt above the other, and they were placed from the rear. In due' time, when it was finished, accepted, we moved the body. They had an Episcopal minister, and, you know, I don't remember

who it was. I can find out. I think it was Father Botkin that had the service.

Now, the next is Senator McCarran. Senator McCarran didn't die in Reno; he died in Hawthorne. It was announced—the family had a caucus, and Miss Adams was acting for them, and Harriet said she wanted me to take care of it. So we went out and got him and brought him in. And the family all got here, the nuns and the other daughters, and the son, Harriet, and some of her people, and they concluded that they wanted a church service first and then a state service. They wanted a rosary. They would like to have the casket in state in the church and open, and to have the rosary in the evening; then the next morning, a mass; then escort the body from the cathedral past his home to Court Street, then Court Street down to Virginia and across that, and then place the body in the auditorium. There was a little misunderstanding with the parish priest up there, so Miss Adams called me and asked me if I would come over. I guess it was something about the usage of the church a certain time.

So I said to them, "Now, this is what you want?"

They said, "Yes."

"Well, then," I said, "why don't we call the bishop and ask him to come over because he is the top man of the church and see if he would approve of this, and if not, how much he would approve.

So they asked me if I would call him. Then they asked me if, when I got there, I would explain to him what they wanted. And I did.

And the bishop said, "That you shall have." He said, "I'll straighten this fellow out over here.

This was planned quite meticulously, and thank goodness, our staff worked beautifully. We had the cooperation of the police on traffic. The Knights of Columbus had this

guard all night long, and they decided they wanted to walk as an escort from the church and so on, over to the State Building. And this remark came from Carson from a lady who had attended all the services. She said, "The most impressive thing of the whole thing that I saw was when the Knights Templar..." [laughing]. Their uniform was similar.

Now, Senator McCarran had a plot in Mountain View cemetery, in which his mother and father were both buried. Some consideration had been given to place him in there, but his friends got together immediately and decided that they would go out and raise the money to build a mausoleum. So instead of burying the body, we took it to the cemetery and had committal prayers and his body put in the receiving vault, where it was held until the mausoleum was completed. The mausoleum is in Mausoleum Row of the Masonic section of Mountain View cemetery. It was taken out in his name, he being a Mason. Those that had charge of it decided to make it a double. Instead of making it side by side, they had the crypts one above the other, which meant that the—well, in general terms, it made it a mausoleum instead of a sarcophagus, see. And when it was completed, within the year, we moved his body over there and we had an Episcopal minister give the prayers. Quite a number of the close friends and relatives were present at that particular time.

On both the Pittman and the McCarran cases—I told you in Pittman how the sergeant-at-arms—? Well, now, the next case wasn't a sergeant-at-arms; it was a talkative group. The sergeant-at-arms knew his a-b-c's. These people were having a big discussion, and we were ready for them. I went up and told them that we were ready; we were going to start the service at a certain time. They kept talking. They weren't paying any attention.

Finally, I spoke up, and I said, "Gentlemen," and then stopped. I said, "You heard what I said. Now, I'm going down to start that service right now. If you want to stay here and talk, fine, but I'm not going to delay the service. If you want to come with me, I'll have him (seat you)."

And they said, "Okay."

And, really, I had letters from the sergeant-at-arms and from the Senators that attended that, complimenting me very highly on the way that it was handled, for the meticulousness, even to the arrangement of the flowers. So I felt pretty good about that.

My experience with deaths of the kind where the people are in public office and sudden deaths or untimely deaths always brought people out in attendance to the funeral [was that] you also had to contemplate the possibility of a large funeral and make more elaborate arrangements to handle a crowd.

Now, Governor [Fred] Balzar died (and you have the date on that) in office, and he was buried here in Reno in the Masonic section. We handled the service (it was a public service), and if I remember correctly, it was held from the State Building. This was the case of an untimely death, although it was expected because the governor had been ill for some little time. In cases such as this, people came from all over the state, and particularly those that were in connection with the state, or both political parties. So we had to make arrangements for that, and naturally, it was pretty well attended. The tribute paid him by the people was certainly helpful to Mrs. Balzar.

Now, another funeral that was unusual was Bishop George Hunting. After he was prepared and the wife had made the selection of a casket, we took it back to his home, the bishop's house over here. We had to carry it

up the winding stairs to be in the little chapel, where it remained in state for people to call. Then there was a day's delay because Mrs. Hunting had seen a certain type of casket and she wanted that, but she wanted it to be covered with purple silk indicative of his office, and the handles, the corners, to be a gold finish, and a certain type of interior, and I think that it was a little off-cream, not a white interior. He was buried in his bishop's robes.

Now, we had the service in the little chapel on the corner of Eighth and University Avenue. It was never built for a funeral; it was built more for just student use up there and for people to go in and out. The result is that it required quite a bit of manipulation to get it through doors and in and out and then put it up in the chancel (that's in the area between the choir pews and just before you get to the altar, or the communion rail).

Now, one of the things that impressed me much was that the bishop had said that he wanted sacred music, and a lot of it, and simple scripture and prayers. He had that, and you know, it's one of the most inspirational services that I have ever attended. It is a happy setup; it's a transition; he's gone on, see, with his God. We then brought it back to the mortuary. Of course, there was a lot of his clergy there and a lot of Masons. His Masonic brethren who were members of the church were his active pallbearers, and the rest of the clergy were in escort. Bishop Hunting had expressed the desire to be cremated. He wanted his cremains buried on a certain lot in the old Virginia City cemetery. It was an old-time family plot.

Now, I was informed, and in the history of Bishop Hunting it was verified there, that when he was a young curate, he worked in that church up there. And to make a little money on the side, he'd go out and pick up rocks off the dump, and things like that, that

had some value. It was reported that he was very/ very popular in that he didn't high-hat anybody. When they had a project, he'd get right in and work with them. He was well liked throughout the state, because he'd served in the state as a priest before he went to Utah. I don't know, I guess when he was in Ely, he built two or three churches in the area, and there were cornerstones laid at the time. Bishop Hunting was very active in Masonry, too, but particularly the Scottish Rite. He had been honored with the Knight Commander of the Court of Honor by Utah when he was over there. Bishop Hunting's cremains were buried in this particular plot and a marker put on it under the direction of Mrs. Hunting. Mrs. Hunting was related to the Pullman family and she was quite wealthy. When she died back in the East somewhere, she had her ashes sent out here, too.

The last time I was up in the cemetery, vandals had been in the area, but the Roman Catholic priest up there got some help from the prison and he cleaned up not only the Catholic, but all of those places; it looked fine. They got it settled pretty well, and then there was another bunch of vandalism. Frankly, I've got to admit that I've been negligent, because when I heard about this thing, I was going up to look after it to see if I couldn't set it properly, or have it set properly.

Now, another service that I thought was very impressive and unusual was that of Bishop William Fisher Lewis. Now, you know, he was bishop from the missionary district of Nevada for a great number of years and he was greatly loved by everybody. He came from a Masonic family, and while he was here, he joined the Masons. He's the man that was responsible for our present Galilee [camp at Lake Tahoe].

When he came, Galilee was up at Stateline, and it only had an easement to the beach, and

so on. It wasn't the best place in the world for this, so they decided to sell the place and get something new. And just why, I don't know, although I was a good friend of Mr. Lewis, he came to me about the selling of it, and he said, "There are people up there that want it, and they are the gambling fraternity. And," he said, "I don't know that I should sell it for that particular purpose." He says, "I've been praying and I've had correspondence and I've talked to people, and they're divided on it."

And I said, "Why?"

"Well, they all say it's tainted money," or something like that.

And I said, "Well, Bishop, if I'd go up and buy this piece of property and turn around and sell it to you, would it be tainted?" I said, "Frankly, I think you should deal directly with them. It's a business proposition. And you'll find that it's going to be all right."

So he decided to sell, and there were several people after it. The one that offered him the best proposition wanted to pay so much down and then over a period of time. He called me one day and he said, "They're coming down tomorrow morning to close the deal. That do you think about it?"

And I said, "Get your money. And in addition to that, tell them that there's certain things that you have there, like the altar and so on, that you want moved. And if you can't get the money, I'll get somebody that will give you the money." (I knew they would do it.) So he took it.

In the meantime, though, before he sold it, I suggested that he look around and see if he couldn't get something, but he had something that was worthwhile and they wouldn't have to just do away or delay for any period of time the custom and idea they had of Galilee. I happened to know a lady that had some property up there. She came from an Episcopal family. And on this piece of ground,



on the beach, she had built little cottages. These cottages are named after the different mining camps, like Sutro and Dayton, and so on down the line. They had outside toilets, and so forth, but you had a unit there. Now, this piece of property extends across the road, well up on the hill, and it has the water right to that spring. So he negotiated the purchase of that, and she was very reasonable about it. She gave him a little time on it, but it didn't take too long to raise the money to pay for it. He got up there and he worked right along with everybody. If you wanted to find Bishop Lewis, you'd see him digging a sewer, or something like that.

His idea at that time was that it would be large enough to make it a state project, and every church would be assigned a piece of land for the use of its rector and their immediate family. And if they weren't using it, it would go into the camp of Galilee for more people. Well, it sounded good, but there was a problem there. The churches were small and they didn't go ahead with that.

So he went ahead with this development that we have now. He moved a lot of the old church that was in Goldfield up, but he found, after he got a lot of the stuff up here, that the stone that was used was cut irregularly and was hard to handle. So he used all the wooden part and then went ahead with the cement bricks around it. They did preserve enough of the cast stone to make the entrance. They left the old cornerstone in it. But the church in Goldfield overlooked the desert—that is, when you looked through the chancel window. He changed that around so that it overlooked Lake Tahoe over Tallac, where you see that cross. It's just a beautiful sight. It wasn't long after that until he had raised enough money to build a little dormitory for girls. And they put in cesspools and such things as that. Now, these people that he sold

to not only moved the stuff over, but they paid for everything, and then they gave him a nice little contribution besides to start it.

Now, the piece of ground directly to the south was owned by a gambler, and he had a lovely home on it. He decided to sell because he was leaving the area. It had lake frontage and went back as far as the highway. He came to Bishop Lewis and he said, "Now, this highway property is for sale." He said, "I put it on the market. You'll have to raise quite a bit of money. But if you want it, I'll make you a price and give you time to pay for it." That lovely home and everything like that.

The bishop consulted me and some others on it, and we said, "Go ahead and take it. And if you need a little money, some of us can contribute toward a down payment." And that was done. The purchase was immediately concluded.

He was an unusual fellow, a hail fellow well met, but deeply religious, and he loved youth and people. Then he came to me about the time they were finishing the church. He wanted to know if they could place a cornerstone and still preserve the old one. And I said, "Yes, place the old one where it was in the original chapel in Goldfield, and place the new one on the other corner by arranging an opening large enough to accommodate an urn or copper box. Then we can place a bronze plate over the face of the opening."

One of the interesting things in the early days there, or I guess before it was settled up, deer would come down and they'd look through the windows, and things like that. Well, anyhow, after Bishop Lewis moved north (his home—he said it was always Nevada), he decided if anything happened to him, with the consent of his family, he'd like to be buried here. He talked it over with his wife, his daughter, his son-in-law, and his son and daughter-in-law, and the family of the son (he

was in the chemistry department up here, and quite a Congregationalist). So he took a full plot. They had a service up north for him and cremated him and brought him down here and had cremation service and committal up there, and he lies there in the cemetery. The family are all going to be brought home. He wrote me. He said, "I was in Nevada longer than I was ever any place, and I loved it."

Now, you see, there's a lot of personal stuff in that particular thing, but it does give you a background on him. Now, there was a little difference between Hunting and Bishop Lewis. Hunting was a little careless, maybe, in his dress. He'd smile, but his approach was a little more abrupt, but he was loved, too.

Now, Mayor Roberts died. He was very active and was our mayor a couple years. We had a public service for him. I don't know whether we had a Masonic service and then an Episcopal minister; I think we had it in the old blue lodge room down here. I'd have to look up the date on that, but that wouldn't make any difference. There, a man in office, passing— that brought out a lot of people. And from the time that he had been in Washington and such as that for a long period of time, there were delegates brought in. Then. His honorary pallbearers were members of the [Reno city] council.

Now, those are the state funerals. May I make this comment? In my experience, it is particularly noticeable that after a man was out of office for a period of time, or out of business, or anything like that, as time went on (he was, of course, approaching retirement), the interest in the funeral—the interest, I mean, by way of attending, and such things as that— Dropped off. I can cite so many of those, but I don't think it's necessary to do it.

I've made the statement that these funerals and the like of that for people who were in office, and the like of that, [who] died

suddenly, or unusually young, or something like that, they were (large and) well attended. And particularly, when they were in federal or state positions. Now, I would like to make this observation, that when they went back to their usual vocations and then became retired, or semi-retired, and they were along in years, so many of them had just small funerals, in attendance. The main reason, I suppose, is that they'd been out of activity for a number of years. This community grew, and with the new people that came in, the fact that former Governor So-and-so or a former United States Senator passed on, former mayor or former superintendent of schools, and such as that, that spent so much time, they were not well attended. Yet they were important funerals to me, and they were certainly important to the relatives. And they were important to the community, because the paper used to give a little background on the individual and let the new people know who they were.



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## CONCLUSION

I am most happy that the University of Nevada has selected Mrs. Mary Ellen Glass to head the Oral History Project. Undoubtedly, at the time, she remembered Carlyl's statement, "Every noble work is at first impossible." After consideration, she must have remembered the following quotation from the New Testament: "Knock and the door will open to you. For it is always the one who asks who receives, and the one who searches who finds, and the one who knocks to whom the door opens."

She knocked at my door, and when it was opened, she asked my cooperation with the Project.

It has been said that, "Old age is a good and pleasant time. It is true that you are gently shouldered off the stage, but then you are given such a comfortable front stall as a spectator, and if you have really played your part, you are more content to Sit down and watch."

Mary Ellen's pleasant manner, her apparent dedication to the work to which she was assigned, her desire to add to the usefulness of the University, and her persistence that

I, too, had something to offer which would help her with the project convinced me that I should leave the convenient stall. I then remembered what Benjamin Franklin once said, "Either write things worth reading, or do things worth writing."

I am happy that she recalled me from my comfortable stall as a spectator and hope that what is recorded here may be helpful in providing useful information that is in keeping with the purpose of the Oral History Project at the Library of the University of Nevada in Reno.





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